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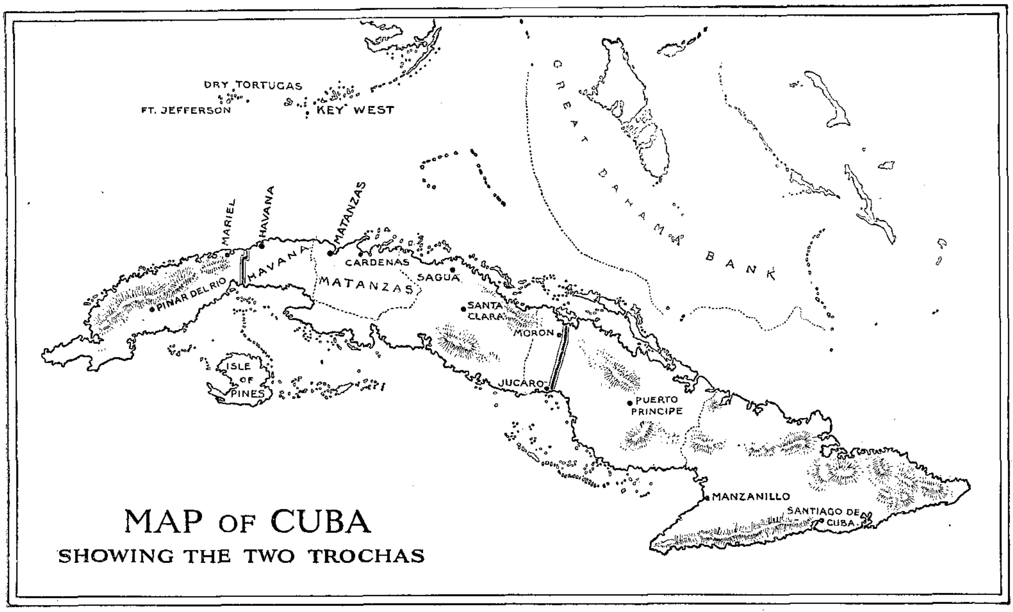
DRY TORTUGAS
FT. JEFFERSON
KEY WEST
GREAT BAHAMA BANK
MARIEL
HAVANA
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CARDENAS
SAGUA
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PINAR DEL RIO
SANTA CLARA
MORON
ISLE OF PINES
JUCARO
PUERTO PRINCIPE
MANZANILLO
SANTIAGO DE CUBA

MAP OF CUBA
SHOWING THE TWO TROCHAS

# CUBA UNDER SPANISH RULE.

## PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE ISLAND, THE PEOPLE; OF THE GOVERNMENT, AND THE WAR FOR FREEDOM.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE,

Late Consul-General of the United States to Havana.

MY information about Cuba and the situation there to-day has been gathered while performing official duties, and of course belonged to the government, and has been given to it from time to time in official reports. This article necessarily traverses some of the ground gone over in detail in these reports.

Nine months previous to the expiration of the presidential term of Mr. Cleveland, at his request I proceeded to Havana, Cuba, having been appointed United States Consul General. Resolutions recognizing the belligerent rights of the insurrectionary forces in Cuba had passed both houses of Congress, and were lying upon the President's desk for his signature. Grave doubts existed in the mind of Mr. Cleveland whether the Cuban Government, then in arms against the Spanish authority on the island of Cuba, was properly entitled to such recognition. One of the

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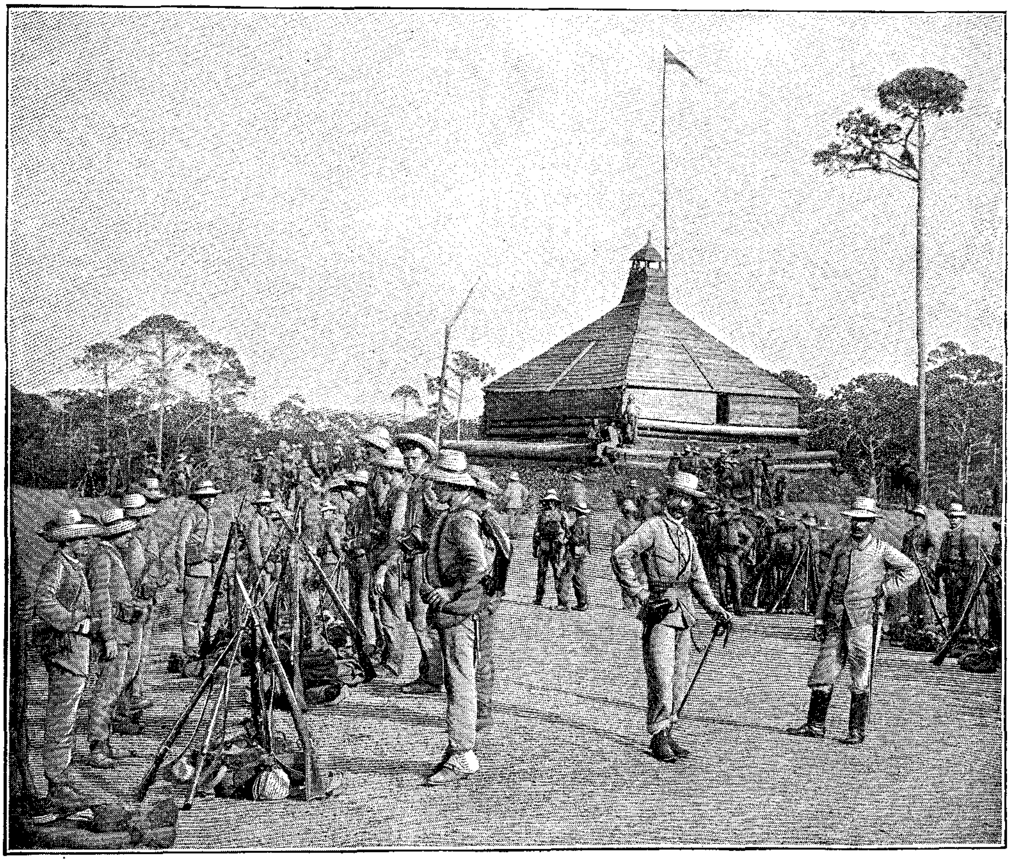


A BLOCKHOUSE ON ONE OF THE LINE OF FORTS BUILT ACROSS THE ISLAND OF CUBA BY THE SPANIARDS AND KNOWN AS THE TROCHA (*i.e.*, TRENCH, OR TRAVERSE).

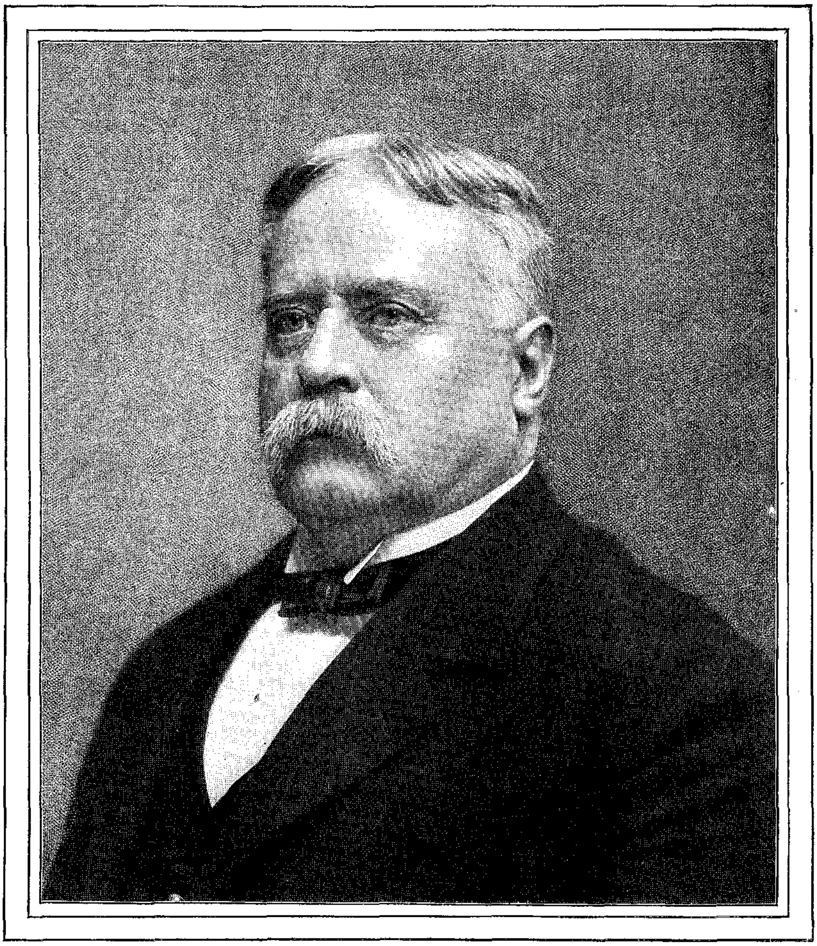
principal objects, therefore, of my mission was to ascertain and report the exact political and military conditions existing at that time in Cuba. As the President expressed it at the time, he did not " want to go into the Cuban business bow on without knowing where " he was " going."

A few weeks after my arrival in Havana, I made a report to the Secretary of State (in substance) that, in my opinion, there was no immediate prospect of the Spanish soldiers suppressing the insurrection in Cuba or of the insurrectionary troops driving the Spanish from the island, and that, therefore, without outside interference, war, with its attendant horrors, would continue for an indefinite time; that the island was being devastated and gradually being reduced to an ash pile; that property was being destroyed everywhere, fields burnt, and human life taken by both contestants under the most aggravating circumstances; and that commerce was being extinguished, entailing great loss to the United States and to the American citizens resident on the island.

### A SWIFT INCREASE OF MISERY AND DESOLATION.

Should I write a report to-day of the conditions now existing on the island I would not change, in its essential features, the report written two years ago, except to say that the destruction of property and the loss of life have suffered of course a large increase, and that misery, poverty, desolation, and devastation exist now in greater degree only than at the former period. The United States, at this writing, has determined to intervene, and, with soldiers and sailors, compel the Spanish troops to depart from the island and the Spanish flag to be furled forever upon the " Gem of the Antilles."

It is most difficult to comprehend the cruelties and enormities of Spanish rule on the island—more especially within the last few years. Spain has been repeating her past history by continuing that policy which has heretofore humbled her pride and reduced her territorial possessions, and will now lose Cuba, Porto Rico, and very possibly



Fitzhugh Lee

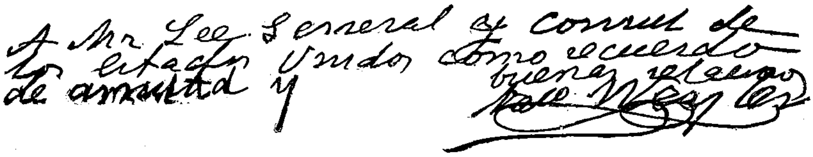
From a recent photograph: copyright, 1898, by the International Society.

the Philippine Islands by that "barbarous persecution"—so atrocious that Motley says "it was beyond the power of man's ingenuity to add any fresh horrors to it."

Cuba, lying at the gate of the Gulf of Mexico, is, in some respects, the most fertile spot on the face of the globe. Its soil, in great part, is a rich chocolate loam, capable of producing everything that grows in tropical regions in the greatest abundance, while it stands unrivaled in the quality and quantity of its two great staple products—sugar and tobacco. It is true that, as in all tropical regions, the sun during the summer months casts heated rays upon all parts of the island; but during that period the rainy season begins, and three or four afternoons in each week, from July to October, there is a succession of rain showers followed by the sun again, a wise provision of nature, as it results in the continued growth of grass and all plants then in the ground. In consequence, the island is ever green; and there being no winter, as fast as a crop is reaped, the ground is available for the next. As is well known, sugar-cane, when once planted, does not have to be replanted for seven or eight years; so that when it is annually cut down and ground into molasses and sugar, the planter thereafter has only to wait for a corresponding period in the next year to perform a similar operation. From Santiago de Cuba, the most eastern province, to Pinar del Rio, the most western, there is a range of mountains varying more or less in height (the highest portion being at the eastern end of the island) which constitutes a backbone, as it were, and to which upon each of its long sides the remainder of the island seems to be securely anchored. In these mountains are found many minerals, and upon their sides grow in profusion the most valuable hard woods, the railroads using in some instances mahogany for cross-ties.

The history of the Spanish people, so far as it refers to their colonial possessions, has never kept step to the music of the march of progress or ever shown any development of interior natural resources. Here, on this favored spot where Spanish feet were planted over four centuries ago, there are no public roads or highways or even country roads; no canals; no telegraphs, except along the line of some of the railroads; and the few railroads on the island were built by English enterprise and capital, and not by Spanish. It has ever been the policy of the Spaniards to occupy the edges of a country and remain in and closely around the cities and towns which constitute the seaports.

GENERAL VALERIANO WEYLER, FORMER GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CUBA.



A Mr. Lee General y Consul de
los Estados Unidos como recuerdo
de amistad y buenas relaciones
Vale Weyler

FACSIMILE OF GENERAL WEYLER'S AUTOGRAPH, WRITTEN ON A PHOTOGRAPH GIVEN BY HIM TO GENERAL LEE. THE LINES TRANSLATED READ: "TO MR. LEE, GENERAL AND CONSUL OF THE UNITED STATES, AS A REMEMBRANCE OF FRIENDSHIP AND GOOD RELATIONS."

### THE ENMITY BETWEEN SPANIARDS AND CUBA.

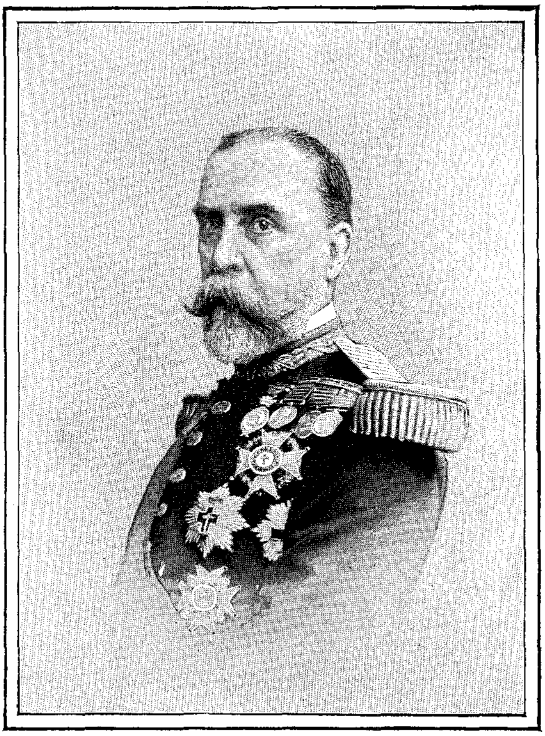
Less than a half century ago the Cubans (or Insular Spaniards, as they were called) owned most of the property and wealth of the island; but it has been gradually passing away from them until to-day the Peninsular Spaniards (or the Spaniards born in Spain) have succeeded in securing possession of the commercial business, stores, and commission houses of the cities, so that they are now the wealthy class of Cuba. A very high tariff on all goods, except those coming from Spain, has driven the inhabitants of the island to trade with Spain to a great extent, and the Spanish merchants at Barcelona and other points, preferring to have commercial relations with the Spaniards rather than the Cubans, have done much to bring about this financial change in these two classes.

This change, combined with economic questions, has been greatly widening the dividing line between the Cubans and Spaniards until it has resulted in the present existing chasm. Enmity, therefore, exists between Spaniards and Cubans, though the latter are descendants of Spaniards themselves. It is a remarkable fact that nearly every person born on the island seems to be at once instilled with a dislike for the Spaniards and their methods, and I know of no instance where children born in Cuba of Spanish parents have not participated in this feeling. This being true, has made it easier for the Spaniards to deprive the Cubans of all "Home Rule," or participation in the government and its perquisites, until the last feather was added to the great pile which had been accumulating for a long number of years, and has driven the Cubans to attempt once more to throw off the Spanish yoke and seize and hold the reins of their own government.

### THE SPANISH ARMY IN CUBA.

Spain, losing her power by gradual process, has seen for many years that Cuban independence is only a question of time, though the political demands on the party in power in Madrid has made it necessary for the political life of that party to resist in every form every attempt upon the part of the Cubans to secure their liberties, and to resist all attempts of other countries to intervene in the interest of peace, progress, and humanity. Whatever else may be said of Spain and her decadence, the fact stands bravely forth that she has made a magnificent struggle to preserve this rich colonial possession. Over 200,000 soldiers (a greater number than the combined armies of Generals Grant and Lee in the war of 1861–65 in this country) have been transported, at immense expense, over 3,000 miles from her shores—the largest number of organized troops that has ever been transported so great a distance from their homes and firesides. These troops have been badly handled, and therefore have not made much of a record in strategy and tactics or for efficient service on the island of Cuba. They were principally located in the coast cities and in the larger interior towns, while the insurrectionists have been holding to a great degree the rest of the island.

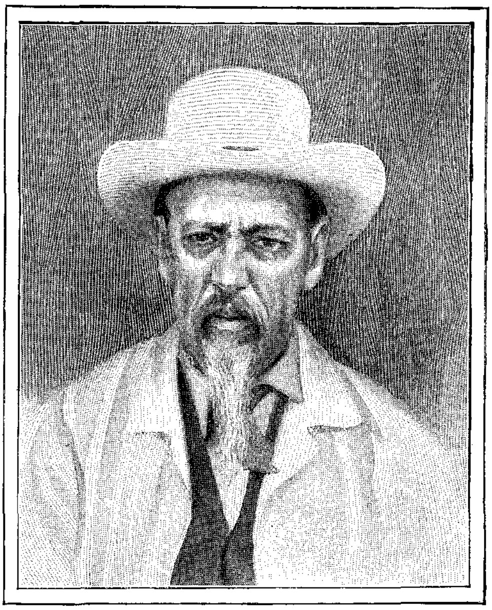
The inefficiency of the Spanish soldier is due not to a want of personal courage, but because he is not properly drilled, disciplined, or organized into a fighting machine. In Cuba he has to struggle as best he can with but little or no pay—while badly clothed and fed—and is sent into the field to stand the sunshine and the storm without giving him proper protection from either. He then becomes an easy captive to climatic causes, and instead of a robust soldier crammed with fire and fight, we find a half-sick, listless man, to whom it is an effort to raise and aim a rifle.


GENERAL RAMON BLANCO.

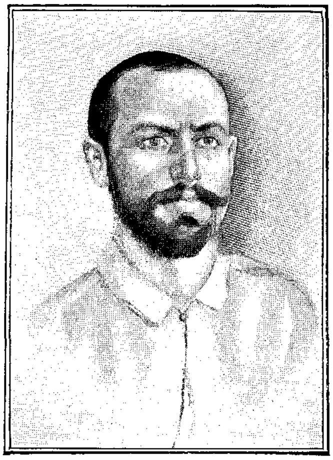
Gomez, the leader of the rebels, whatever else may be said about him, has fought this war in the only way he could win it, and never for one moment during the three years of strife has he departed a hair's breadth from the policy first inaugurated. He proposed to combat Spain's purse more than her soldiers; to play a waiting game and exhaust the failing financial resources of Spain. He did not propose to fight if it could be avoided, because he could not well afford to lose a man or a cartridge, being dependent for both upon the very uncertain and devious methods of filibusterism. His army, scattered over an island some 800 miles long by an average breadth of sixty miles, if all concentrated upon a single point, would number about 35,000 men; but being entirely devoid of bases of supplies and deficient in transportation and food for men or horses, to concentrate would be to starve, and to fight pitched battles against overwhelming numbers would result in the loss of the battle and the loss of his cause. He is a grim, resolute, honest, conscientious, grizzled old veteran, now seventy-five years old, who has thoroughly understood the tactics necessary to employ in order to waste the resources of his enemy and to prolong the war until such time as Spain would abandon the struggle as hopeless, or until it should become manifest to the United States that the contest had degenerated into a hopeless conflict.

## GENERAL WEYLER AND HIS POLICY.

General Weyler, the Spanish commander first charged with suppressing the insurrection, seemed to have had an idea that if he could build trochas, or ditches, across the island from north to south, and from sea to sea, at one or two points, and have these trochas strongly held by Spanish troops, the connection of the different bodies of insurgents on the island would be severed, and that he could then pen or corral them, and afterwards march his soldiers first into one of these pens and then into another until he had captured or killed all those within who were opposed to the Spanish flag. These trochas are curious in their construction. When the ditches are dug, the dirt is thrown up on one side, while on the other is a barbed wire fence, and every few hundred yards a blockhouse is built capable of holding a few soldiers and generally with two stories—the upper one being occupied by the vidette or sentinel who is posted to report any advance of his enemy. It cannot be said that this method of warfare proved successful, though. It cost large sums of money to construct trochas, and now they have been practically abandoned. One light battery of artillery could have opened the way for passage of troops. The insurgents always found many ways of crossing them at night or where these lines ran through swamps, or around by the water at either end. Maceo, it will be remembered, who was supposed to have been shut off in the western end of the province by what is known as the Mariel trocha, found no difficulty in crossing when he desired to go east, though, unfortunately for the Cuban cause, it resulted in his death afterwards.



GENERAL BARTOLOMÉ MASO, PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.



COLONEL ANDRÉS MORENO DE LA TORRE, SECRETARY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.

COLONEL ERNESTO FONS STERLING, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY OF THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA.

Captain General Weyler, more active in Cuban campaign work than his successor General Blanco, did but little to suppress the insurrection. He organized columns to move from the cities and operate against the bands of roving insurgents in their vicinity, but the Spaniards have so little idea of modern warfare and of the necessary attributes to mobilize an army, that these columns, after having been out a very few days and exchanged fire with the insurgents, would invariably return to the cities because out of rations or burdened with a few wounded, while the insurgents who had assembled to temporarily check their march would scatter out again and return to their various little camps, with the result, probably, to each side, of only two or three men killed and a few wounded.

### THE RECONCENTRADO ORDER AND ITS EFFECT.

It was evident, therefore, that this style of guerrilla warfare as practiced by the insurgents could be maintained for years because a generous soil, tilled by the peasantry

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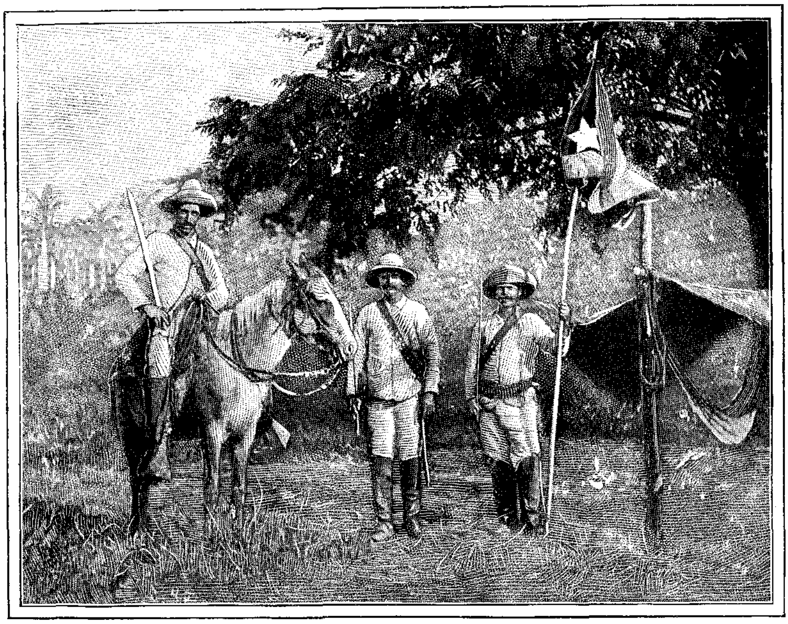
NOTE.—The portraits on this and the next page, of the heads of the Cuban insurgent government, are after photographs taken by a special correspondent of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE in the winter of 1897–1898.

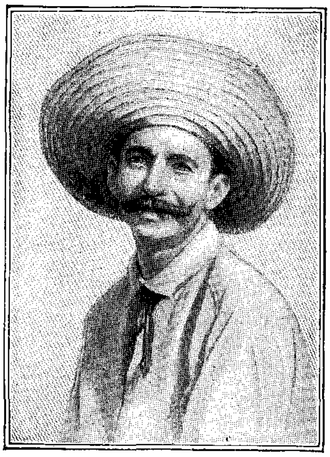

THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC AND HIS STAFF.

who were in sympathy with insurrection, produced the necessary food. It was then that General Weyler conceived the *brilliant* idea of destroying the peasant farmers to prevent their giving aid and comfort to the insurrectionists. This he hoped to effect by the issuing of his famous "reconcentrado order," whose terms compelled the old men, women and children to leave their homes and come within the nearest Spanish fortified lines, pains being taken after they were driven from their little farms to burn their houses, tear up their plant beds, and drive off and confiscate the few cattle, hogs and chickens that they were obliged to leave.

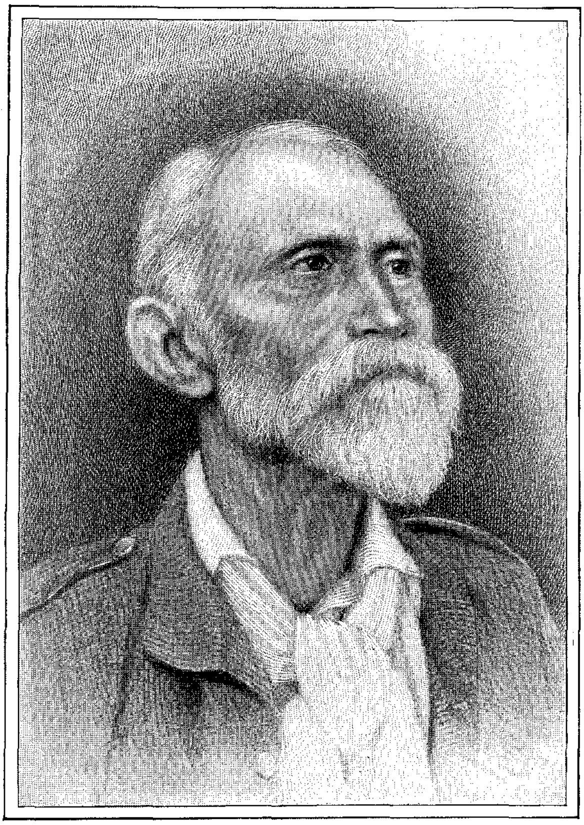
The United States was naturally shocked at the brutality of this order and saw, with great indignation, some 400,000 of these poor innocent war victims forced away from where they could subsist, to the Spanish lines where they could obtain nothing and within which nothing was tendered. As a consequence, over 200,000 (principally women and children and non-combatants) died from starvation and starvation alone. History presents nowhere such an appalling record; nor do the military annals anywhere furnish such a horrible spectacle, the result of a military order, based upon a supposed military necessity.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER MANUEL RAMON SILVA, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL MENDEZ CAPOTE, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.

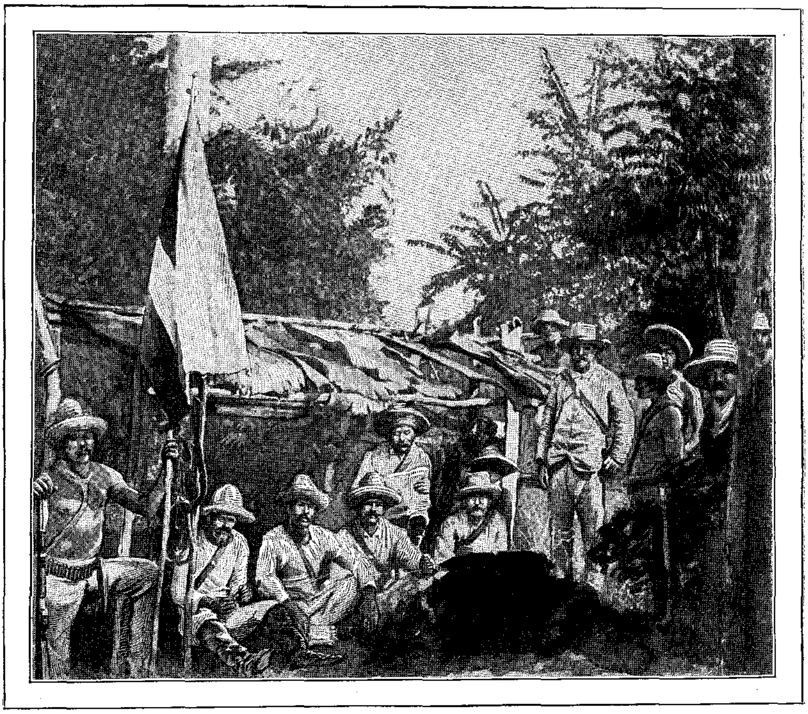

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSÉ B. ALEMON, SECRETARY OF WAR OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.

General Weyler, if anything, is a soldier, trained to no other career, and one who believes that everything is fair in war and every means justifiable which will ultimately write success upon his standards. He did



MAXIMO GOMEZ, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.

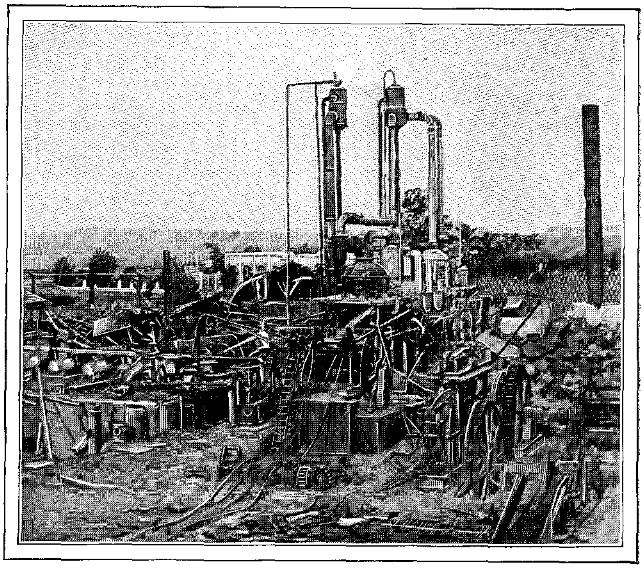
From a pencil drawing made from life by Sylvester Scovel in December, 1897. Copyright, 1898, by The International Society.



AN INSURGENT CAMP. THESE MEN ARE PART OF THE REGIMENT NAMED IN HONOR OF GENERAL GOMEZ'S SON PANCHITO, WHO WAS KILLED BY THE SPANIARDS.

not propose to make war with velvet paws, but to achieve his purpose of putting down the insurrection if he had to wade through, up to the visor of his helmet, the blood of every Cuban—man, woman, and child—on the island. And yet I found him in official intercourse affable, pleasant, and agreeable. He was always polite and courteous to me, and told me more than once that he wished I would remain in my position there as Consul General as long as he did as Governor and Captain General. He is small in stature, with a long face and square chin, wearing side whiskers and a mustache; quick and nervous in his manner and gait, and decided in his opinions. He was loved by some, and hated and feared by others. Whatever may have been his military qualifications, his warfare in Cuba did not demonstrate soldierly ability, because with an army of effectives of at least 150,000 men he failed to suppress an insurrection whose total fighting force did not number 40,000 men. He told me one day he would like to visit the United States, to which I replied that I thought he would enjoy seeing the new republic with its wonderful history; but he shook his head, saying that he could never go, because the people of the United States would kill him, and that they were already calling him in the newspapers, "The Butcher Weyler."

### IMPRISONMENT OF AMERICAN CITIZENS IN CUBA.

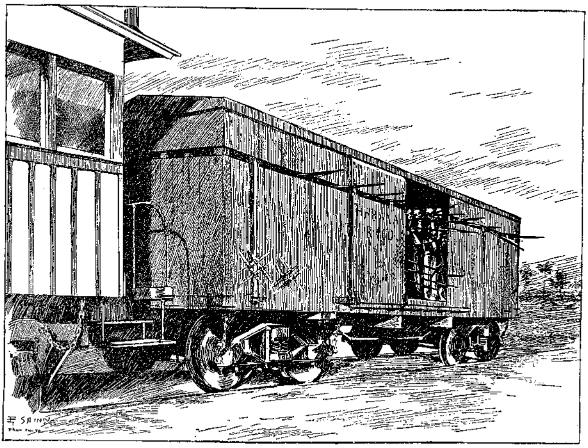


A SUGAR-MILL WRECKED BY CUBAN INSURGENTS.

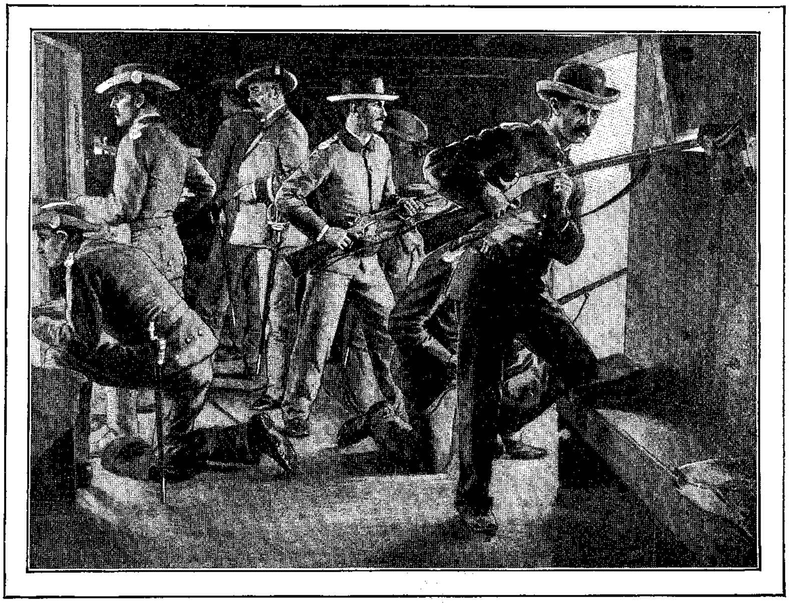
When I first reached the island citizens of the United States (principally naturalized Americans) were being constantly arrested and thrown into cells where they were kept "incomunicado," as the Spaniards term it. "The 'Competitor' Prisoners," as they were called, were then in the cells of the Cabanas fort, having been captured before I reached Cuba. The "Competitor," it will be remembered, was a small schooner which attempted to land a filibustering expedition west of Havana and was captured after most of her passengers had landed, leaving the crew, about five in number, on the vessel. These prisoners were tried by a nava court martial on the 8th of May, 1896, by a court organized to convict, the only testimony being that of the captain of the Spanish gunboat who had taken them

A CONVOY CROSSING THE HILLY COUNTRY IN CUBA.

prisoners. A sentence of death was promptly pronounced, and would have been quickly carried out, had not our government interfered to prevent the murder of these men, just as the English gunboat "Niobe," Captain Sir Lambton Lorraine, stopped the killing of the "Virginius" prisoners twenty-eight years ago, but unfortunately not until the courageous Fry and some fifty-three of his one hundred and fifty-five men had been shot.

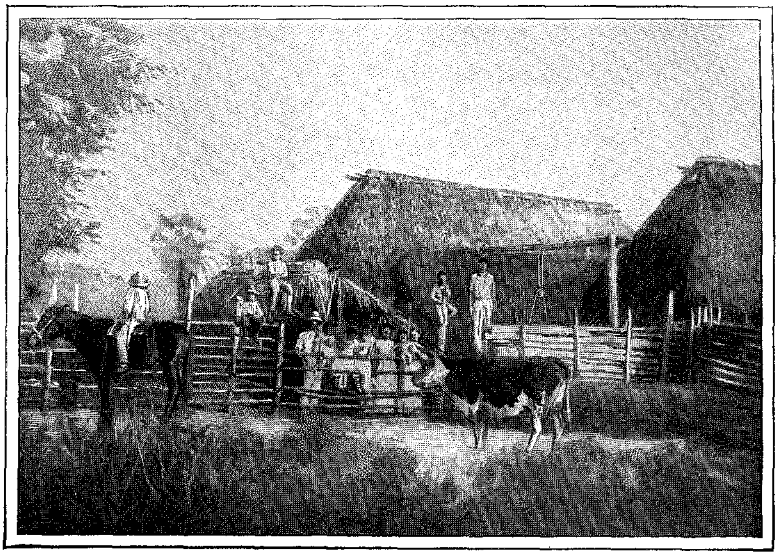


I earnestly and vigorously protested against the arrest of these American citizens, telling General Weyler that it was in violation of the treaty and protocol between Spain and the United States, which, in my opinion, limited the confinement "incomunicado" to seventy-two hours. "Incomunicado" is a Spanish term meaning literally *without communication*. And these Americans, without any charges against them that I could ascertain, without warning, and without the knowledge of their friends and relatives, were arrested and thrown into these little "incomunicado" cells, about eight by ten feet, stone floors, and dark, and kept in these horrid little holes for days and weeks without being allowed to see and talk with anyone. I told Weyler that, in our country, the law presumed every man innocent until he was proved guilty; but by the Spanish process every man was guilty, and they did not even give him an opportunity to prove his innocence. To which he replied that he had published a proclamation establishing martial law and that the terms of that proclamation superseded the stipulations of the treaty. To this I answered that the terms of treaties between two countries at peace could not be set aside, changed or altered except by the action of one or both of the contracting parties, and that his proclamation was therefore inoperative where its stipulations came in conflict with the treaty mandates.



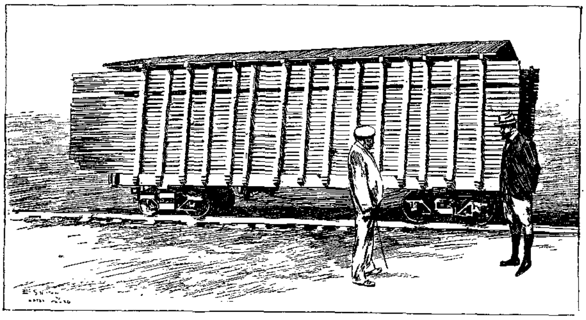
ONE OF THE SPANISH ARMORED CARS ATTACHED TO EVERY TRAIN LEAVING HAVANA. THEY ARE ORDINARY FREIGHT CARS WITH AN INSIDE IRON SHEATHING, AND WITH AN OPENING THROUGH WHICH THE SOLDIERS CAN SHOOT. THE PHOTOGRAPH (LOANED BY THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION) WAS TAKEN ON MARCH 13, 1898. ON THE SAME DAY, THE TRAIN TO WHICH THIS CAR WAS ATTACHED WAS ATTACKED BY INSURGENTS, AND TWO AMERICAN PASSENGERS WERE FATALLY WOUNDED.

The situation, however, remained unchanged until finally Dr. Ruiz, an American dentist who was practicing his profession in a town called Guanabacoa, some four miles from Havana, was arrested. A railroad train between Havana and this town had been captured by the insurgents, and the



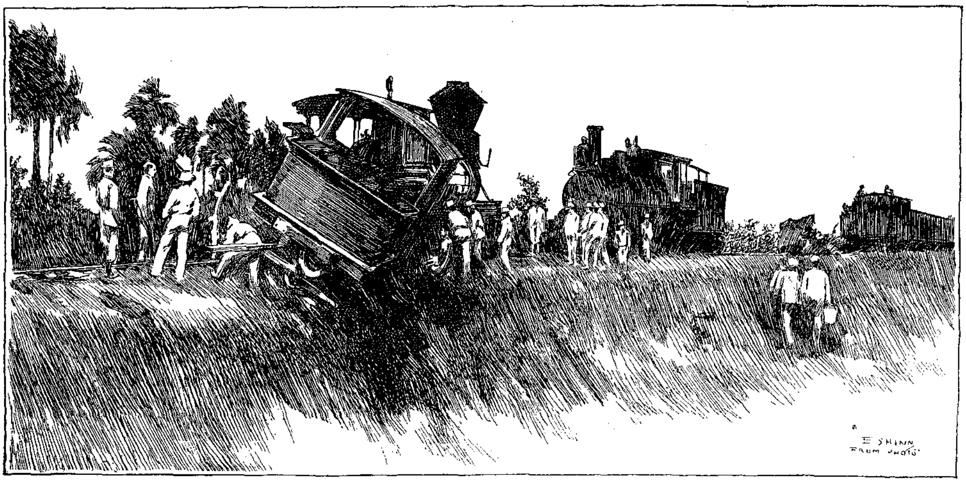
A TYPICAL CUBAN RANCH NEAR THE SEAT OF THE INSURGENT GOVERNMENT.

next day the Spanish authorities arrested a large number of persons in Guanabacoa, charging them with giving information which enabled the troops, under their enterprising young leader, Aranguren, to make the capture; and among these persons arrested was this American. He was a strongly built, athletic man, who confined himself strictly to the practice of his profession and let politics severely alone. He had nothing to do with the train being captured, but that night was visiting a neighbor opposite, until nine or ten o'clock, when he returned to his house and went to bed. He was arrested by the police the next morning; thrown into an "incomunicado" cell; kept there some three hundred and fifty or sixty hours, and was finally (when half crazed by this horrible imprisonment and calling for his wife and children) struck over the head with a "billy" in the hands of a brutal jailer, and died from its effects. Ruiz went into that cell an unusually healthy and vigorous man, and came out a corpse.



ANOTHER OF THE ARMORED CARS, PROTECTED ON THE SIDES BY A DOUBLE LAYER OF RAILS.

After this tragedy I determined to submit to no more violations of



E. SHINN FROM PHOTO.

REPLACING A LOCOMOTIVE DERAILED BY CUBAN INSURGENTS.

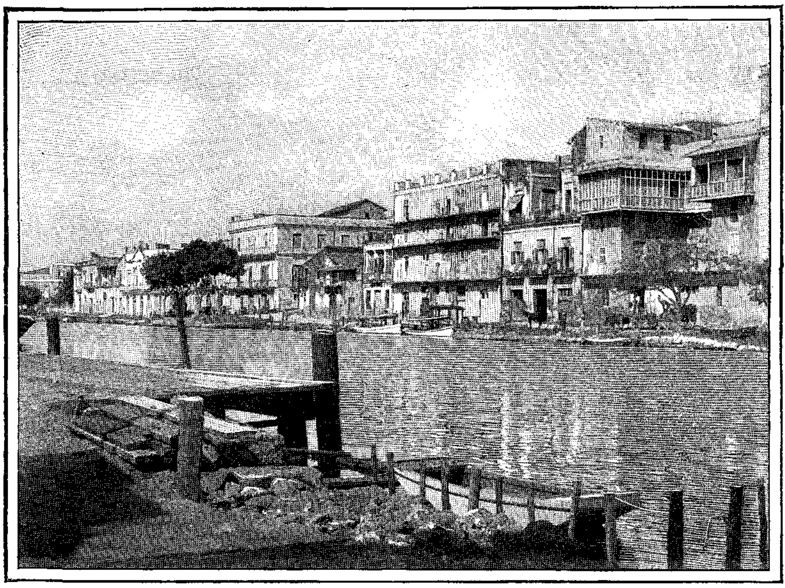
TROPICAL COUNTRY SCENERY ON THE UPPER SAN JUAN RIVER, BACK OF MATANZAS.

the treaty rights of American citizens, and, therefore, after viewing this dead body, went to my office and, finding that there was an American named Scott who had been arrested and was already "incomunicado" a much longer time than the prescribed limit of seventy-two hours, I demanded that he be released from "incomunicado," and at the end of three days he was released, and since the hour I made the issue no American citizens have been thrown into "incomunicado" cells, and all Americans who were arrested afterwards for supposed offenses or captured in the insurgent ranks were invariably turned over to me, and I sent them to the United States.

### THE FAILURE OF AUTONOMY.

During all this period the war, if the conflict going on in the island could be so dignified, was dragging its slow length along. So slow was the progress to suppress the insurrection, that at last the Spanish authorities in Madrid began to despair of terminating it successfully. For this reason, and in my opinion this reason alone, the Canovas Ministry decided upon a new Cuban policy, and proclaimed that they would put into operation certain reforms which would give the Cuban people more power to regulate their domestic concerns. After a great deal had been written and said on the subject, the proposed reforms at last were sent to General Weyler, who was obliged to appear favorable to the action of the Spanish Ministry, though it was well known he was not in favor of terminating the war except at the sword's point. Early it became manifest that the Cubans, with or without arms, did not propose to accept such reforms. In the first place, they had no confidence that they would ever be put into practical operation after their firearms had been stacked, and in the next, they considered it too late to adopt any such measures. Six months ago the Canovas reforms were buried in the same grave with the murdered statesman. A new ministry, under the leadership of Sagasta, was formed, who, finding that the reforms had not served the contemplated purpose, decided to go through the form of granting to the Cubans a still more liberal measure, which they called "Autonomy." It was an elaborate system of "Home Rule" with a string to almost every sentence; so that I soon became satisfied that, if the insurrection against the Spanish throne on the island ceased, the condition of the Cubans would speedily be the same as it was at the commencement of the war. I gave the reasons therefor in a paper now on file in the State Department which clearly proved that the Spaniards could easily control one of the legislative chambers, and that behind any joint action on the part of both was the veto of the Governor General, whose appointment was made from the throne in Madrid.

This system of autonomy, however, was gravely proceeded with. An autonomistic cabinet was seriously formed, composed in part of Cubans who, though at one time in favor of a government of the island free from Spanish control, had given satisfactory intimations that, if they were appointed to cabinet offices, their former opinions could be modified to suit existing circumstances.



THE RIVER FRONT (SAN JUAN RIVER) IN THE CITY OF MATANZAS.

Blanco's autonomistic government was doomed to failure from its inception. The Spanish soldiers and officers scorned it, because they did not desire Cuban rule, which such autonomy, if genuine, would insure. The Spanish merchants and citizens were opposed to it, because they too were hostile to the Cubans having control of the island, and, if the question could be narrowed down to Cuban control or annexation to the United States, they were all annexationists, believing that they could get a better government and one that would protect in a greater measure life and property under the United States flag than under the Cuban banner. On the other hand, the Cubans in arms would not touch it, because they were fighting for Free Cuba; and the Cuban citizens and sympathizers were distinctly opposed to it also: those in favor of it seemed to consist of the autonomistic cabinet, General Blanco, his Secretary General and staff, and a few followers elsewhere.

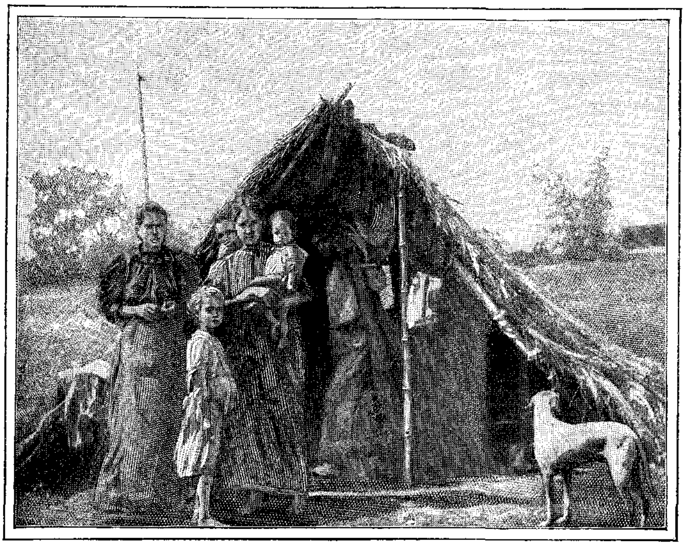
### GENERAL BLANCO.

General Blanco I always found an amiable, kind-hearted gentleman, who I believe was really and thoroughly conscientious in the discharge of the duties confided to him. He must have been convinced that there was no chance for autonomy to succeed, though in his pronunciamientos he allowed himself to argue to the contrary. How could he do otherwise? He was instructed by the Madrid authorities to proclaim and maintain this autonomistic policy, and was therefore obliged to do everything in his power to promote the purpose of his superiors.

During the two or three days of the recent rioting in Havana, the rallying cry of the rioters, even at the very door of the palace, was: "Death to Blanco and death to Autonomy! Long live Spain and long live Weyler!" After quiet had been restored, Blanco and the autonomistic cabinet continued to build their hopes upon autonomistic success. Partisans and friends of General Weyler were removed from the various positions they had held in the island, and friends of General Blanco, or supposed friends of autonomy, were substituted in their places. But these substitutes, appointed in many instances to please the Cubans and to show that an autonomistic government meant a Cuban government, while professing their love for autonomy, were really for Free Cuba, and at the proper time, had matters gone on without the intervention of this country, the autonomistic government would have fallen to pieces by desertions in its own ranks.

### SPANISH PLAN TO BRIBE THE INSURGENTS.

The practical steps now being taken by the United States to compel peace in Cuba, by insisting that the Spanish flag shall be pulled down and the Spanish soldiers evacuate the island, alone prevented the certain failure of the autonomistic plan for so-called Home Government. The Spanish governmental authorities, as I have said, must have understood all this, in spite of public utterances on their part, because they originated and attempted to put in practice other plans for the pacification of the island. Large sums of money were to be offered to the leading chiefs of the insurrection as an inducement for them to abandon their colors,



A GROUP OF RECONCENTRADOS BEFORE THEIR HUT.

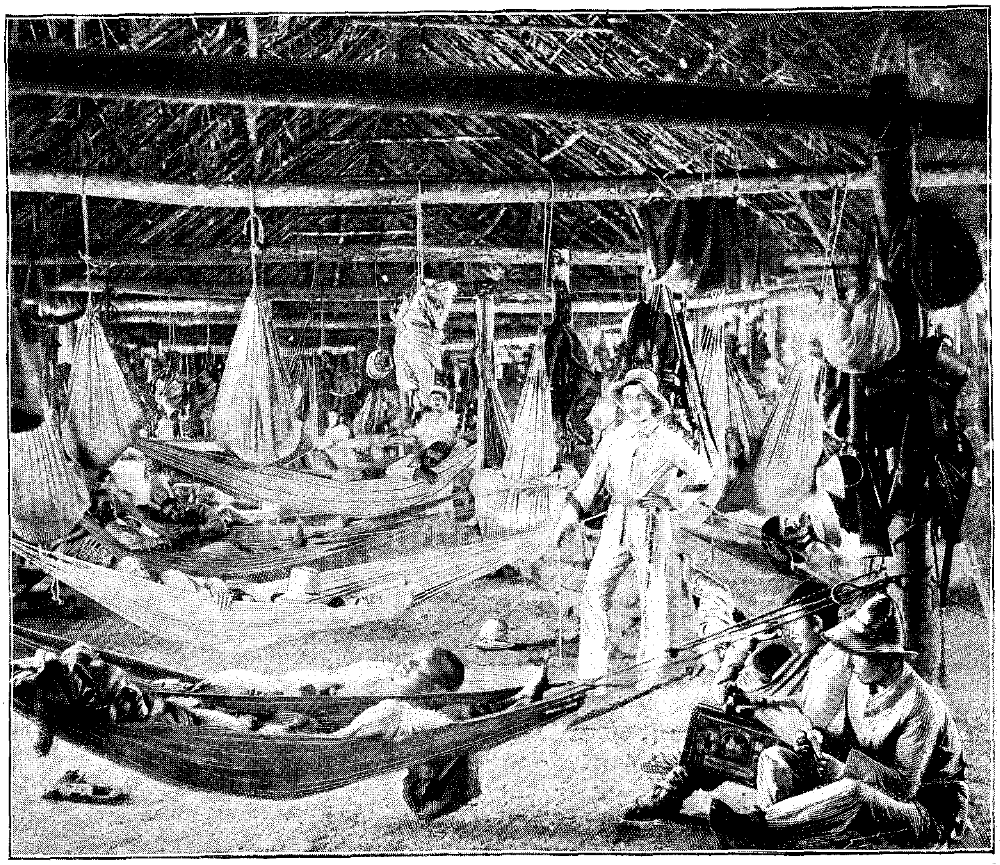
and in many cases their comrades, and leave the island. It was hoped that the purchase of their principal chieftains would so demoralize their followers that most of them would be induced to come within the Spanish lines and surrender. It seems, however, that the character, courage, fidelity, and loyalty of these insurrectionary leaders had been misunderstood. With a few insignificant exceptions, they not only remained steadfast and true to their cause and to their flag, but under orders from their commander-in-chief put to death all Spanish messengers bearing such proposals.

Among these messengers was one whose character and qualities endeared him greatly to all those who knew him. Colonel Joaquin Ruiz was a gallant Spanish officer, a man of talent and ability, who at one time had in his charge the splendid system of works supplying the city of Havana with water. In his employ at the water-works was the young insurgent chief Aranguren, who afterwards became very active and distinguished in the operations immediately around Havana. Owing to this personal acquaintance, Ruiz was induced (though at the time a staff officer of General Blanco's) to go to Aranguren's camp to persuade him and as many of his followers as possible to accept autonomy and lay down their arms. Without telling more than two or three persons where he was going and what he intended to do, Colonel Ruiz left Havana early one morning for the insurgent camp, reaching it a few hours thereafter. It seems before taking that step, he had placed himself in communication with Aranguren, and had stated his purpose of visiting him. But he was told by the latter officer that if he proposed to pay him a social visit or wanted to see him on any private matters, he would be very glad to see him, but that if he desired to come to preach autonomy to him and his followers he must stay away. Notwithstanding this warning Ruiz paid the proposed visit; was met by Aranguren and a few of his men, to whom he at once began to preach the blessings of autonomistic rule, whereupon he was at once taken away and tried, I am told, by what we call a drumhead court-martial, and sentenced to death. A number of others in different parts of the island, bearers of similar propositions, met the same fate.

MISS CLARA BARTON, MANAGER OF THE AMERICAN RELIEF COMMISSION IN CUBA, ENTERING THE HUT OF STARVING RECONCENTRADOS IN MATANZAS.

Reforms, autonomy, and the purchase of the insurrectionary chiefs all having failed, it was next decided to offer an indefinite armistice to the insurgents—a proposition of course very humiliating to Spain; but necessity knowing no law, Blanco, in obedience to such instructions, published a proc-

NOTE.—These two pictures are from photographs loaned by the New York "Journal."



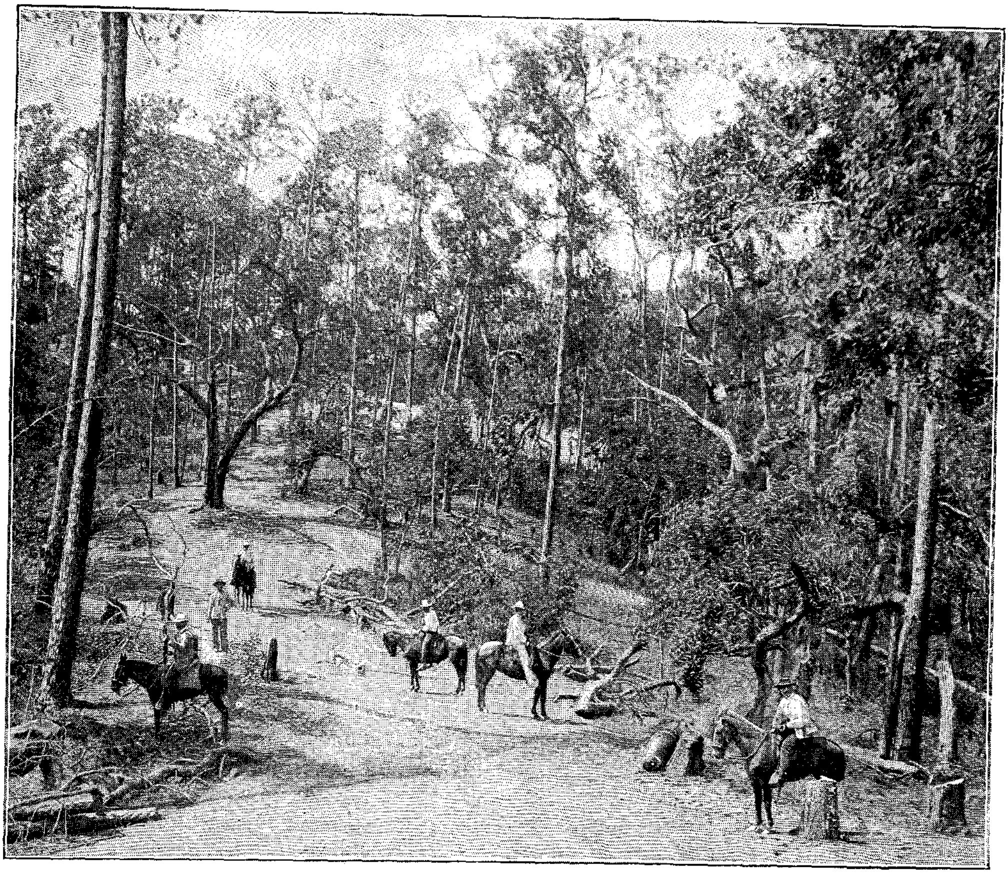
AN INSURGENT HOSPITAL, CUBA.

lamation stating that he had received such instructions from the Queen, who had yielded to the request of His Holiness the Pope. In war a truce or armistice can only be made effective by the consent of both of the contending forces. The armistice granted by Blanco, therefore, not being accepted by the insurgents, has gone the way of all previous propositions looking towards the suppression of the insurrection in Cuba.

### INTERVENTION A NECESSITY.

It may be stated, with perfect confidence, that at this time, when the United States has determined to tolerate no longer the horrible condition of affairs in an island lying so close to her shores, the period was selected when every plan or purpose upon the part of the Spanish authorities at Madrid and Havana had signally failed to secure the blessings of peace and intervention on her part could alone achieve the purpose. It is difficult to see how this country could refrain longer from taking action in this Cuban problem. The civilized world had been shocked by the misery and starvation of a race who were formerly living under the most favorable conditions of climate and soil, and by the nature of the warfare waged against them. The country had been so stirred up by the harrowing stories and pictures of the "reconcentrados" that our citizens were lavishly and liberally donating money for the purchase of provisions and clothing for these poor starving wretches. In great abundance this relief was finding its way, in spite of the many difficulties placed in its path by many of the Spanish authorities and citizens who did not sympathize with, or desire to see any relief granted to, a race they considered as hostile; and the saddest feature in that dreadful famishing picture is the condition these poor people have to remain in until the government of the United States can replace the present Spanish flag with the pure white banner of peace.

Seventy-five years ago Thomas Jefferson declared that the addition of Cuba "to our Confederacy is exactly what is wanted to round our power as a nation to the point of its utmost interest." From that day to this the island has disturbed our statesmen and played an important part in our foreign policy. The United States, always greatly interested in the government and general welfare of this wonderful island, has reached that period when it is absolutely necessary to her that Cuba should have a progressive, legal, and peaceful administration. The ties of commerce have been so strengthened and the investments of her people there so increased, that she can no longer look on with indifference to the one or disregard the rights of the other. The geographical and strategical position of the island too appeals for a closer connection with the great American Republic. Anchored at the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico, whose waters wash the shores of five American States; in position to protect the trade of the Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio valleys; standing like a huge sentinel to watch over the proposed transit across Nicaragua; with shores indented with splendid harbors; with an ideal and unrivaled winter climate and immense resources —Cuba, whether an independent republic or later Americanized and annexed to the United States, is destined at last to emerge from the dark shadows of the past, and stand side by side with those countries who have their place in the broad sunlight of peace, progress, and prosperity.



IN THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY OF CUBA.

Editor's Note.—For several of the pictures in this article we are indebted to The International Society, of 91 and 93 Fifth Avenue, New York, the publishers of General Lee's forthcoming book on Cuba. For the first picture on page 107 we are indebted to the Rev. E. A. Watkins of Albany, New York.

# SONGS OF THE SHIPS OF STEEL.

By James Barnes.

[Editor's Note.—Mr. Barnes, the author of the following songs, has distinguished himself by his writings on the naval history of the United States and also in the field of fiction. He has published a book on the "Naval Actions of the War of 1812," biographies of several American naval commanders, and a collection of true historical stories of "Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors." He is now editing for the Frederick A. Stokes Co. a book to be entitled "Songs of Ships and the Sea," which will contain the words and music of many old sea songs, as well as of some new ones, and which will be illustrated by R. F. Zogbaum. Mr. Barnes himself has written a number of songs for this book, and those published here will also appear in it.]

## THE SONG OF THEN AND NOW.

### I.

Oh, they sang a song of Wind and Sail
In the days of heave and haul,
Of the weather-gage, of tack and sheet,
When the anchor rose to the tramp of feet
And the click of the capstan pawl.
They sang brave songs of the old broadsides,
Long Tom, and the carronade!
Hi! cutlas and pike as the great sides strike—
Ho! the cheers of the ne'er-afraid!
For they cheered as they fought, did those sailormen;
They stripped to the buff for the fray—
It was steel to steel, it was eye to eye—
Yard-arm to yard-arm against the sky!
*All ye boarders, up and away!*

* * * * * * *

They sang of the men on the quarter-deck—
Brave deeds of those captains bold!
Never a name but was known to fame,
And was praised, in the days of old.
Let us sing the song of the fighting men,
The sail and the plunging bow—
The good old song of the Sea and the Ship,
The song of the Then and Now!

### II.

Gone are the days of the heave and haul
(Think ye our blood has thinned?);
We're slaves of steam and science,
Not toilers of the wind!
Oh, the cable comes in to the cable tiers,
And no one lifts a hand;
The click of a bell sounds out, "That's well!"
And the engines understand!
We come in 'gainst the wind and the tide at night
And go out 'gainst the storm in the morn.
(But think ye our arms have lost their might?
Think ye our locks are shorn?)

Past are the days of Wind and Sail,
We've cast off the thrall of the sea,
We take no heed of the weather-gage—
No fear of the rocks on the lee.
We can come and go in the fiercest blow
(It is food for our roaring fires!),
For the great screw churns and the huge hull turns
As the Soul of the Ship desires!
But the spirit, the strength, and the Will are there,
The sea has not changed her men;
The ship must do and the men must dare,
And Now is the same as Then!

They raked and they fought at pistol-shot—
We fight at two miles and more.
(Think ye their dangers discount ours,
Ye men of books ashore?)
The turret turns and the guns are trained—
But not in the older way;
The conning-tower is the one-man power
And the Soul of the Ship holds sway.
But in sponson, turret, and great barbette,
Or below in the noxious air,
Are brave forms covered with blood and sweat—
The fighting men are there!

There are dangers our fathers wot not of
(In the days of wind and sail):
The unseen foes and the sighted Death,
With the foam along the rail.

The channels are filled with uncouth shapes
That lurk below in the brine—
The force of fifty ships is there
In the sullen, sunken mine!
Tho' no orders come from the quarter-deck,
Hear the rip of the rapid-fire!
Full speed ahead, astern, or check,
At a spark from the semaphore wire!

And the ship she trembles from top to keel—
Tho' she rates twelve thousand tons!
And her scorched decks leap with a thundering throb
'Neath the roar of her twelve-inch guns!
Dented and tortured and pierced, she stands
The blows on her ringing plates;
Grimy and black she signals back
To the flags of her fighting mates.
Hear the grinding crash from her armored prow,
Hear the rattling Colts from the mast?
Young Steel Flanks of the living Now
Is Old Ironsides of the past!
Oh, then here's to the men, where'er they be—
The men of steel and steam!
They're the same old stock from the parent block—
When they welcomed the wind abeam.
Tho' one shot may equal a broadside's weight,
One blow may decide the fight,
They serve their guns, they aim them straight,
And the Flag will be kept in sight!
The old captains bold—cocked hats and gold—
Were made for their country's hour,
And the Soul of the Ship proclaims the mold
Of the Mind in the conning-tower!

* * * * * * *

Let us sing the song of Wind and Sail—
Brave deeds of the captains bold!
Never a name but was known to fame,
And was praised, in the days of old.
Let us sing the song of the armored ship,
With the ramming, roaring bow!
For the flag is the same, the men are the same—
'Tis the song of Then and Now!

## THE TORPEDO BOAT.

She's a floating boiler crammed with fire and steam,
A toy, with dainty works like any watch;
A working, weaving basketful of tricks—
Eccentric, cam and lever, cog and notch.
She's a dashing, lashing, tumbling shell of steel,
A headstrong, kicking, nervous, plunging beast—
A long, lean ocean-liner—trimmed down small;
A bucking bronco harnessed for the East.
She can rear and toss and roll
Your body from your soul,
And she's most unpleasant wet—to say the least!

But see her slip in; sneaking down, at night,
All a tremble, deadly, silent—Satan-sly.
Watch her gather for the rush, and catch her breath!
See her dodge the wakeful cruiser's sweeping eye.
Hear the humming! Hear her coming! coming fast!
(That's the sound might make men wish they were at home
—Hear the rattling Maxim, barking rapid fire!)
See her loom out through the fog with bows afoam!
Then some will wish for land—
(They'd be sand fleas in the sand;
Or yellow grubs reposing in the loam!)

She's a floating boiler crammed with fire and steam,
A dainty toy, with works just like a watch;
A weaving, working basketful of tricks—
A pent volcano and stoppered at top notch.
She is Death and swift Destruction in a case
(Not the Unseen, but the Awful—plain in sight).
The Dread that must be halted when afar;
She's a concentrated, fragile form of Might!
She's a daring vicious thing
With a rending deadly sting—
And she asks no odds nor quarter in the fight!

## THE CAPTAIN'S GIG.

If you pull an oar in the captain's gig,
You must mind how you behave;
You must shift to your cleanest white or blue
And you mustn't want for a shave.
For you're under the old man's eye,
And the ladies watch you, too;
So put on your Sunday morning face
And your cleanest suit of blue.

Oh, the lads that pull in the captain's gig
They must mind their p's and q's;
They've got to go light on a juicy quid
And mind that they black their shoes.
They must watch their stroke like a racing crew,
And keep their eyes in the boat;
They must do their mile in the proper style
From the ship to the government float.

Oh, the lads who pull in the captain's gig
They hears a lot of talk;
They learns what the officers say to the girls
That they meets on the yacht-club walk.
They must wait all day in the broilin' sun
While the old man goes ashore.
They takes a cargo of calico out
And then goes back for more.

The captain, he's proud of his crack-a-jack gig;
He's a friend of each man in the crew,
And he knows 'em by name and who they are
As well as me or you;
For he picks 'em out with a knowin' eye:
Sure he wants no soldiers there,
But handy men at the word, now then,
Who can lift her along for fair!

## BRASS-BOUND.

"Jack o' turret" is a different man in many ways from "Jack o' the forec'sle." But he is the same sailorman when you know him well. He will fight, and skylark, spend his last penny, and spree it when he gets ashore; but we like him, God bless him! and we always will. Now the modern product is modern—that's all the difference. He is characterized by a complete up-to-dateness. He doesn't "shiver his timbers," because he has mighty few timbers to shiver. He uses the latest slang, and often carries the street into the forecastle. He sings the popular ditties, and he follows the baseball scores in the papers. If he is ambitious, he seeks to change the old blue shirt by earning promotion. If he gets high enough, he becomes a "petty officer, first class," and that entitles him to wear a double-breasted coat with brass buttons. "Brass-bound" Jack calls this; and the top notch is "Jimmy Legs, Master at Arms," the king pin of the ship. He looks after the order, and his eye is feared. Jack is not altogether respectful to the bird of freedom; he calls him "a crow" and, like as not, "a buzzard;" but this is only when he appears as a mark of authority on the arm of a "brass-bound" man.

Oh, Jimmy Legs he walks the deck,
Brass buttons down his coat,
A buzzard and stripe he wears on his sleeve,
He's the biggest man afloat.
The lads who smuggle the "stuff" on board
They know when he's around,
And skylarkin' drops and the fightin' stops
Because he is brass-bound.

I'm a-goin' to be brass-bound
Before I leaves the ship;
I'm goin' to sport a crow of my own
And I won't take nobody's lip.
I ain't ashamed of a shirt—
(And I wears a ratin' mark,)
But I mades up my mind as a 'prentice boy
(When walkin' in Central Park,)
I was goin' to be brass-bound
Before I left the sea,
And buzzard and stripe
And a bo'sun's pipe
Are waitin' somewhere for me.

Oh, Johnny Marine he shoulders arms
And he won't get out of your way,
And he wears white gloves at the cabin door
And he thinks he's hell-to-pay.
He may talk back to Forecs'le Jack,
But he's meek as ever you found
If you come along with a stripe and a bird
And happen to be brass-bound.

I'm a-goin' to be brass-bound, . . . .

There's times when I think I've had enough,
My cheek 'gainst a bag o' coal,
All sweat and dust, full a half inch crust,
And a curse laid on my soul.
There's kinds o' work you'd like to shirk—
Dead sure to come around,
And the way I can tell you to miss them tricks
Is to get yourself brass-bound.

I'm a-goin' to be brass-bound, . . . .

## BILL SWEENY OF THE BLACK GANG.

There are more non-combatants on board a modern war vessel than fighting men—that is, they are rated non-combatants, but their duties are none the less dangerous and necessary. The "Black Gang" is the fire-room force—firemen, oilers, water-tenders, coal-passers, and so on. But Jack includes them all under one general head; although on the days when "All hands coal ship" is the order, he is as black as any of them, and grumbles as only a sailorman can. However, we love him still; and at this writing many eyes are on him, and many anxious hearts have followed him out to sea.

THER'S a feller in the Black Gang
Aboard the "Ampertrite";
Bill Sweeny is the feller's name,
You can bet that Bill's all right.
He's seen a heap o' the world, has Bill,
He's fired all there is to fire,
From a lime-juicer tramp
To a brand new Cramp
With a stack like Trinity spire.

Bill Sweeny is a feller
With stars agin his name;
But Bill he gets his liberty
When any gets the same.
He stands right in with them all, does Bill,
And they lets him go ashore,
Though he'd smuggled a swig
To a lad in the brig
And he's sure to smuggle in more.

Bill Sweeny is a feller
You won't back on his looks,
He's pitted up with small-pox
And he ain't much read in books;

But he's got a laugh that you like, has Bill,
  (I likes to hear him laught,)
No matter where,
You can swear Bill's there,
  Consumin' his own forced draught.

Bill Sweeny is the feller
  When the starboard engine's broke,
He stays below in the scalding steam
  Where a man was like to choke;
And he dodges the flyin' cranks, does Bill,
  And he climbs past that hammerin' rod;
The rest all run,
But that son-of-a-gun
  He shuts her off, b' God!

Bill Sweeny is the bully lad
  I likes to see around.
I'd rise to take a drink with Bill
  Though six foot under gound.
But Bill, he's soft as a goil, is Bill,
  I mind the night he cried,
When he come away
From that hot sick-bay,
  And told us old Tom had died.

Bill Sweeny is a fighter
  Of the rough and tumble kind,
He laughts when he fights, but he shows his teeth,
  I've seen him at it, mind;
He was one of the "Baltimore's" crew, was Bill,
  When we had the row down there.
Valparaiso? Say!
Don't forget that day,
  Weren't Bill in thet fight for fair?

Say! Did y' hear Bill Sweeny?
  He says one night, says he:
"I've got a chanst for a good land job,
  But I guess I'll stick to the sea.
I knows meself and me work," says Bill,
  "And I'm going to sign once more—
I'm safe all right
On the 'Ampertrite,'
  And I'm all at sea, ashore."

Bill Sweeny of the Black Gang—
  He's first-class fireman now,
He entered "water-tender"—
  But if we has a row,
We lads at the guns has a chanst—but Bill
  And the Jacks o' the Dust below,
A-feeding the flame,
Fights just the same—
  If they don't—Say!—I'd like to know!

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# HOW THE WAR BEGAN.

## WITH THE BLOCKADING FLEET OFF CUBA.

By Stephen Bonsal.

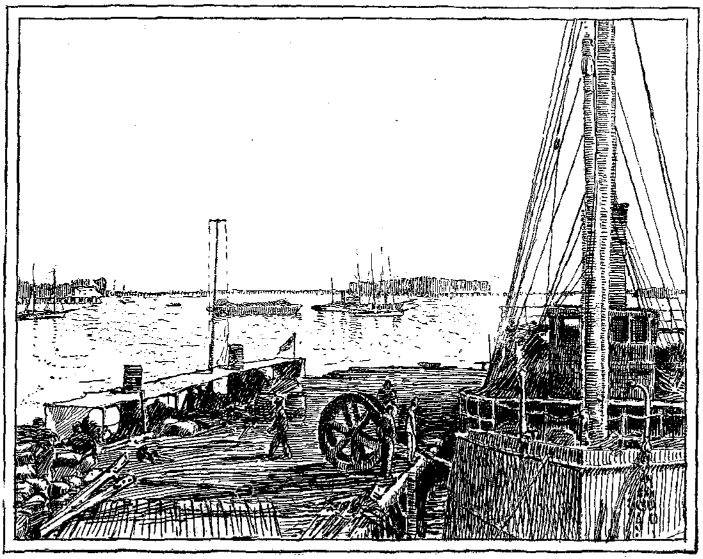
Illustrated from photographs taken by the author on the flagship "New York," during the first week of the war.

HAD the Psalmist lived to see that sight, he would not have written "terrible as an army with banners," but drawn his simile from the spectacle of those ashen-hued battleships as they tugged at their anchor chains, smoked with suppressed fury, and moaned hoarsely with the rise and fall of the waves.

Now and again one of those sinister-looking torpedo boats would whip in and out amid the sullen squadron, peeping with open-eyed astonishment at the floating volcanoes which were sleeping upon the blue waters of Key West Bay. Perhaps you think for the moment that this little messenger of war has at last brought the word that is to loosen the leash that holds these marine monsters. Perhaps the spell is to be broken, and from out their ominous turrets will now be belched shot and shell, flame and desolation. You tremble, and are not a little relieved when the sharp-nosed, sinuous craft glides out and in, and is gone from view like a fish that dives, leaving the battleships to ride with sullen, unsatisfied moans, close to their anchor buoys.

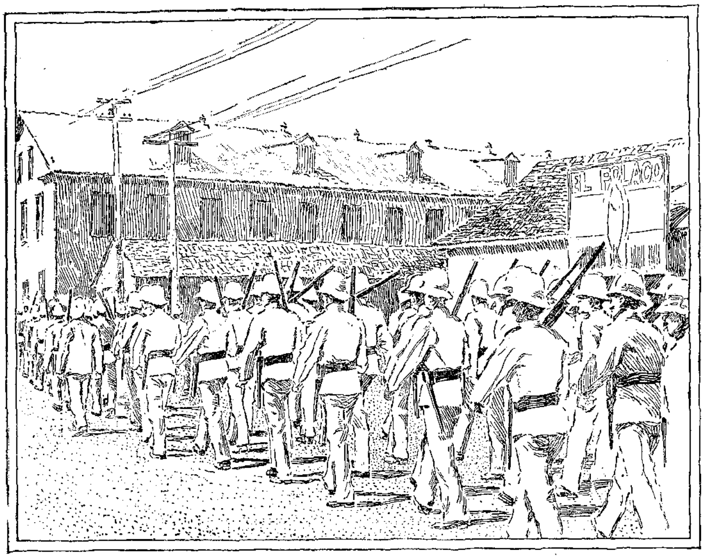
So they rode for days and weeks, until the gray-green of their war paint grew mottled and streaked with the brine of the sea; so they were held in check while the vultures hovered over the blackened wreck in Havana harbor, while a great people gave a sublime example of self-restraint; while the provocation to war, the last argument of men as well as kings, and perhaps the only argument which a savage race will heed, was carefully, conscientiously weighed: until our course became clear: until intervention in Cuba was accepted as a duty, an inexorable duty, by the whole nation.

### CARRYING THE FIRST WAR ORDER TO THE FLEET.



VIEW FROM THE KEY WEST FLAGHOUSE, SHOWING FORT TAYLOR IN THE DISTANCE AND THE TORPEDO BOAT "FOOTE" AT THE WHARF.

It was a little before midnight on April 22d. The great fleet of twenty-one sail was as dark as the grave: not a single light was shown; now and again the guardships that were patroling in the offing would flash in the intelligence that all was well. The men slept upon the cleared decks, under the tropical heaven resplendent with myriads of stars which never shine over our northern home. At midnight we steamed away from the flagship in a little tug; the message had come from Washington, final and decisive,



MARINES FROM ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET, RETURNING FROM A REVIEW ON SHORE, UNDER THE COMMAND OF MAJOR GOODRELL, FLEET COMMANDER OF MARINES.

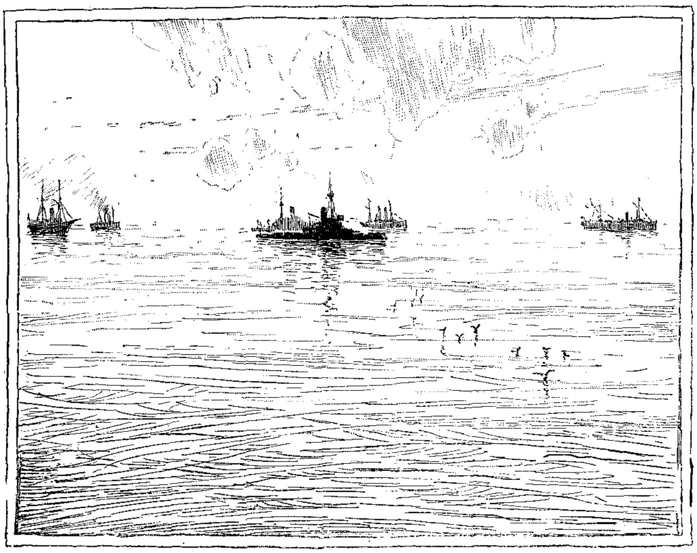
only a few minutes before. One by one we steamed up to the sleeping monsters, as in darkness and in silence they tugged away at their anchor chains, while the hazy-blue smoke curled out lazily from the funnels, telling of the power of steam that was latent there. Lieutenant Staunton, carrying the great speaking-trumpet, stood in the bow. "'Puritan,' ahoy!" "On board the 'Iowa!'" he shouted.

"Aye, aye, sir," came back the ready reply.

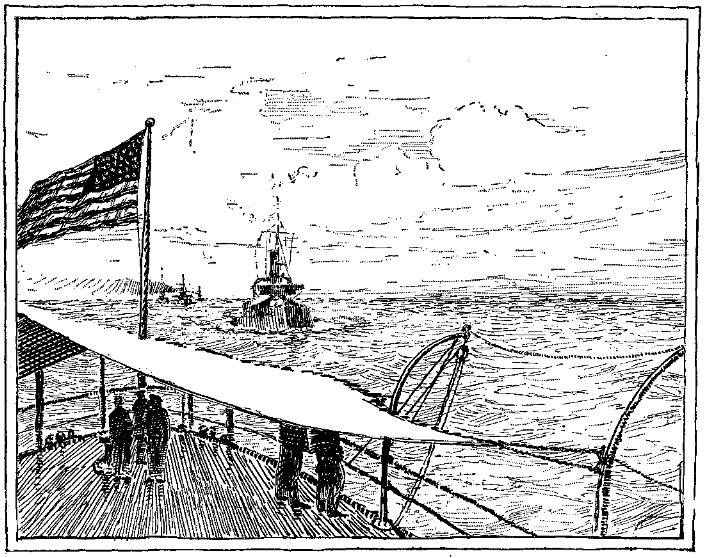
Then followed the invariable order given to battleships and cruisers alike: "The commander-in-chief orders you to get up full steam under all boilers as quickly as possible; when you have steam to make ten knots an hour, move out into the bay and lie to the southward of the flagship; do you understand?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

Did they understand? I think they did. There was a world of difference in the accent of the "Aye" with which the first hail was answered, and the "Aye, aye, sir," with which the reception of the long-awaited orders was confirmed. The lookout men, who had been walking upon their heels like other men when the despatch boat came within hailing distance, rose upon their toes to the order. They seemed to be dancing upon invisible wires before it was given, when only the meaning was guessed at; and when the momentous words were repeated back to us on the despatch boat, their voices seemed strangely changed. And the sound seemed to come not from the deck, but from somewhere way up aloft in the fighting-tops. Yes, as we went from ship to ship, though they tried, as disciplined men, but to repeat by rote, and without expression of feeling, the words of the message, it was all in vain; for a man is not a machine after all, though he live upon a battleship and have there his number and place, just like a rivet or a steel plate. The men tumbled out of their hammocks now, and swarmed over the decks in the performance of their duties; columns of heavy black smoke poured out of the



ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET IN DOUBLE COLUMN AT THE ASSEMBLY OFF SAND KEY LIGHT, PREPARATORY TO BEGINNING THE BLOCKADE OF CUBA.



THE "IOWA" COMING UP WITHIN HAILING DISTANCE OF THE "NEW YORK," ON THE BLOCKADE BEFORE HAVANA.

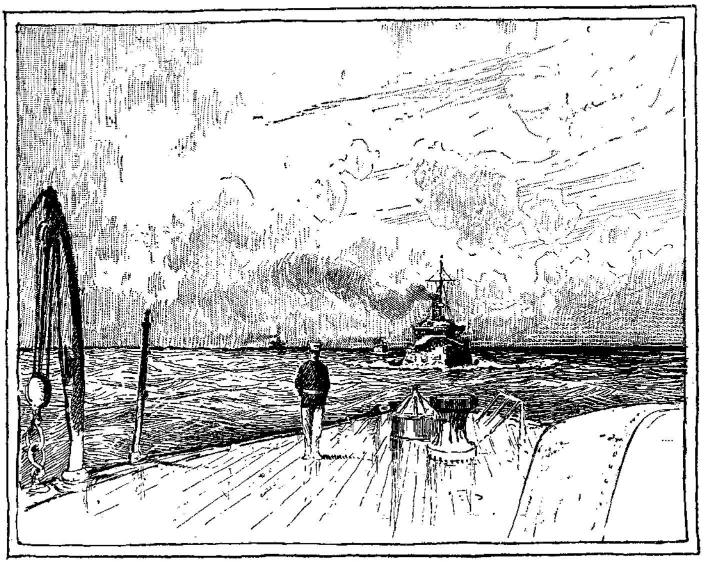
great funnels; the lights grew and multiplied until the scene seemed changed into a water carnival. And it seemed to me that the men I saw knew that they were not simply embarking upon a war like other wars, the puppets of human passion, but upon the duty which the Prince of Peace imposed with the words, "Feed my lambs." As each man sprang to his post, he seemed to be glad that the people of the United States, after patiently listening to many little words from the lips of a few little men; after having worried over many things like the woman of Bethany, had chosen that good part, the reward of which is beyond the hazard of battle and cannot be taken away by adverse fortune in war. And as the new page was turned, and the glorious chapter in our history began, just about midnight, an unusual sight in this latitude, the four bright stars of the Southern Cross rose out of the sea and stood just above the horizon. It seemed to beckon and to lead us towards the south, as a sign of divine approval and benediction upon the voyage and the purpose we were entering upon.

### THE FIRST SALUTE TO ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLAG.

One by one, through the early morning hours, the dark monsters slipped their cables and dropped out into the outer bay, taking up their positions in order as directed. Several of the monitors were slower than expected in getting up the required steam, so the flagship hove to off Sand Key Light until about nine o'clock, when the last straggler came up. But the hours of waiting were not a trial to patience; they were replete with incidents far too numerous to relate here. At eight o'clock the blue pennant of Admiral Sampson was run up for the first time and saluted by the squadron with the usual number of guns. Every man in the fleet, from the ranking captain to the youngest powder monkey, was delighted; but no sign of it could be given without infringing upon those useful, but certainly most prosaic, Articles of War. Only the bugler trumpeted out the opening bars of the Star Spangled Banner, and then the national emblem was run up. Then the "Iowa," glistening like burnished brass in the sun, came lumbering up like a sea elephant, with fighting "Bob" upon the bridge, who shouted out, "Captain Evans presents his compliments to Admiral Sampson, and begs to say that we hope to make that salute twenty-one guns very soon, when the stars and stripes float over the Morro." Then the crew of the "Iowa," chartered libertines to a man, because Sampson commanded their ship for two years and knows every man jack of them all, swarmed out of the turret, and the hatches, and the ventilators, and the ports of their iron fortress, and yelled with delight until they were hoarse; while the Admiral's grave, quiet face flushed, and his soft, almost womanly eyes lit up strangely. Then he turned away; it was more than flesh and blood could do to rebuke that spontaneous tribute from men with whom he had sailed for so long, and most of whom he had licked into shape and taught what they knew.

### UNDER WAY TOWARD HAVANA.

By 9.30 the fleet was under way, sailing a southeasterly course, in the direction of Havana, under easy steam, about ten knots an hour. The "Mayflower" and the "Wilmington" were scouting; and the "New



THE BLOCKADING FLEET IN LINE OF BATTLE.

York,'' the first of the heavy ships, was flanked by the torpedo boats, the ''Ericsson'' and ''Cushing.'' We sailed in a saw-indented formation; after us the ''Iowa,'' then the ''Indiana,'' then the ''Amphitrite,'' and the rest of the fleet in double-column formation.

At lunch in the ward-room not a word was said about war or our destination, and even the capture by the ''Nashville'' of the little steamer with the auspicious name of ''Good Fortune'' (''Buena Ventura''), the incident of good omen with which the cruise began, was passed over in silence. After awhile I, too, talked baseball and suppressed my impatience for a view of the Morro, or at least concealed it. After lunch, as I walked with an officer upon the spar deck, an orderly came up and said, just as if he were announcing supper or eight bells, ''I have to report a fire in a coal bunker.'' ''All right,'' replied the officer, ''will be down immediately.'' Then, with a parting whiff, he threw away his cigar, and we went down the companionway together.

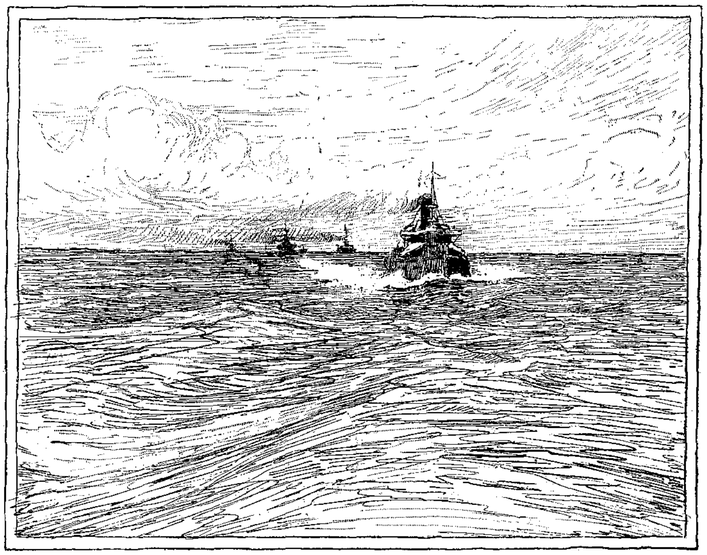
There, upon one of the lower decks, a sentry, with the most quizzical expression of curiosity upon his face that I have ever seen, stood before a great dial like those in use in modern hotels, the indicator of which pointed steadfastly to the little facet of the dial marked ''B 21.'' My companion, the officer, went down still further into the bowels of the ship, while I stood with astonishment at the indicator, with wonderment as great, if not as open-mouthed, as the sentry's. ''It's a wonderful thing, this here machine,'' he said; ''it keeps me awake at night, it's so darn human. It rings up a fire in some spooky way, just as if you or I might touch a bell and order up a mint julep; yes it do, sir.''

Where B 21 was, neither he nor I knew, but we agreed in the hope that the burning bunker might be far from the magazines. There was some talk about playing that number and that letter in the next game of chance upon which we entered, until gradually the consciousness dawned upon us that we were even at this moment engaged upon a game of most serious hazard and that the cards might go against us. I smoked my cigar for an hour upon the signal tower, wondering all the while how the invisible flames were growing, and whether they were gaining headway; and so having given evidence of what I considered almost Spartan stoicism, I grabbed the officer as he came up from below, covered with coal dust and sweat, and said, with as cheerful mien as I could muster, ''And how about B 21?''

''Let's go up on the bridge, it's cooler there,'' was the only reply vouchsafed. So we climbed up to the fighting-tops, I drawing a certain satisfaction from the thought that if we blew up we should still be on top, and never from that day to this have I heard a word of how the fire in coal bunker 21 was put out, and, for all I know, it may be burning to this day.

## TAKING A PRIZE.

We steamed on steadily, and about four o'clock the coast of Cuba, a dark fringe of palm trees and a light border of silver sand, began to rise to view out of the soft turquoise seas. We were straining our eyes for the first glimpse of the battlements of the Morro, when suddenly our course was changed, our speed quickened, and, as the fleet swept on westward toward Havana, the Admiral signaled, ''Take no heed of the movements of the flagship,'' and we darted off to the eastward, to intercept a black



ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET BEARING DOWN UPON HAVANA IN LINE OF BATTLE.

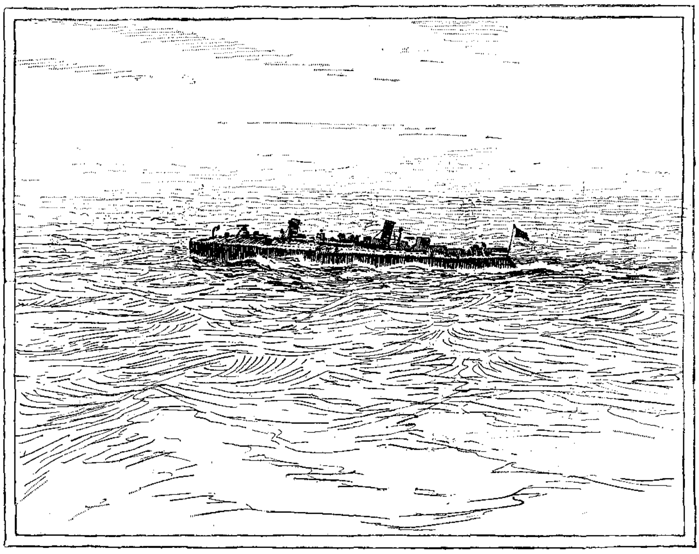
speck of a vessel which was steaming along very close in shore. It was soon evident that the chase was no match in speed for the "New York," and long before sunset we had her almost in range. She was thought to be an auxiliary cruiser of the Spanish Transatlantic Company, and so, of course, carried guns; so the bugle blew to general quarters as we came within range. The vessel was making every possible effort to escape; the black smoke rolled out of her stack in columns, and the captain was heading straight on to the reefs, apparently preferring shipwreck to capture. About six o'clock we gave him an eight-pounder across his bow, and she came around upon the second, and slowly steamed towards us at half steam. It was a merchant steamer, the "Pedro," of about 3,000 tons, with an assorted cargo, and before the night closed we had put a prize crew on board and sent her in to Key West.

About ten o'clock in the evening we picked up the fleet off Havana. The Spaniards were firing very freely the guns of the shore battery on the Mulatto ridge, on the east, and from the Santa Clara and the other Vedado batteries, on the west. We were certainly seven miles out, and well beyond range of all but the most lucky of chance shots. Perhaps they were only trying the metal of their guns, and perhaps they were only firing to alarm the countryside and give warning to the ships at sea that the blockade had begun. We were floating idly on the tide about eleven o'clock, when suddenly the farol, or beacon, of the Morro, by the light of which we held our position, was suddenly extinguished, and to me the night seemed brighter as the great light was blown out like a candle in the breeze. For it was the light which had shone for so many years over that great yellow fortress which in Cuba I had learned to know as a cesspool of iniquity, the scene of inhuman and almost incredible crime, as the last stronghold of mediævalism upon American soil. And as the great light was extinguished, the insurgent fires, which we had already noticed burning to the eastward, sprang up into view upon the crest of every hill. The mountain bonfires were carrying through the island the glad tidings of our intervention to shield and to save what there was left to save of human life and property upon the desolate island.

Before midnight each vessel of the fleet had sailed to take up its appointed station, and before morning the naval cordon had been completed and was drawn about the island from Cardenas around Cape San Antonio to Cienfuegos on the south. When the last electric signal had flashed from the signal tower and the torpedo boats were despatched upon their midnight mission, all lights were extinguished and the fleet rode in utter darkness. Only the "New York," the "Iowa," and the "Indiana" remained on guard off Havana. Now and again in the darkness we would catch sight of the great battleships to the right and to the left of us, standing upon our flanks like great fortresses and stable upon the restless waves.

### PREPARING TO FIGHT THE "VIZCAYA."

It began very suddenly; almost before I knew it we were in the midst of the most exciting episode of the cruise. I had found a roll of canvas in a shady nook in the signal tower; a feeling of drowsiness was creeping over me as the flagship rolled softly up and down over the waves of the Gulf Stream. Suddenly the great ship seemed to rise to a wave which was greater than any we had

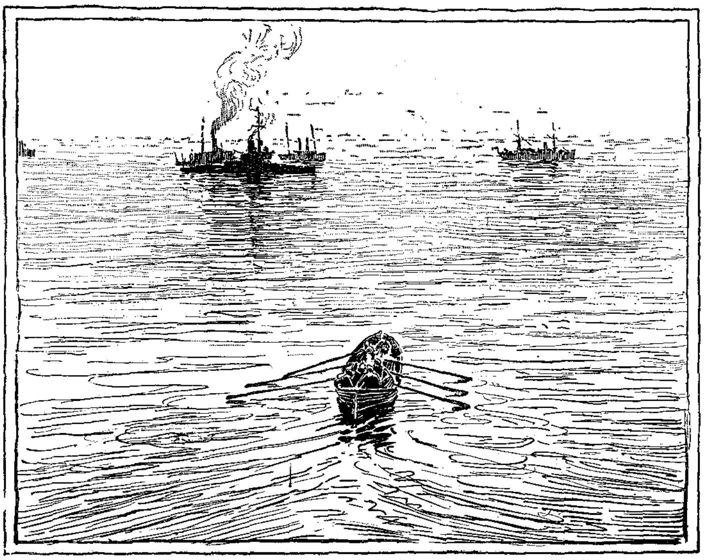


THE "CUSHING" GOING IN CLOSE TO HAVANA TO RECONNOITER.

encountered before; the waves beat angrily against our bow; the ship, which had been so quiet and so still in the noonday heat, now shivered like an aspen leaf, and then sprang ahead. I rubbed my eyes; I seemed to be dreaming, but only for a moment. It was not too deep a secret for even a landsman to fathom; the very highest possible pressure of steam had been applied to all our boilers; we were going ahead at the highest possible speed. Soon, with the glass, we descried the object of our chase—a dark-hulled, low-lying vessel, coming along the Cuban coast. A moment later the excitement which now possessed every man on board reached fever heat when the word came down from the bridge that the strange vessel steaming for Havana was a man-of-war, a first-class armored cruiser, probably the "Vizcaya," which had given the watchers in Cape Verde the slip. In a moment, in the minds of the 550 men on board, this possibility had deepened into a probability, and in two minutes it had become a certainty—a dead sure thing—the "New York" was going to fight the "Vizcaya." The "New York" had such "dumb luck" was the gratified opinion heard on all sides. The bugle sounded to general quarters, and the men sprang to their guns like lovers impatient to keep their tryst. My particular chum, the gun captain of the forward turret, wound his arms about the brazen cheeks of his two eight-inch pets, "General Ulysses S. Grant" and "Robert E. Lee," and fondled them as though they were the heads of flaxen-haired and rosy-cheeked children.

Before we sailed, the wood and the brass work had all been cut away, and now even the life lines and the stanchions which surrounded the cleared decks were removed. The battle hatches, great pieces of flat sheet iron, were placed and battened down over the airshafts, and the three remaining boats that we carried were drawn in close amidships and covered with damp canvas, so that if struck by the enemy's fire their splinters might be contained within a reasonable area. Two pale men, with their eyes blinking under the, to them, unusual glare of the sun, were brought up now from the brig, where they had been imprisoned for some infraction of discipline. The captain spoke to them, before the mast, a few kindly, earnest words, and then they sprang each man to his division and his post, with a cheerful, "Aye, aye, sir, we will." The fleet surgeon walked the deck, flanked by his assistants. "I have concluded," he said, "that we must be content with giving only the first aid to the injured wherever they may fall. Now, wherever that may be, they will be just as safe as anywhere else; there is no sweet berth for the surgeon's cockpit nowadays. Should we sheer off, or there be a lull in the fight, we will drop them below by means of canvas slides down the hatches." And in a minute the canvas slides were triced up and in readiness.

To our excited gaze the chase was making desperate efforts to reach Havana, but in this direction we were confident of being able to cut her down. Then the saucy little "Wilmington" loomed up in the stranger man-of-war's wake, together with a torpedo boat, and so we saw that the chase was cornered. It was to be a fair fight, however; every man on board sang out for that. Every man on board knew that the "Vizcaya" carried more guns and of heavier metal than the "New York;" but every man wanted to fight it out single-handed, and audibly expressed the hope that the Admiral would signal the torpedo boat and the "Wilmington" to mind their own business.

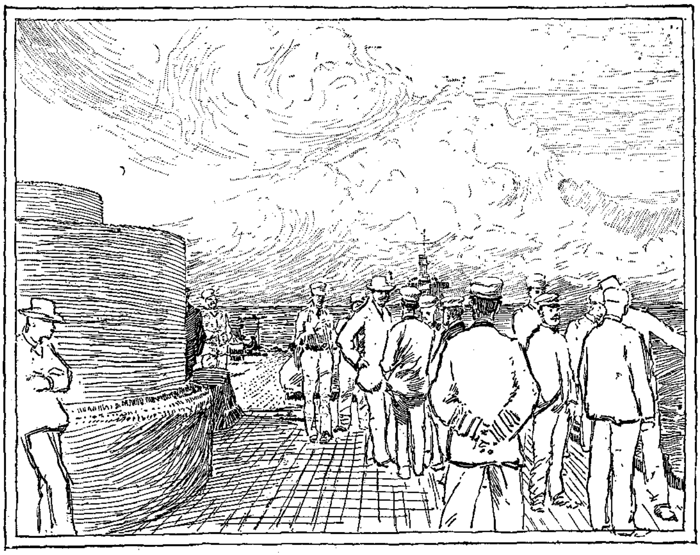


CAPTAIN "BOB" EVANS, COMMANDER OF THE "IOWA," ROWING OVER TO THE "NEW YORK," TO CONFER WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

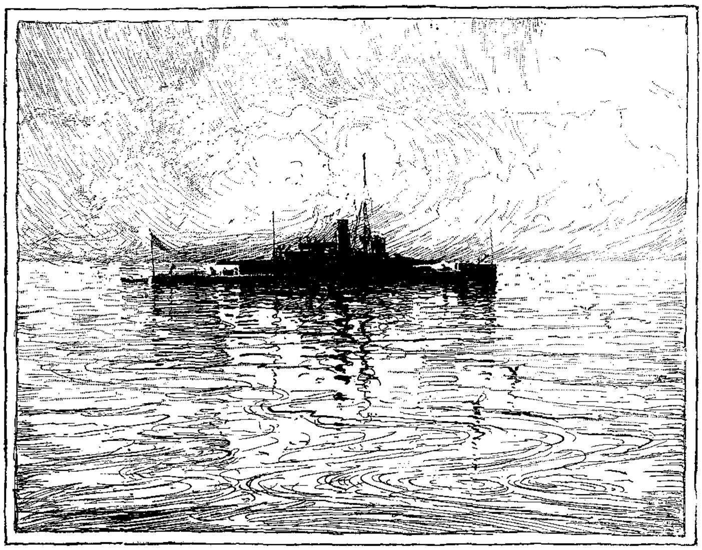
When it became apparent that we were making at least five knots an hour more than the chase, that we would be in range within twenty minutes, the hard features of the gunners relaxed into broad grins of satisfaction. "If she wants to escape she will have to make up her mind to lick us," said the gunner's mate, with as much positive satisfaction and assurance as though he was saying she must dive, or go up in a balloon, to escape us. To him these three propositions were all equally probable.

The ammunition was hauled up through the shafts; the shell extractor, a gigantic pair of sugar-tongs about six feet long, came in view for the first time; and the gun crew hugged to their bosom great canvas bags containing hundreds of pounds of brown prismatic powder as though they were pet cats and not the death-dealing explosive that was to send the armor-piercing projectiles upon their destructive course. The marines hoisted away at the ammunition pulleys, and set out buckets of sand along the spar and gun decks: "to keep us from slipping and falling when the decks are slippery with blood," said the mate of the gunner's crew in answer to my silent inquiry.

The uncertainty and tension lasted for about twenty minutes after every preparation for going into action was complete. We even had out the hose, for a fire on board the "New York" was the only thing we feared. Now the flight was up, our chase would have to face us or be dashed upon the coral reefs, of which we could now see the seas as they broke. She was only four miles away now, but her colors flew straight towards us, and we could not make them out. Suddenly she changed her course several points, the colors became plain to those who could read them, and a number was run up, a puff of smoke came from a turret, and a flash of fire jumped out towards us. The action had begun. I heard a low click in the turret near which I stood—nothing loud



SCENE ON THE POOP OF THE SPAR DECK OF THE FLAGSHIP "NEW YORK" ON APRIL 23D. THE SHIP IS CLEARED FOR ACTION, WITH HER BATTLE HATCHES ON.



THE "AMPHITRITE" LEADING THE SQUADRON SENT TO BLOCKADE MATANZAS.

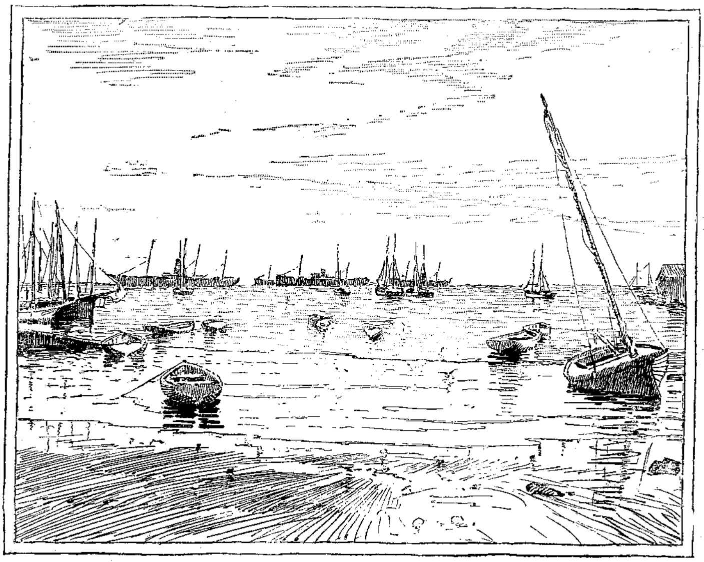
or boisterous—only a click like the ticking of a watch upon a still summer's night; but it meant that our heavy guns were ready to be touched off. Another column of smoke and another arrow of flame shot out from the side of the chase. The report was not very loud and not very formidable: it seemed to be merely four-pounders barking, and many a face had fallen before the word was passed down from the bridge that the chase was an Italian man-of-war, the "Don Giovanni Bausan," and that instead of a fight we were only getting a salute for the Admiral.

### A DISAPPOINTED GUN CAPTAIN.

Mechanically, as in a dream, the captain of the gun locked in position his fearful pet; reluctantly the ammunition was dropped back down the slide, and the shell extractor put tenderly away. The captain of the gun looked dreamily at his toes, as though surprised at the pattern of tattooing in India ink which they displayed and that they were ten in number. Then his eyes fell upon his gun, and rested upon it a long time. He seemed to expect to hear it get up and say something. Men were released from their quarters by the bugle, and the off watch went below. The gun captain's face was a study in seams and furrows of disappointment. His lips hung down all awry, as though he had been sucking sour lemons for a month. When he got down on the gun deck, he threw himself upon his kit and listened, while a "sea lawyer," a very wise-looking man, the wisest of the crew, pulled away at his pipe, and laid down the law to an admiring throng, who, as they listened, groaned out emphatic grunts of approval. "Now," said the "sea lawyer" triumphantly, "yous jabbering idiots will understand why Tom Macfarlane has always been agin armored intervention. Now, if it wuz war, real old-fashioned, clean-cut, downright honest war, do you think that we would let that Don slip into Havana harbor jest because he is a bit off color and says he is an Eyetalian? Not for your life! In real honest war all Dons are to be trated alike: that is, filled full of holes on sight; but with this armored intervention business it's saying 'By yo' lave' to one, and 'After you' to another, and never a sight do you get of the particular yellow belly of the bunch yer after. God help the Republican party, says I, and its platform of armored intervention."

The sound of a distant cannonade was borne by the breeze towards us. The guns of the Morro were saluting the arrival of the Italian Don. The gunner's mate pricked up his ears as he slept upon his canvas bag, and whispered, half waking, half dreaming, "Give me a shell, boys, an armor-piercing one, and scratch 'Remember the Maine' upon it. And we won't ever lock them guns no more until the old flag is hauled up over the Morro, and I guess we have got them where we want them." And in his dream he had.

That afternoon we stood in close to the Morro, immediately followed by the "Iowa" and the "Indiana," and flanked by our attendant torpedo boats. Perhaps it was the wish of the Admiral to draw the fire, and so more perfectly locate the new batteries on the Mulatto ridge, to the eastward of the castle, than had hitherto been possible. But the Spaniards, who had been so prodigal of their fire the evening before, were silent now, though we were more than a mile within range of the eastward batteries and not by any means an unlikely mark for the guns of the Morro. About two bells the bugle sounded to quarters, and, when the inspection was over, the 500 men, whose faces had been hardened and whose nerves had been steeled



PRIZES IN THE OFFING AT KEY WEST.

such a very short time before to meet the shock of battle, trooped down the spar deck towards the stern. They were all dressed in white duck, and in the midst of them and rising above them by a full head was the tall and stalwart figure of the chaplain. He wore a mortar-board, and a black Oxford gown gathered about his waist with a velvet sash. The sinking sun had burnished the yellow casemates of the Morro with its dying rays, and we could see with the naked eye the guns as they protruded from the ports, and the curious crowds of Spanish soldiery as they gathered on the walls.

EVENING SERVICE.

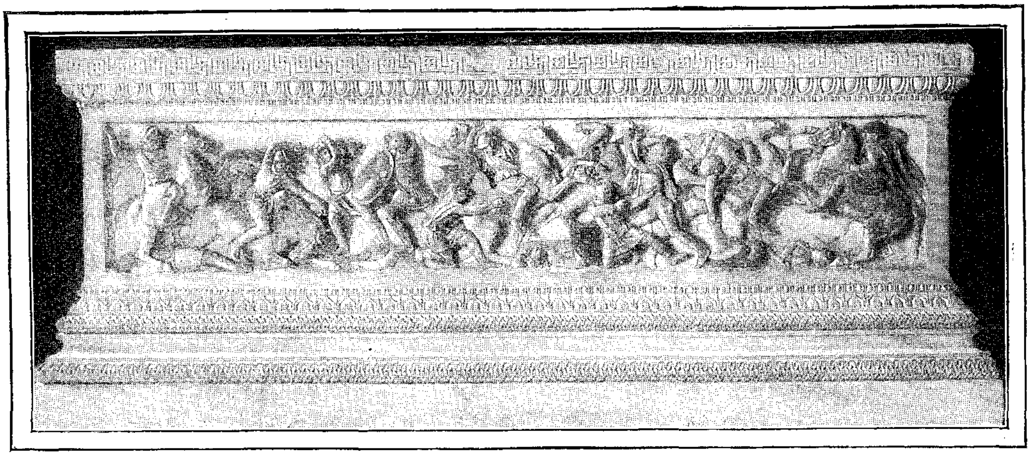
"God save the state," the chaplain prayed, with uplifted arms. "O eternal Lord God, who alone spreadest out the heavens, and rulest the raging of the sea; who hast compassed the waters with bounds, until day and night come to an end; Be pleased to receive into thy almighty and most gracious protection, the persons of us thy servants, and the Ship in which we serve."

So for days and nights the guard was kept along the Cuban coast, the spoiler was despoiled, and those who had drunk deep of the blood of their own children were in turn bled white. Behind the coral reefs and the royal palms of the once peerless island, now reduced by Spanish savagery to utter desolation, the cry went up from lips which had long since been strangers to any but the accents of despair, a cry of gladness and of hope, an expression of faith in an all-merciful God and his chosen instrument, a Christian people, who sought to love their neighbors as their own kith and kin. Often, as I listened, I seemed to hear, borne by the breeze over the intervening lands and the waste of waters, that cry of touching faith which I had heard so often, months before, in the starvation camps of the reconcentrados, "Mañana dios dara" ("To-morrow the Lord our God will provide"); and now, after many days and many months, this to-morrow had dawned.

The Admiral made a little trip to the westward, along the coral coast, and entered the beautiful bay of Matanzas, to see how the blockade was progressing in this quarter. The insurgent fires were burning night and day upon the Pan, the great sugar-loaf hill that can be seen for so many leagues along the north coast. The visit was one merely of inspection; but when the Spaniards were discovered to be working in great number and throwing up sand batteries upon the exposed spits of land to the seaward of San Severino, followed closely by the "Terror" and "Cincinnati," the flagship opened fire upon the works, and before fifty shots had been fired, principally from the smaller guns, the but half-mounted battery was silenced. The Spanish artillery was so badly served that not a single shot struck our vessels.

Then the routine of the blockade was resumed. Day and night, each at its appointed station, the great iron ships and the light cruisers circled about the coast, and not even a single fishing smack that had not been examined succeeded in entering any of the ports upon the long line of coast that is comprised in the limits laid down in the President's proclamation.

*Sarcophagus of Alexander at Constantinople. From "Constantinople," by Professor E. A. Grosvenor.*



# MILITARY EUROPE.

## A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES.

By Major-General Nelson A. Miles.

## WITH THE TURKISH AND GREEK ARMIES IN TIME OF WAR.

IT has been my purpose for several years to visit Europe at the first opportunity when there should be a European war, or hostile armies actually in the field. I not only wished to see the troops in action, but I desired to investigate the condition of foreign armies and the requirements for accommodating troops in garrison, as well as the best arms, uniforms, and field equipment for troops in an actual condition of war.

It is customary for governments to send officers abroad for this purpose, and it has been the practice of our Government since its establishment. The first prominent officer to go on this duty was General Winfield Scott, at the time of the war between Napoleon and the allied armies; but he reached Europe too late to be a witness of the final scene of the great drama at Waterloo. Delafield's and McClellan's observations during the Crimea have been of deep interest to military students; also General Sheridan's experience with the Prussian army during the Franco-Prussian war. General Sherman, while in command of the Army of the United States, visited Europe in 1872, and remained an entire year. His observations were of great interest and importance to the United States. We have now military officers at nearly every court in Europe, as well as in the Orient; and military and naval attachés from foreign countries are on duty at our own capital.

Since the close of the Russo-Turkish war in 1878, no opportunity for such observations as I desired to make presented itself until the hostilities between the Græco-Turkish forces in 1897. It may be well at this point to recall that the difficulty between Turkey and Greece began early in 1897 in Crete, where the Christians of the island were dissatisfied with the Mohammedan rule. When the riots in the island had become so serious that war between Greece and Turkey threatened, the Powers sent warships to the harbor of Canea. On February 21st these ships fired some fifty shots into the camp of the Cretan insurgents, located outside of the town—a warning that Europe would not permit hostile actions. The skirmishing in Crete continued through the rest of February and into March. Early in March, however, Crete ceased to be the point of observation. The Turkish and Grecian armies confronted each other on the frontier of Thessaly. They exercised tolerable self-control until early in April. Then the daring advance of the Greek irregulars into the disputed territory caused Edhem Pasha, the commander of the Turks, to suggest to his government that it was time to declare war, which Turkey did on April 17th. Diplomatic relations were at once severed, and fighting began. It was evident that there was to be war in earnest.

I at once made my preparation to go to

the field. At the time I left Washington, May 4th, the Greeks on the western frontier were holding their own, but in the east the Turks had driven them back and occupied Larissa. The latest information from the Levant seemed to indicate not only that Greece and Turkey would be engaged, but that some of the Balkan states and possibly one or more of the great powers of Europe might be involved. The unexpected frequently happens, and as no one can foretell when a war will occur, so no one can say what the phases will be or how it will terminate. At the moment, no one anticipated that, instead of any one of the great powers becoming involved, they would all stand aloof and witness the tragedy until it reached a critical point, and then combine to check its progress and dictate the terms of peace.

Such was the situation when I left Washington. On reaching Paris, I found that several engagements had taken place while I was on the sea, but that the result was still indefinite. I also learned that my best way to reach the Turkish army was to take the Oriental Express to Constantinople. This I did, arriving there on May 19th.

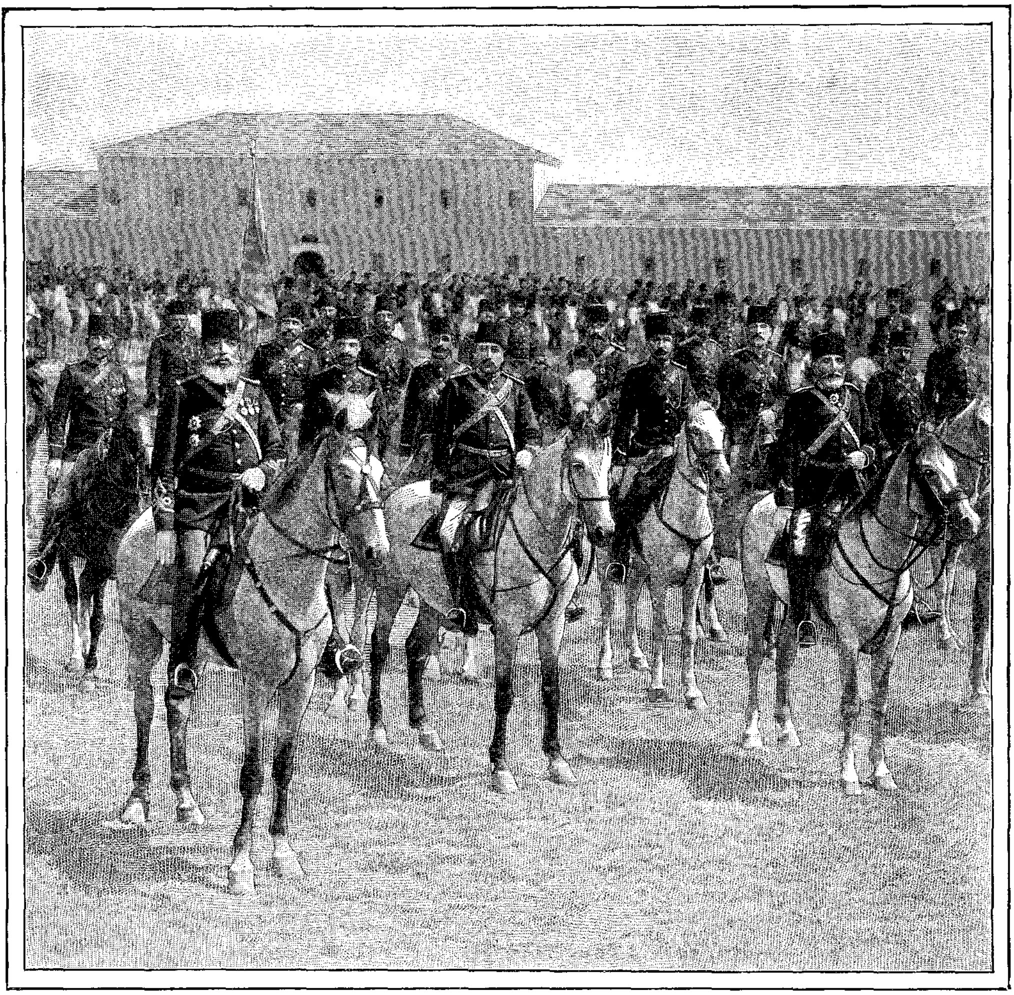
### THE MILITARY ORGANIZATION IN TURKEY.

I could not have gone to a better place to observe the Turkish army than Constantinople itself. Not only is the city the headquarters of the complex military establishment which governs the army, but it is also headquarters for the first of the seven military territories into which the empire is divided. When I arrived in Constantinople, there were fully 30,000 men stationed in and about the city, giving me ample opportunity to observe the methods and condition of the Turkish troops. There was a mistaken impression, when the late war broke out, that the Turkish army was antiquated in its methods. Military men knew better. The Turkish army is at present completely organized in accordance with modern methods. This organization is not new; it was undertaken as long ago as seventy years by Mahmud II. When, about 1827, he decided to begin the reconstruction of his army, he was obliged to turn his cannon on the Janizaries, and not to stop until the last one of that body was dead, so hostile were they to any change in the methods of the Turkish army. After the Janizaries were out of the way, Mahmud II. began to remodel his force. Ten years after this he had Von Moltke and other Prussian officers aiding him. This work has gone on steadily ever since, until now the Turkish military forces are completely modernized. A monument erected on the site where he formerly lived on the Bosphorus, reminds alike Turk and stranger of the high esteem with which Von Moltke's services in this work of reorganization are regarded.

The army is completely Moslem, no Christians or non-Moslems being admitted. Although exempted from duty, the latter are not exempted from military taxes. All young Moslems who have reached twenty-one years of age are expected to enter the army for twenty years of service, unless they can show some good reason why they should not be called upon, such as physical unfitness or family obligations. The registration list shows that about 120,000 men are liable to service each year; but, as a matter of fact, only about 65,000 are incorporated into the army.

According to the latest figures, the army numbers in time of peace 244,000 men, 24,000 of these being officers. It's war footing mounts to fully 800,000. It will be remembered that, when the war with Greece broke out in the spring of 1897, the Sultan mobilized 600,000 men without any great effort. New laws and reforms are in operation in the army, which it is expected will add enormously to this strength. The Sultan believes that at no distant day he will be able to call out, in case of necessity, an army of a million and a half men. Of course, fully a third of this body will be utterly untrained.

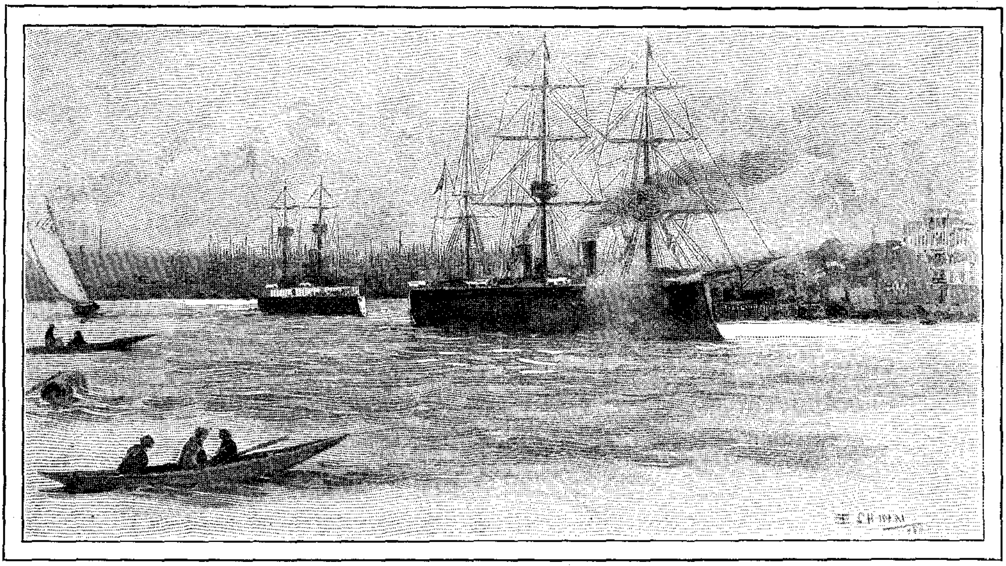
These troops are drawn from all parts of the empire. What is known as the territorial system is in vogue in Turkey; that is, the empire is divided into seven military districts. Each of these districts furnishes a corps, recruited in the main from within its own limits. If one runs over the list of cities which are the headquarters of these corps, he gets some idea of the distant points from which the Sultan draws his troops:—Constantinople, Adrianople, Salonika, Erzinjan (northeastern Asia Minor), Damascus, Bagdad, and Sana (southwestern Arabia). Not all the portions of the empire yield soldiers in equal numbers. Thus the division having its headquarters at Sana furnishes few soldiers, its recruits coming from Syria and Asia Minor. Those portions of the country occupied by nomad tribes, such as Tripoli and Turkestan, have never until within a few years furnished troops. A few years ago, however, an effort was made to utilize the nomads in an irregular cavalry



THE FIFTH REGIMENT IMPERIAL TURKISH CAVALRY.

resembling the Cossacks of the Russian army. Regiments have been formed with good success. The organization is known as the Hamidie Cavalry, in honor of the Sultan, Abdul-Hamid. It is impossible, of course, to apply to these irregulars the superior training given to men in the regular army; nor are they called upon for any large amount of service. They furnish their own equipments and mounts. As a rule they carry ancient rifles or pistols, and every man is armed with a lance. So far the only active service which the Hamidie Cavalry has seen has been in hunting down the Armenians. It is easy to see from what they have done there that, in case of foreign war, they would be a most dangerous element in the Turkish army.

What I saw of the Turkish soldiers in Constantinople convinced me that they are among the most effective in the world. There are many reasons for this fact. In the first place, the Turks are a strong race, accustomed to hard labor, and consequently are easily molded into enduring soldiers. They are all Moslems, and their religion has three elements which contribute largely to their soldierly qualities. First, it teaches them to believe in an absolute despotism; second, it enforces simplicity of life and strict temperance; and third, it promises them unending pleasures in heaven as a reward for their endurance on earth. The long term of service required of the Turks adds, of course, to their effectiveness. It should not be forgotten, too, that this service has much of it been active. In the last hundred years, Turkey has had a greater war record than any other nation in Europe. From the beginning of the century up to January 1, 1897, she spent thirty-seven years in actual warfare. The cost of handling this tre-



THE LARGEST TURKISH WARSHIPS, THE "MESOODICH" AND THE "HARRIDICH," LYING IN THE HARBOR OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

mendous army is not great, when compared with what other nations spend on their armies. According to the official returns, the year of 1897-98 cost $25,250,000. This does not include the extraordinary military expenditure occasioned by war. It is not the common soldier, however, who gets this money. His pay amounts to a little less than a dollar a month, and often the government is many months in arrears in paying the troops.

### MILITARY ADMINISTRATION IN TURKEY.

The administration of the Turkish army is very complicated. There is a Military Cabinet which regulates cases concerning the distribution of the troops; there is a Superior General Inspection Committee of some thirty members whose duty it is to study measures for improving the army; there is a military section in the Household of the Sultan; and there is a War Ministry, composed of some ten different bureaus. During the time that I was in Constantinople, I met several of the leading military men of the empire, and was greatly impressed by their knowledge and their ability. The military genius among them is undoubtedly Osman Pasha. He is a man about sixty-six years old, well built, of medium height, strong in physique, and intellectually the peer of any of the field marshals that I subsequently met in Europe. His experience has added greatly to his natural instincts for military life. In the terrible war of the Crimea, he acquired knowledge of the equipment, disposition, and management of large armies in the field, and he proved himself one of the ablest generals in Europe in the series of wars between Russia and Turkey. In the last of those wars, being placed in command of an army of 70,000 men with seventy-seven guns, he made one of the most brilliant defensive campaigns of modern times. Pitted against Russia's ablest generals, the Grand Duke Nicholas, Lieutenant-General Gourko, and that greatest military leader of his day, Skobeleff, and an army of 150,000 men and 500 guns, Osman Pasha made his defense of Plevna, a most creditable military achievement which demonstrated fully his skill and tenacity. During this desperate siege, three pitched battles, besides many minor engagements, were fought. The losses of the assailants were 40,000 men, and of the defendants 30,000. The siege of Plevna won for Osman Pasha the title of Gazhee the Victorious.

Osman Pasha reminded me of General Grant more than any man I saw on that side of the Atlantic. His manner is very much like that of Grant; a man of few words — in these expressing condensed thought. In referring to the success of the army, the rapidity with which it had been mobilized, and the universal success in the series of battles just ended between the Turks and Greeks, he made a significant remark. "Persistency," he said, "is the great secret of success in war. If an army is not successful one day, tenacity of purpose and persistency will in the end bring victory." This was the great characteristic of the man who commanded the government forces in the latter part of our great civil war.

Although the Turkish military administration contains many able men, the Sultan is the real as well as nominal head of the Turkish army. Each department of the military administration is under his guidance, and he can and often does assert himself in its affairs. But the Sultan is more than the military head of the Turks. He is the recognized spiritual representative not only of the Mohammedans of his empire, but of those of the entire world, numbering some 177,000,000 souls. In virtue of this position, it is his duty to offer each week a prayer for the followers of Mohammed wherever they may be. This service—the "salemlik"—I witnessed just after arriving at Constantinople. It impressed me quite as much by its military as by its religious aspect.

ABDUL-HAMID II., SULTAN OF TURKEY SINCE 1876. BORN, 1842.

From a photograph by W. and D. Downey, London.

THE MILITARY DISPLAY AT THE SALEMLIK.

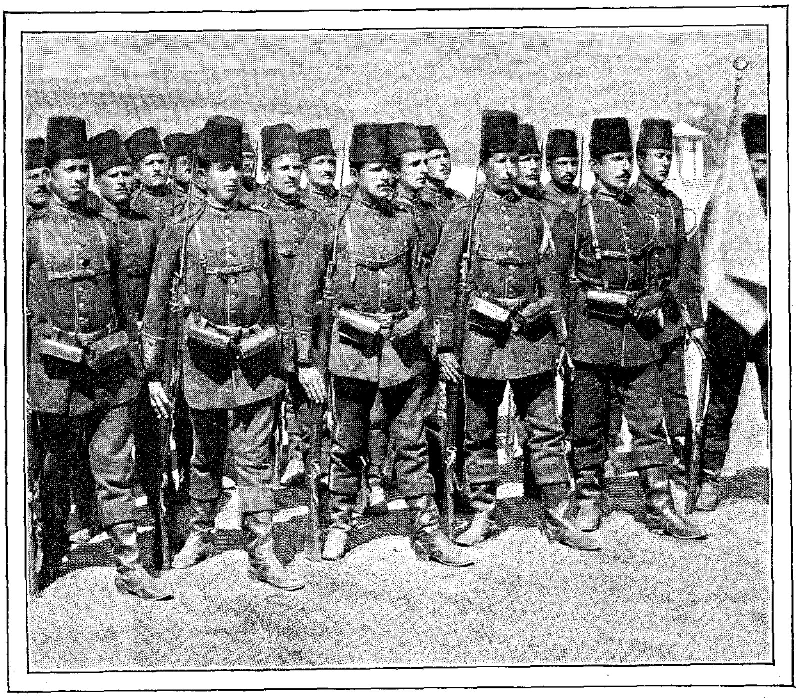
The salemlik takes place every Friday, in a very beautiful mosque not far from the Yildiz Palace, where the Sultan lives. As early as nine o'clock in the morning all the approaches to the palace, as well as the open spaces, are occupied by troops, particularly infantry and cavalry, and all the space left by them is crowded by spectators. The regiments came from different parts of the empire, some from the European provinces and others from the Asiatic, and appeared to be well disciplined and well instructed. As they marched to their positions, my attention was attracted by the spirited music of some of the regimental bands. The martial music was familiar and homelike, and I was both amused and gratified to listen to the stirring notes of Sousa's marches, "El Capitan," "High School Cadets," and others. This was but the prelude indeed, to what I was to listen to in other armies, for the American composer's music I subsequently found to be very popular in several European countries.

The cavalry were splendidly mounted on strong, hardy horses, well equipped and handsomely caparisoned, were well armed, and in every way presented a fine appearance. While the troops were moving into position the street or avenue leading from the palace to the mosque was covered with fresh sand, and the steps of the mosque were covered with a rich carpet, and when all was prepared, the gates of the palace were thrown open. The palace guard first moved down the broad avenue, lined on both sides by a living wall of troops with glistening bayonets, and took position near the mosque; then came the palace officials, and next the princes at the head of their staff officers. Among the princes was a boy apparently fourteen years of age, in naval uniform. He was accompanied by a group of officers, and took his position with them at the head of the marines and sailors. This young officer presented a very spirited, military appearance. Then came the carriages, containing a few of the ladies of the palace, with attendants on foot. They moved down to a position near the entrance to the mosque. The horses were removed from the carriages, and the tongues taken out and put under the carriages, and the latter remained in this position with their occupants during the entire ceremony. Finally the Sultan appeared in one of the carriages of state, drawn by two beautiful horses with gorgeous equipment. As he appeared he was greeted by the strong voices of the thousands of troops massed in all the approaches to the palace, shouting, or crying, "Padishah Tchok Pasha" ("Long live the Sultan!") They hailed him as the personal and spiritual god-head upon earth of all of their faith.

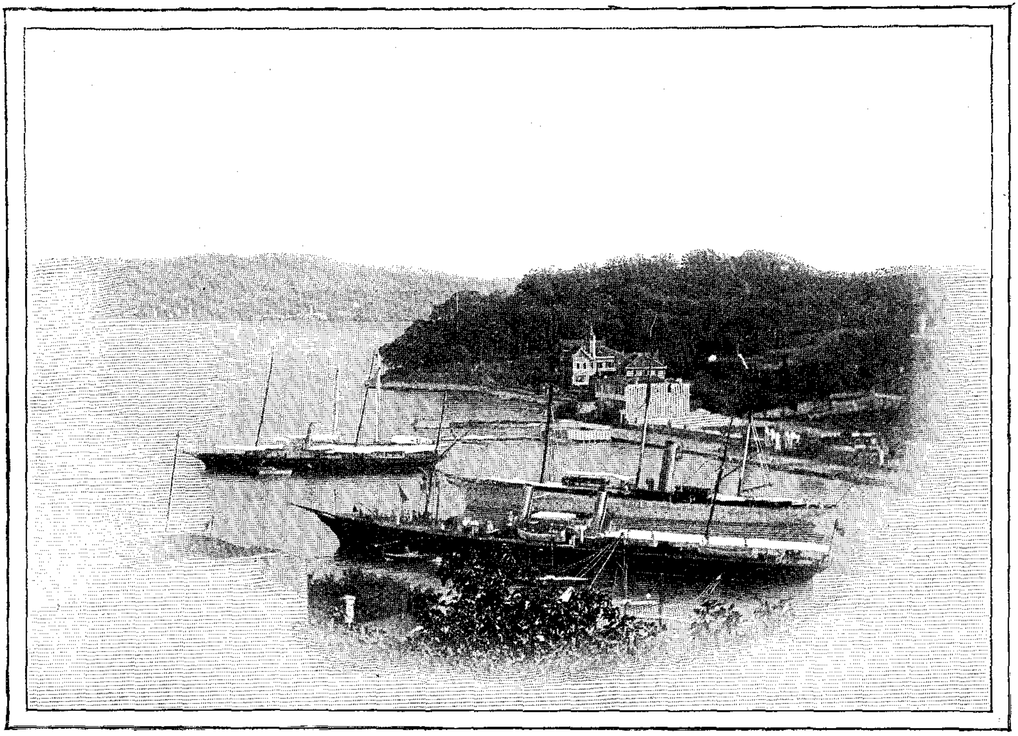
The small, well-poised, silent man whom the multitude were saluting was dressed in plain uniform, a simple red fez on his head. Formerly the Sultans wore a diamond aigrette on their heads in public, but this Abdul-Hamid has discarded. The coachman was in most brilliant livery, as well as the personal attendants and guards who marched on foot on both sides of the carriage. Osman Pasha was the only occupant of the carriage besides the sovereign, and he occupied a front seat facing the Sultan. Following the heads of departments and high officials that were immediately in rear of the Sultan, were led his two favorite chargers, one a very handsome golden sorrel, the other a milk-white Arabian, beautifully caparisoned.

After the ceremony the Sultan reappeared and took position in another carriage, a very handsome mail-phaeton, richly ornamented and drawn by two beautiful white horses, a present from the Emperor of Austria. He took the reins and whip himself, and thus returned to the palace, followed by the heads of the departments and high officials of the government walking rapidly up the steep hill, apparently much to their discomfort, but indicating the abject subordination of the highest officials to the imperial sway.

The Sultan has occupied the throne of Turkey for twenty-two years. Twenty-six years ago, Murad V., his brother, held the same position; but, justly or unjustly, was removed on a charge of being of unsound mind. There are many who claim that he desired to institute certain reforms that were not popular with the Pashas and influential men of the empire. Be that as it may, he was removed to the beautiful palace of Cheragan, on the right bank of the Bosphorus, and he is supposed to be yet alive within its walls. A palace on the water is his winter home, and one standing on the heights about a mile distant, and yet within the walls of the great enclosure which surrounds the grounds, is also at times supposed to be occupied by the



A SQUADRON OF THE FIRST BATTALION OF THE FIRST REGIMENT OF INFANTRY, IMPERIAL TURKISH GUARD.



THERAPIA ON THE BOSPHORUS.

dethroned Sultan, his attendants, and families. On the outside of the walls are two great garrisons of some four thousand troops, guarding every approach by land or water.

AN AUDIENCE WITH THE SULTAN.

After the Sultan's return to the palace, I was notified by the Master of Ceremonies that an audience would be granted me, and I was accompanied by the United States Minister, the Hon. A. W. Terrill, to the palace. We passed through several rooms occupied by guards and palace officials to a large reception-room, there to await an opportunity of being presented to the sovereign. It so happened that the Russian ambassador was there waiting for the same purpose. He had come in before us, and of course took precedence. While we were waiting, we had a pleasant conversation, during which he informed our minister that this was the first interview he had had with the sovereign for several months, and that the object of his visit was simply to thank him for granting the personal request of the Emperor of Russia to withhold the onward march of the Turkish army in Greece until the situation had been considered by the great powers of Europe. The armistice had been declared only two days before, May 19th. He, in a very few moments, passed into the Sultan's reception-room, and remained for some thirty minutes. Before going in he seemed to be somewhat exercised, and his face indicated great anxiety. The importance of his mission seemed to impress him much, and he manifested it by pacing the room and indulging in earnest conversation with his secretary. On his return from the reception his face wore so satisfied an expression, and so pleasant a smile, that it prompted me to remark that his "interview must have been satisfactory." He assured me that it was quite so. This was all the information one could expect, under the circumstances, from an astute and accomplished diplomat.

After the Russian ambassador came out, we were notified by the Master of Ceremonies, an officer of high rank in the Imperial Palace, that an audience would then be granted us, and we were escorted to the reception-room of the Sultan. He was alone, with the exception of an officer of rank, a large, fine-looking man in brilliant uniform, who announced us by name and acted as interpreter. The Sultan was standing near the center of the room, and as we entered he approached us. He was in full uniform, with a dragoon sword by his side. On being

OSMAN PASHA, WHO COMMANDED THE TURKISH FORCES IN THE DEFENSE OF PLEVNA.

EDHEM PASHA, WHO COMMANDED THE TURKISH ARMY IN THE RECENT WAR WITH GREECE.

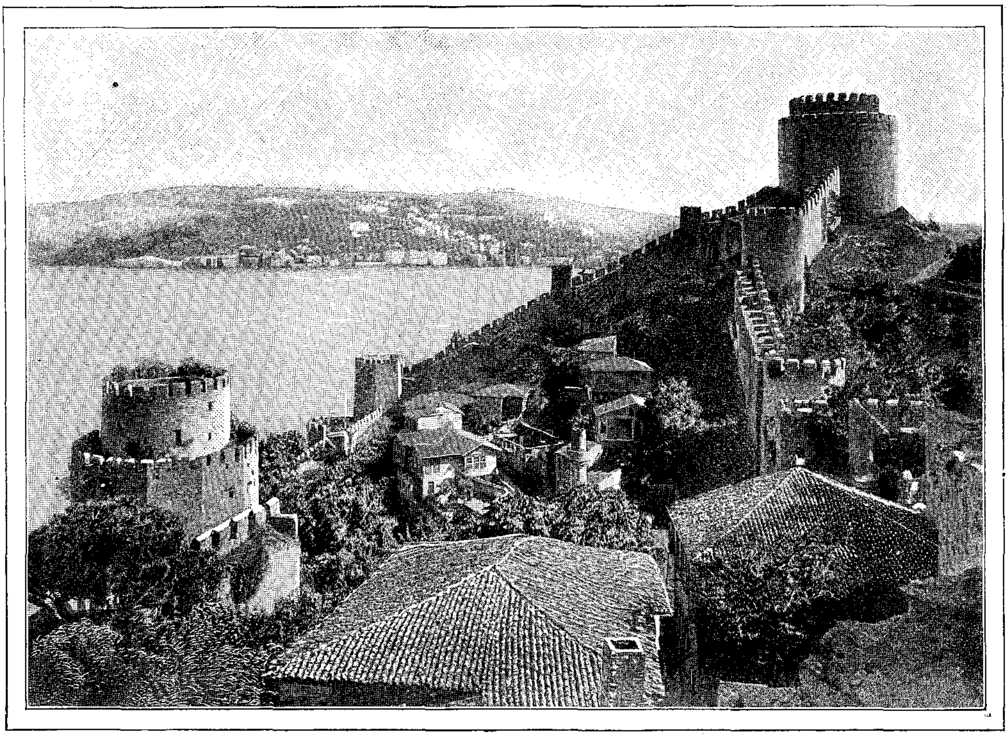
presented, instead of making the usual military salute, we made the salutation customary for foreign officials who are presented at the Turkish court, placing the right hand over the left breast, the left hand by the side, and bowing to His Majesty. He received us very cordially, and invited us to be seated. Coffee and cigarettes were served, and he led the conversation toward military subjects. He manifested great interest in military matters, and was thoroughly posted on the equipment of armies, the use and effect of modern appliances of war, the use of heavy machinery in the movements of the heaviest high-power guns, as well as the most intricate mechanism of small arms, and the use and effect of smokeless powder and high explosives. His small stature, sharp, dark eyes, prominent nose, of the Roman type, full beard, were not unlike the marked characteristics that I have noticed in some men of our own country.

In speaking of the war in which he was then engaged, I remarked that the rapidity with which he had mobilized a great army of 600,000 men, armed and equipped them, and moved a portion successfully into a foreign country, had somewhat surprised military observers both in the United States and in Europe. He stated that he was obliged to move a portion of his army from Asia, and that he could have mobilized and moved them with greater rapidity had the railroads furnished greater facilities, or had they been better equipped for war purposes. In response to a remark of mine, that he must have able generals in command of his armies and army corps, he said, "Yes; I have made them, and they have fulfilled my expectations."

In regard to the war and its results, he stated that his people did not desire war; that it had been forced upon them; that their territory had been invaded; but that God, being on the side of the right, had given victory to his army. He might have added that twenty-seven millions against two and a half millions of people; the resources of a strong nation against a weak and impoverished one; the abundant supplies of all munitions of war of the best German manufacture, from the high-power Krupp fortification gun to the small arms and ammunition, and delicate surgical instruments; and the assistance of several very able officers of the German army, had also aided in bringing success, if not glory, to the banners of the Star and Crescent.

## TURKISH GARRISON LIFE.

Constantinople offers excellent opportunities for studying Turkish garrison life. There are many barracks in and around the



INNER VIEW OF THE FORTRESS OF ROUMELI HISSAR, ON THE BOSPHORUS, SOMETIMES CALLED THE "CASTLE OF EUROPE."

Reproduced from "Constantinople," by Prof. Edwin A. Grosvenor.

city, a number of which I visited. They are all permanent buildings of brick and stone, and most of them very comfortable. One of the most interesting of them is on the opposite bank from the city, the great buildings which were constructed for the accommodation of the sick and wounded of the allied armies during the Crimean war. I was very much impressed in my visits to the barracks with the order which prevailed. Everything seemed ready for immediate movement. I asked the colonel of one large regiment how long a time it would take him to summon his command, and have it fully equipped and ready to march to the railroad or steamship for actual service in the field? He looked at his watch, and said that he would need just fifteen minutes. One excellent feature of all the barracks is their accommodation for bathing. It is quite as good as, if not better than, any place in Europe. In fact, cleanliness is one of the cardinal virtues of the Mohammedan religion. In the principal barracks that I visited the accommodations were so ample that at least forty men could have enjoyed the luxury of a Turkish bath at the same time.

As a rule, the uniforms of the men were in good condition. It is a uniform well suited for garrison or field service, consisting of a plain blue tunic, blue trousers tucked into top boots, and, in the infantry, the familiar red fez. The cavalry wear a cap of sheepskin. The only drawback to the costume is that, save the fez, there is nothing national about it. The mass of the soldiers would no doubt prefer the short jacket, the baggy trousers, and the red sash which they wore before reform and reorganization made the Turkish army so largely Christian in its methods and appearance.

I was very much interested in watching the troops at mess. Their food is very plain, but wholesome. It consists chiefly of rice and mutton, which is served in a large copper basin, six or eight men surrounding the dish, and all eating from it at the same time with wooden spoons. Tea is served at meals, but no coffee or liquor of any kind. This is the only army in Europe, I believe, in which no stimulants of any kind are allowed the troops. In England the regular daily ration includes a half gill of rum; in France the soldier is under certain circumstances allowed a quarter of a liter of wine, half a liter of beer, half a liter of cider, and the sixteenth of a liter of brandy; in Italy he has one-quarter liter of wine; in Austria brandy is furnished. The war ration in Austria includes also smoking-tobacco for the men and cigars for the officers.

### THE DEFENSES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

There is nothing more interesting about Constantinople than its defenses. The peculiar location of the city at the mouth of the Black Sea and on the direct route between Europe and Asia has made it for centuries the key to the Orient, and has led from times immemorial to its fortification. The system of defenses around the city is quite extensive, and represents the work of every age, from the wall, such as the Romans adopted for the protection of their cities, to most modern forts bristling with Krupp guns. The city is completely surrounded by walls, which are broken at intervals by gates and towers. Of course these fortifications would be of little use to-day if the city were besieged, nor are they kept up at all. Houses are built in many places close to them. At some points they have been partially torn down to furnish stone for other and more pressing wants. They add, however, immensely to the picturesqueness of the city, clad as they are with vines and plants, and their presence keeps fresh, too, innumerable legends of crime and deeds of courage.

The real defenses of Constantinople are not its walls, but the lines of forts which guard the two sea approaches to the city and those which ward off invaders by land.

The fortifications covering the approaches on the landward side are two-fold. The first is a quarter-circle of forts scattered from a point about eight miles west of Constantinople on the Sea of Marmora, around to a point on the Bosphorus, about the same distance north of the town. Twenty-five miles west of the city, running north and south across the peninsula, is the principal land defense, the Lines of Tchataldja. These were built in 1877, at the time of the war with Russia, but they have been greatly strengthened since.

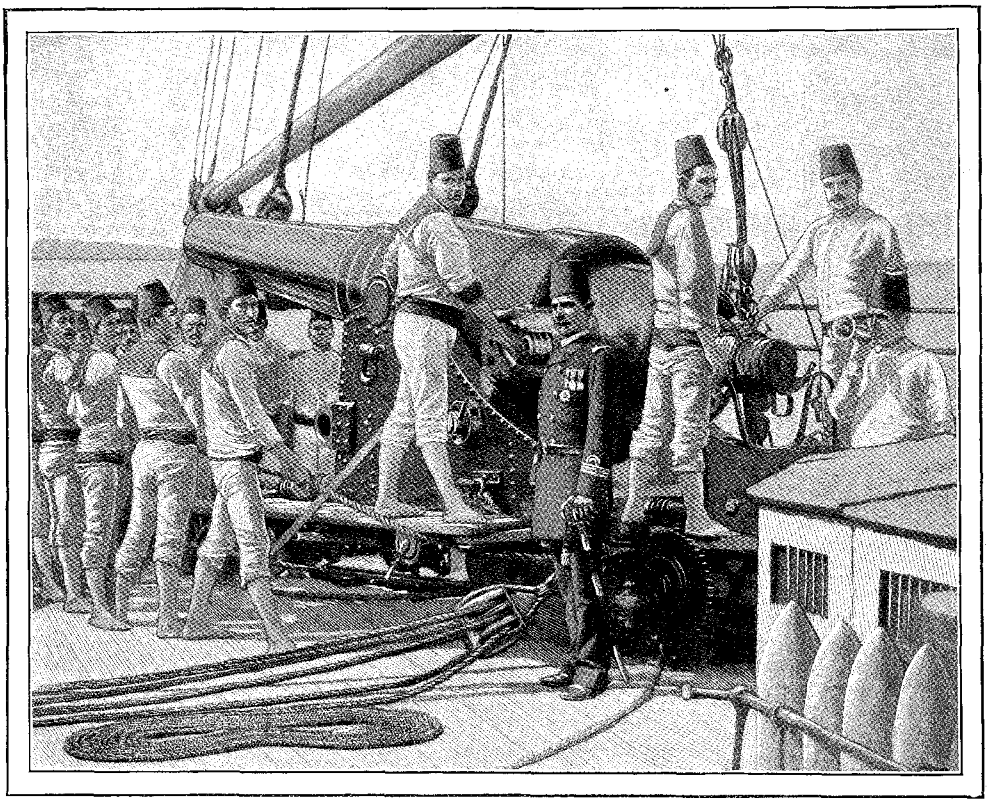
The Bosphorus, connecting the Sea of Marmora with the Black Sea, is one of the water approaches to Constantinople. It is about twenty miles long, and upon the precipitous banks of both the European and the Asiatic shore are placed at intervals the forts which guard the city. There are some seventeen of them. Not all are modern; indeed, there are forts on the Bosphorus dating back to the fourteenth century. These, of course, would be of little use if it were not for the modern works above and below them. The first of the Bosphorus forts which one sees on leaving Constantinople are perhaps the most interesting, and that on account of their location. They stand on opposite sides of the narrowest portion of the channel—the point made famous by the crossing of Darius and his 700,000 men. Xenophon and his 10,000 are said to have crossed here, too, on their return to Europe.

The other seaward approach to Constantinople is by the Dardanelles—a narrow strait thirty-three miles long, connecting the Sea of Marmora with the Ægean. I had an excellent opportunity of observing the fortifications here, as I went from Constantinople to Greece by steamer. In going out we passed close to the sea walls, the ancient protection of Constantinople, and then crossed the Sea of Marmora into the straits. For several miles after entering the straits there are no forts, the channel being broad and the banks high; but about ten miles from the mouth the stream narrows and there is a sharp bend. Here are the most formidable works defending Constantinople, consisting of ten forts on the European side and five on the Asiatic. All of these works have been modernized, and mount the heaviest of recent guns. This bend in the Dardanelles, like the narrows in the Bosphorus, has always been a favorite passage for crossing. Xerxes, it is said, led over his 1,700,000 men here.

After passing this point of the Dardanelles, the straits widen again, and there are no more fortifications until the mouth is reached. Here again the banks bristle with guns. When we passed, the Turkish fleet was discreetly hovering under their shelter.

### ATHENS IN MAY, 1897.

It was the 27th of May when I reached Athens, and the contrast between that city and Constantinople was most striking. I had left behind me a well-fortified city, the headquarters of a strong military administration, evidences of vast resources, both in disciplined men and system of supplies, a people proud of victory, a government confident because of success. I came to a city exposed on every hand, deficient in military resources, its government dejected by defeat, its people dissatisfied with their rulers and divided in their opinion of what had been done, or what course should be pursued in the



A MANŒUVER ON BOARD THE TURKISH IMPERIAL ARMORED FRIGATE "MAHMOUDIÉ."

Reproduced from "Le Monde Illustré."

future. There was no evidence of disorder while I was in Athens, but on every hand there was great depression. The people were gathered in groups before the telegraph offices and news depots, reading the bulletin boards, or sitting together in the streets and parks; and everywhere they discussed the war. Some of them evidently looked for the onward march of the Turkish army, and dreaded the horrors which they believed would follow its occupancy of the city. Many were defiant, and loudly argued for fighting to the bitter end; others were hoping for an interposition of the Powers which, if it left the country humbled, still would prevent the Turks from appropriating it altogether.

What they were suffering was the only possible result to be expected from an unaided struggle of their army with such a highly organized military power as Turkey. To begin with, Greece has a population of only about 2,200,000. The age at which a young Greek becomes liable to service is twenty-two—one year later than in Turkey. While in Turkey 120,000 men are registered for service every year and fully 65,000 incorporated into the army, in Greece only about 22,000 are liable to service and perhaps 12,000 are incorporated. The actual army when the war broke out, that is, the army which was paid by the government, was only about 23,000 men; but it was believed that the war footing was fully 200,000 men—nearly ten per cent. of the population, it will be noted. This army was not well disciplined, and was poorly equipped and poorly officered. There was only a limited amount of ammunition on hand, and as for horses, every squadron was short and in many cases the animals used were too old to be serviceable.

When war actually broke out, and no European power came to the aid of Greece, her weakness rapidly developed. The Turks overwhelmed and out-manœuvered the little army and only stopped their march at the interposition of the Czar of Russia. The armistice granted at his request had not expired when I reached Athens, and the Greek and Turkish armies which were facing each other near Lamia, the scene of the last engagement of the war, were still under its conditions.

CONSTANTINE, THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE AND COMMANDER OF THE GREEK ARMY IN THE RECENT WAR WITH TURKEY.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE.

PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE, COMMANDER OF THE GREEK NAVY IN THE RECENT WAR WITH TURKEY.

## AT THE FRONT WITH THE GREEK ARMY.

As soon as possible I made arrangements to go to the camp of the Greek army—a not difficult journey, as we were able to go up the eastern coast by steamer to Santa Marina and thence by rail to Lamia, a distance of only eight miles. On arriving, I reported my presence to the Crown Prince Constantine, who was in the command of the Greek army. I found him a very courtly, distinguished-looking officer, twenty-nine years of age, tall, and of commanding presence, but somewhat depressed on account of the result of his recent campaign. His great misfortunes had resulted largely from the fact that he had been pitted against an overwhelming army, and that he had not had the experience requisite to organize, mobilize, discipline, and command troops in battle. This can only be acquired by actual experience in war; it cannot be learned elsewhere. General Sherman uttered a positive truth when he asserted that "the best school of war is war."

When we compare the Crown Prince in his preparation for commanding an army with Edhem Pasha, the leader of the Turks, we have a forcible lesson in the value of experience. The name of Edhem Pasha was almost unknown when he took the Turkish army in 1897. Yet he had really made himself a reputation in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. He was only thirty-five years old then, but he fought with honor at the side of Osman Pasha throughout the terrible siege of Plevna; and when at last the city surrendered, he was one of the last to leave. He carried away a wound received the very day of the capitulation. Since then he had filled several important positions in Turkey. He was hardened to service when he went against the Greeks in 1897, and it was not long before his skill in strategy attracted the attention of the world.

I was kindly received by the Crown Prince, and was afforded every opportunity of seeing the entire Greek army as it then lay camped in three *grand* divisions—two practically in reserve, while the third occupied the advance line. The last named was in order of battle, with its main and advance lines and a line of skirmishers, or vedettes. Along the front line were posted flags of truce, at intervals of from two to five hundred yards. Immediately in front of the Greek army lay the Turkish army, drawn up in order of battle. In the advance was a strong line of sentinels with picket supports and reserves in their order; and a short distance in the rear, their main line of battle. The distance between the advance line of the Greek army and the picket line of the Turkish army, I should judge, was about four hundred yards. On the ground occupied by the former force and between the lines were scattered the graves of those who had fallen on both sides in the last engagement of the campaign, which had occurred on this spot, a short distance from the little town of Lamia.

GENERAL MILES ON THE GREEK PICKET LINE, MAY 29, 1897.

The Turks were apparently as unconcerned and defiant as it is only possible for an army to be that has had a series of victories and has successfully invaded the enemy's country—in this case a country that their people had occupied up to as late as 1832. They were occupying a very strong position, and indicated every appearance of being capable of holding the same. We could distinctly hear their bugle calls, and see the comfortable white tents in which they were sheltered, tents which had formerly belonged to the Greek army and had been captured is the recent campaign. The poor Greeks were without shelter, and exposed to the rain and inclement weather. There was an independence and bravado in the appearance of the Turks that indicated their readiness to renew the conflict the moment the armistice should be suspended. I could not but note the marked change in the circumstances of this scene and one that occurred nearly 2,500 years before in sight of the ground now occupied by two armies. We are told that when the great Persian army under Xerxes confronted the heroic band under Leonidas, the Spartans laid down their spears and shields, and moved out in front of their line, and went through their gymnastic exercises to keep their joints supple, and decorated their long hair as if preparing for a festival, thus taunting and defying their enemies to combat. Now the conditions were entirely reversed and the invaders impatient to renew hostilities.

## OFFICERS AND EQUIPMENT OF THE GREEK ARMY.

The officers of the Greek army seemed to me an intelligent, patriotic body of men; but they were, naturally, much depressed at the result of the campaign. Their hatred of the Turks was as intense as their pride of and love for their own country. One accomplished officer, a colonel in command of the advance division of the Greek army, rode over the ground with us and along the line of the troops. On returning to his headquarters to take leave of him I informed him that I would shortly return to my own land, and that I hoped sometime to have a visit from him at Washington. He replied, "When you get far away and back to your own country, I hope you will have a kind memory for poor Greece." He said this with such an expression of grief and sentiment that I was deeply impressed.

The soldiers had endured their severe campaign and the disasters which had befallen their cause with fortitude, but were greatly disheartened, yet full of hope that something might occur to end hostilities. While there was no outward appearance of a want of confidence or disaffection, there was gloom in the general tone, manner, and appearance of the troops. I have seen the same condition of affairs in our own army after some serious disaster. The humiliation that follows defeat and retreat is pictured upon the faces alike of the officers and men of every army.

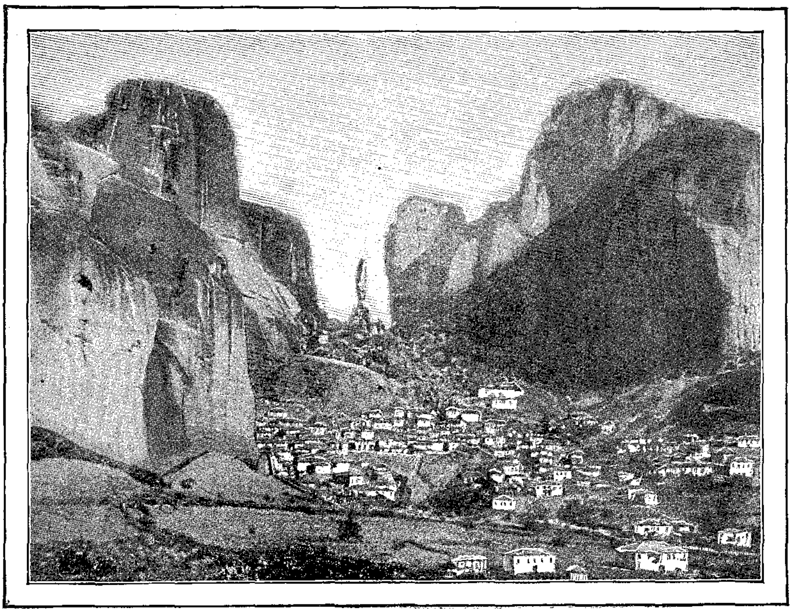
There was a great want of proper equipment and supplies. Doubtless, whatever they may have had, had been seriously affected by disasters in battle and the rapidity of the retreat of the army. Much of the discomfort resulted from the absence of proper shelter and from insufficient food. The last has a very demoralizing influence upon any body of troops. The sad condition of the Greek army was made more melancholy by the presence of great numbers of refugees, wandering about from place to place, homeless and destitute. It was estimated that in and around the army there were 50,000 of these people, who had abandoned their little homes, carrying away only what little substance and clothing they could transport upon their backs, in carts, and upon a few pack animals. Those that were best circumstanced had a few domestic animals that they were driving, seeking any place of shelter for rest and refuge. I have never seen a more desolate class of people or one which excited more sympathy.

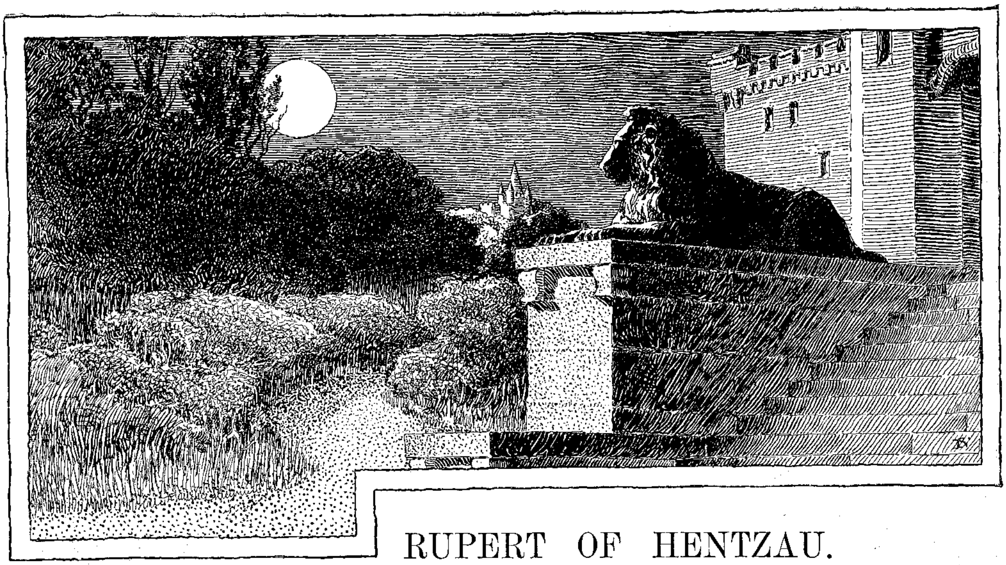
The humanitarians were active and beneficent in their efforts to relieve the suffering of the unfortunate Greeks, especially of the wounded, and many men and women were engaged in this humane enterprise. The Society of the Red Cross was conspicuous in this work, and there were a number of American representatives. One especially worthy of note, whom I met later, was Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, the authoress of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," of whose history and record we are justly proud. Mrs. Elliott was actively interested and engaged in correspondence for the relief of the unfortunate Greeks.

Before leaving the Greek army, I had opportunity to ride over the historic ground of the Pass of Thermopylæ, where the Spartans so heroically fought and died. It is a singular formation: the high, precipitous mountains come close to the sea, leaving a narrow strip of land between impassable heights and the waters of the Bay of Lamia. The two thousand years that have elapsed since Leonidas held the pass have made a marked change in the topography of the place. The waters have receded, leaving the belt of table-land wider than it was at that eventful time; but it is easy to see where they were in former times, and that the very narrow belt of land could have been defended by a few hundred heroic, stalwart men against any body of assailants. We spent an entire afternoon riding around the base of the mountain near the Pass of Thermopylæ and following the trail that was evidently taken by a portion of Xerxes' army led by the Trachinian. This force circumventing the position held by the Spartans, succeeded in gaining their line of retreat, and so caused the death of the heroic band. So rugged are these mountains that there are only a few narrow trails by which they can be crossed, a small force well placed being capable of defending them against any number of assailants.

This visit to the Pass of Thermopylæ, recalling, as it did, one of the most thrilling episodes in the history of Greece, rather intensified than otherwise the painful impression of modern Greece which my observation in Athens and at the front had produced. I came away from the country feeling that the glory of Greece had departed; that she is living to-day on the past.

KASTRAKI, A VILLAGE ON THE GREEK FRONTIER, IN THESSALY,—A POINT OF INTEREST IN THE RECENT WAR.





# RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

## FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

By Anthony Hope.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

With full-page illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.

### INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Rudolf Rassendyll, as an act of friendship to Rudolf, King of Ruritania, his distant relative, takes advantage of a close resemblance between them and impersonates the king through a grave crisis in the latter's affairs. He even plays the king's part as the prospective husband of the Princess Flavia. But in so doing he loses his heart, while the princess suddenly discovers in her lover a fervor and fascination she had not found in him before. In the end, the princess dutifully marries the real king; but thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. This continues for three years. Then, under a passionate impulse, she sends with her yearly gift a letter. The bearer, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer, and assaulted and robbed of the letter by Rupert of Hentzau. Rassendyll secretly goes to Strelsau, where he means to force Rupert to give the letter up. He is soon discovered, and is everywhere mistaken for the king. Rupert, meanwhile, makes his way to the king, at a remote hunting-lodge, intending to betray the queen. But before he can do so, he and the king quarrel, and he kills the king, and then flies. Two friends of the queen, Colonel Sapt and Fritz von Tarlenheim, and Rassendyll's servant, James, coming soon after to the lodge, learn what has happened from the king's attendant, Herbert, who himself soon dies of a wound received in the fight. Von Tarlenheim carries the news to Rassendyll and the queen, who is also now at Strelsau. Sapt and James, while alone at the lodge, develop a scheme of destroying all evidence of the king's death and letting the general illusion that Rassendyll is the king quietly grow until he really becomes the king. The queen, by her charm, wins over Rischenheim, an accomplice of Rupert; and she has also among her adherents Lieutenant Bernenstein. After several trials, Rassendyll comes at Rupert, in the latter's lodging, No. 19 Königstrasse. As they are fighting a duel with swords for possession of the letter, a young girl in the house, believing Rassendyll to be the king, cries to the crowd outside that Rupert is killing the king. Thereupon Von Tarlenheim and Bernenstein, who chance to be of the crowd, press into the house.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE TRIUMPH OF THE KING.

THE things that men call presages, presentiments, and so forth, are, to my mind, for the most part idle nothings: sometimes it is only that probable events cast before them a natural shadow which superstitious fancy twists into a heaven-sent warning; oftener the same desire that gives conception works fulfilment, and the dreamer sees in the result of his own act and will a mysterious accomplishment independent of his effort. Yet when I observe thus calmly and with good sense on the matter to the Constable of Zenda, he shakes his head and answers, "But Rudolf Rassendyll knew from the first that he would come again to Strelsau and engage young Rupert point to point. Else why did he practise with the foils so as to be a better swordsman the second time than he was the first? Mayn't God do anything that Fritz von Tarlenheim can't understand? A pretty notion, on my life!" And he goes off grumbling.

Well, be it inspiration, or be it delusion—and the difference stands often on a hair's

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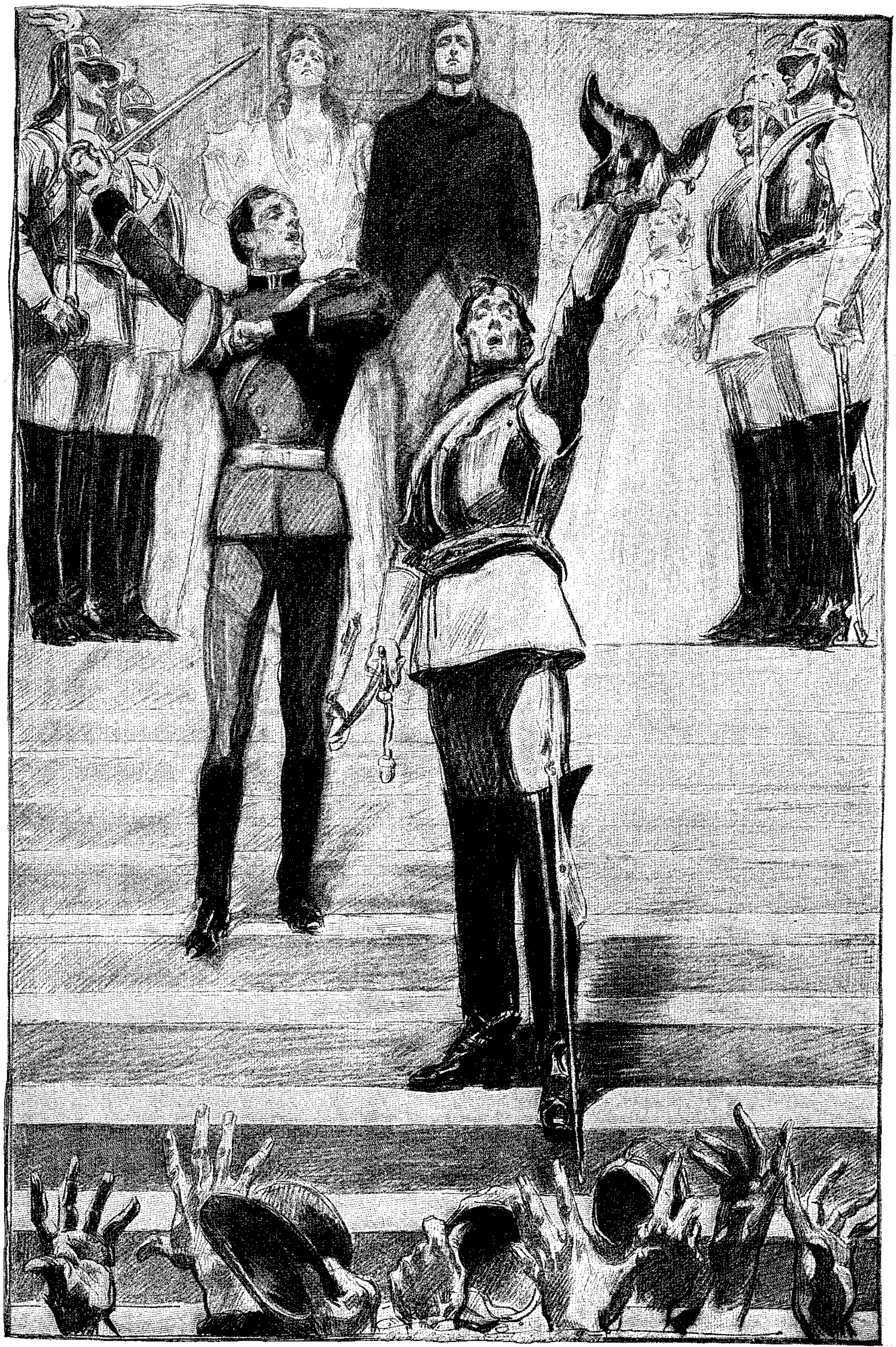
DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.



See page 149.

"GOD SAVE THE KING!"

breadth—I am glad that Rudolf had it. For if a man once grows rusty, it is everything short of impossible to put the fine polish on his skill again. Mr. Rassendyll had strength, will, coolness, and, of course, courage. None would have availed had not his eye been in perfect familiarity with its work, and his hand obeyed it as readily as the bolt slips in a well-oiled groove. As the thing stood, the lithe agility and unmatched dash of young Rupert but just missed being too much for him. He was in deadly peril when the girl Rosa ran down to bring him aid. His practised skill was able to maintain his defense. He sought to do no more, but endured Rupert's fiery attacks and wily feints in an almost motionless stillness. Almost, I say; for the slight turns of wrist that seem nothing are everything, and served here to keep his skin whole and his life in him.

There was an instant—Rudolf saw it in his eyes and dwelt on it when he lightly painted the scene for me—when there dawned on Rupert of Hentzau the knowledge that he could not break down his enemy's guard. Surprise, chagrin, amusement, or something like it, seemed blended in his look. He could not make out how he was caught and checked in every effort, meeting, it seemed, a barrier of iron impregnable in rest. His quick brain grasped the lesson in an instant. If his skill were not the greater, the victory would not be his, for his endurance was the less. He was younger, and his frame was not so closely knit; pleasure had taken its tithe from him; perhaps a good cause goes for something. Even while he almost pressed Rudolf against the panel of the door, he seemed to know that his measure of success was full. But what the hand could not compass the head might contrive. In quickly conceived strategy he began to give pause in his attack, nay, he retreated a step or two. No scruples hampered his devices, no code of honor limited the means he would employ. Backing before his opponent, he seemed to Rudolf to be faint-hearted; he was baffled, but seemed despairing; he was weary, but played a more complete fatigue. Rudolf advanced, pressing and attacking, only to meet a defence as perfect as his own. They were in the middle of the room now, close by the table. Rupert, as though he had eyes in the back of his head, skirted round, avoiding it by a narrow inch. His breathing was quick and distressed, gasp tumbling over gasp, but still his eye was alert and his hand unerring. He had but a few moments' more effort left in him: it was enough if he could reach his goal and perpetrate the trick on which his mind, fertile in every base device, was set. For it was towards the mantelpiece that his retreat, seeming forced, in truth so deliberate, led him. There was the letter, there lay the revolvers. The time to think of risks was gone by; the time to boggle over what honor allowed or forbade had never come to Rupert of Hentzau. If he could not win by force and skill, he would win by guile and by treachery, to the test that he had himself invited. The revolvers lay on the mantelpiece: he meant to possess himself of one, if he could gain an instant in which to snatch it.

The device that he adopted was nicely chosen. It was too late to call a rest or ask breathing space: Mr. Rassendyll was not blind to the advantage he had won, and chivalry would have turned to folly had it allowed such indulgence. Rupert was hard by the mantelpiece now. The sweat was pouring from his face, and his breast seemed like to burst in the effort after breath; yet he had enough strength for his purpose. He must have slackened his hold on his weapon, for when Rupert's blade next struck it, it flew from his hand, twirled out of a nerveless grasp, and slid along the floor. Rupert stood disarmed, and Rudolf motionless.

"Pick it up," said Mr. Rassendyll, never thinking there had been a trick.

"Ay, and you'll truss me while I do it."

"You young fool, don't you know me yet?" and Rudolf, lowering his blade, rested its point on the floor, while with his left hand he indicated Rupert's weapon. Yet something warned him: it may be there came a look in Rupert's eyes, perhaps of scorn for his enemy's simplicity, perhaps of pure triumph in the graceless knavery. Rudolf stood waiting.

"You swear you won't touch me while I pick it up?" asked Rupert, shrinking back a little, and thereby getting an inch or two nearer the mantelpiece.

"You have my promise: pick it up. I won't wait any longer."

"You won't kill me unarmed?" cried Rupert, in alarmed scandalized expostulation.

"No; but——"

The speech went unfinished, unless a sudden cry were its ending. And, as he cried, Rudolf Rassendyll, dropping his sword on the ground, sprang forward. For Rupert's hand had shot out behind him and was on the butt of one of the revolvers. The whole trick flashed on Rudolf, and he sprang, flinging his long arms round Rupert. But Rupert had the revolver in his hand.

In all likelihood the two neither heard nor heeded, though it seemed to me that the creaks and groans of the old stairs were loud enough to wake the dead. For now Rosa had given the alarm, Bernenstein and I—or I and Bernenstein (for I was first, and, therefore, may put myself first)—had rushed up. Hard behind us came Rischenheim, and hot on his heels a score of fellows, pushing and shouldering and trampling. We in front had a fair start, and gained the stairs unimpeded; Rischenheim was caught up in the ruck and gulfed in the stormy, tossing group that struggled for first footing on the steps. Yet, soon they were after us, and we heard them reach the first landing as we sped up to the last. There was a confused din through all the house, and it seemed now to echo muffled and vague through the walls from the street without. I was conscious of it, although I paid no heed to anything but reaching the room where the king—where Rudolf—was. Now I was there, Bernenstein hanging to my heels. The door did not hold us a second. I was in, he after me. He slammed the door and set his back against it, just as the rush of feet flooded the highest flight of stairs. And at the moment a revolver shot rang clear and loud.

The lieutenant and I stood still, he against the door, I a pace farther into the room. The sight we saw was enough to arrest us with its strange interest. The smoke of the shot was curling about, but neither man seemed wounded. The revolver was in Rupert's hand, and its muzzle smoked. But Rupert was jammed against the wall, just by the side of the mantelpiece. With one hand Rudolf had pinned his left arm to the wainscoting higher than his head, with the other he held his right wrist. I drew slowly nearer: if Rudolf were unarmed, I could fairly enforce a truce and put them on an equality; yet, though Rudolf was unarmed, I did nothing. The sight of his face stopped me He was very pale and his lips were set, but it was his eyes that caught my gaze, for they were glad and merciless. I had never seen him look thus before. I turned from him to young Hentzau's face. Rupert's teeth were biting his under lip, the sweat dropped, and the veins swelled large and blue on his forehead; his eyes were set on Rudolf Rassendyll. Fascinated, I drew nearer. Then I saw what passed. Inch by inch Rupert's arm curved, the elbow bent, the hand that had pointed almost straight from him and at Mr. Rassendyll pointed now away from both towards the window. But its motion did not stop; it followed the line of a circle: now it was on Rupert's arm; still it moved, and quicker now, for the power of resistance grew less. Rupert was beaten; he felt it and knew it, and I read the knowledge in his eyes. I stepped up to Rudolf Rassendyll. He heard or felt me, and turned his eyes for an instant. I do not know what my face said, but he shook his head and turned back to Rupert. The revolver, held still in the man's own hand, was at his heart. The motion ceased, the point was reached.

I looked again at Rupert. Now his face was easier; there was a slight smile on his lips; he flung back his comely head and rested thus against the wainscoting; his eyes asked a question of Rudolf Rassendyll. I turned my gaze to where the answer was to come, for Rudolf made none in words. By the swiftest of movements he shifted his grasp from Rupert's wrist and pounced on his hand. Now his forefinger rested on Rupert's and Rupert's was on the trigger. I am no soft-heart, but I laid a hand on his shoulder. He took no heed; I dared do no more. Rupert glanced at me. I caught his look, but what could I say to him? Again my eyes were riveted on Rudolf's finger. Now it was crooked round Rupert's, seeming like a man who strangles another.

I will not say more. He smiled to the last; his proud head, which had never bent for shame, did not bend for fear. There was a sudden tightening in the pressure of that crooked forefinger, a flash, a noise. He was held up against the wall for an instant by Rudolf's hand; when that was removed he sank, a heap that looked all head and knees.

But hot on the sound of the discharge came a shout and an oath from Bernenstein. He was hurled away from the door, and through it burst Rischenheim and the whole score after him. They were jostling one another and crying out to know what passed and where the king was. High over all the voices, coming from the back of the throng, I heard the cry of the girl Rosa. But as soon as they were in the room, the same spell that had fastened Bernenstein and me to inactivity imposed its numbing power on them also. Only Rischenheim gave a sudden sob and ran forward to where his cousin lay. The rest stood staring. For a moment Rudolf faced them. Then, without a word, he turned his back. He put out the right hand with which he had just killed Rupert of Hentzau, and took the letter from the mantelpiece. He glanced at the envelope, then he opened the letter. The handwriting banished any last doubt he had; he tore the letter across, and again in four pieces, and yet again in smaller fragments. Then he sprinkled the morsels of paper into the blaze of the fire. I believe that every eye in the room followed them and watched till they curled and crinkled into black, wafery ashes. Thus, at last, the queen's letter was safe.

When he had thus set the seal on his task he turned round to us again. He paid no heed to Rischenheim, who was crouching down by the body of Rupert; but he looked at Bernenstein and me, and then at the people behind us. He waited a moment before he spoke; then his utterance was not only calm but also very slow, so that he seemed to be choosing his words carefully.

"Gentlemen," said he, "a full account of this matter will be rendered by myself in due time. For the present it must suffice to say that this gentleman who lies here dead sought an interview with me on private business. I came here to find him, desiring, as he professed to desire, privacy. And here he tried to kill me. The result of his attempt you see."

I bowed low, Bernenstein did the like, and all the rest followed our example.

"A full account shall be given," said Rudolf. "Now let all leave me, except the Count of Tarlenheim and Lieutenant von Bernenstein."

Most unwillingly, with gaping mouths and wonder-struck eyes, the throng filed out of the door. Rischenheim rose to his feet.

"You stay, if you like," said Rudolf, and the count knelt again by his kinsman.

Seeing the rough bedsteads by the wall of the attic, I touched Rischenheim on the shoulder and pointed to one of them. Together we lifted Rupert of Hentzau. The revolver was still in his hand, but Bernenstein disengaged it from his grasp. Then Rischenheim and I laid him down, disposing his body decently and spreading over it his riding cloak, still spotted with the mud gathered on his midnight expedition to the hunting-lodge. His face looked much as before the shot was fired; in death, as in life, he was the handsomest fellow in all Ruritania. I wager that many tender hearts ached and many bright eyes were dimmed for him when the news of his guilt and death went forth. There are ladies still in Strelsau who wear his trinkets in an ashamed devotion that cannot forget. Well, even I, who had every good cause to hate and scorn him, set the hair smooth on his brow; while Rischenheim was sobbing like a child, and young Bernenstein rested his head on his arm as he leant on the mantelpiece, and would not look at the dead. Rudolf alone seemed not to heed him or think of him. His eyes had lost their unnatural look of joy, and were now calm and tranquil. He took his own revolver from the mantelpiece and put it in his pocket, laying Rupert's neatly where his had been. Then he turned to me and said:

"Come, let us go to the queen and tell her that the letter is beyond reach of hurt."

Moved by some impulse, I walked to the window and put my head out. I was seen from below, and a great shout greeted me. The crowd before the doors grew every moment; the people flocking from all quarters would soon multiply it a hundredfold; for such news as had been carried from the attic by twenty wondering tongues spreads like a forest-fire. It would be through Strelsau in a few minutes, through the kingdom in an hour, through Europe in but little longer. Rupert was dead and the letter was safe, but what were we to tell that great concourse concerning their king? A queer feeling of helpless perplexity came over me and found vent in a foolish laugh. Bernenstein was by my side; he also looked out, and turned again with an eager face.

"You'll have a royal progress to your palace," said he to Rudolf Rassendyll.

Mr. Rassendyll made no answer, but, coming to me, took my arm. We went out, leaving Rischenheim by the body. I did not think of him; Bernenstein probably thought that he would keep his pledge given to the queen, for he followed us immediately and without demur. There was nobody outside the door. The house was very quiet, and the tumult from the street reached us only in a muffled roar. But when we came to the foot of the stairs we found the two women. Mother Holf stood on the threshold of the kitchen, looking amazed and terrified. Rosa was clinging to her; but as soon as Rudolf came in sight, the girl sprang forward and flung herself on her knees before him, pouring out incoherent thanks to heaven for his safety. He bent down and spoke to her in a whisper; she looked up with a flush of pride on her face. He seemed to hesitate a moment; he glanced at his hands, but he wore no ring save that which the Queen had given him long ago. Then he disengaged his chain and took his gold watch from his pocket. Turning it over, he showed me the monogram, R. R.

"Rudolfus Rex," he whispered with a whimsical smile, and pressed the watch into the girl's hand, saying: "Keep this to remind you of me."

She laughed and sobbed as she caught it with one hand, while with the other she held his.

"You must let go," he said gently. "I have much to do."

I took her by the arm and induced her to rise. Rudolf, released, passed on to where the old woman stood. He spoke to her in a stern, distinct voice.

"I don't know," he said, "how far you are a party to the plot that was hatched in your house. For the present I am content not to know, for it is no pleasure to me to detect disloyalty or to punish an old woman. But, take care! The first word you speak, the first act you do against me, the king, will bring its certain and swift punishment. If you trouble me, I won't spare you. In spite of traitors I am still king in Strelsau."

He paused, looking hard in her face. Her lip quivered and her eyes fell.

"Yes," he repeated, "I am king in Strelsau. Keep your hands out of mischief and your tongue quiet."

She made no answer. He passed on. I was following, but as I went by her the old woman clutched my arm.

"In God's name, who is he?" she whispered.

"Are you mad?" I asked, lifting my brows. "Don't you know the king when he speaks to you? And you'd best remember what he said. He has servants who'll do his orders."

She let me go and fell back a step. Young Bernenstein smiled at her; he at least found more pleasure than anxiety in our position. Thus, then, we left them: the old woman terrified, amazed, doubtful; the girl with ruddy cheeks and shining eyes, clasping in her two hands the keepsake that the king himself had given her.

Bernenstein had more presence of mind than I. He ran forward, got in front of both of us, and flung the door open. Then, bowing very low, he stood aside to let Rudolf pass. The street was full from end to end now, and a mighty shout of welcome rose from thousands of throats. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved in mad exultation and triumphant loyalty. The tidings of the king's escape had flashed through the city, and all were there to do him honor. They had seized some gentleman's landau and taken out the horses. The carriage stood now before the doors of the house. Rudolf had waited a moment on the threshold, lifting his hat once or twice; his face was perfectly calm, and I saw no trembling in his hands. In an instant a dozen arms took gentle hold of him and impelled him forward. He mounted into the carriage; Bernenstein and I followed, with bare heads, and sat on the back seat, facing him. The people were round as thick as bees, and it seemed as though we could not move without crushing somebody. Yet presently the wheels turned, and they began to drag us away at a slow walk. Rudolf kept raising his hat, bowing now to right, now to left. But once, as he turned, his eyes met ours. In spite of what was behind and what was in front, we all three smiled.

"I wish they'd go a little quicker," said Rudolf in a whisper, as he conquered his smile and turned again to acknowledge the loyal greetings of his subjects.

But what did they know of any need for haste? They did not know what stood on the turn of the next few hours, nor the momentous question that pressed for instant decision. So far from hurrying, they lengthened our ride by many pauses; they kept us before the cathedral, while some ran and got the joy bells set ringing; we were stopped to receive improvised bouquets from the hands of pretty girls and impetuous handshakings from enthusiastic loyalists. Through it all Rudolf kept his composure, and seemed to play his part with native kingliness. I heard Bernenstein whisper, "By God, he must stick to it!"

At last we came in sight of the palace. Here also there was a great stir. Many officers and soldiers were about. I saw the chancellor's carriage standing near the portico, and a dozen other handsome equipages were waiting till they could approach. Our human horses drew us slowly up to the entrance. Helsing was on the steps, and ran down to the carriage, greeting the king with passionate fervor. The shouts of the crowd grew louder still.

But suddenly a stillness fell on them; it lasted but an instant, and was the prelude to a deafening roar. I was looking at Rudolf and saw his head turn suddenly and his eyes grow bright. I looked where his eyes had gone. There, on the top step of the broad marble flight, stood the queen, pale as the marble itself, stretching out her hands towards Rudolf. The people had seen her: she it was whom this last rapturous cheer greeted. My wife stood close behind her, and farther back others of her ladies. Bernenstein and I sprang out. With a last salute to the people Rudolf followed us. He walked up to the highest step but one, and there fell on one knee and kissed the queen's hand. I was by him, and when he looked up in her face I heard him say:

"All's well. He's dead, and the letter burnt."

She raised him with her hand. Her lips moved, but it seemed as though she could find no words to speak. She put her arm through his, and thus they stood for an instant, fronting all Strelsau. Again the cheers rang out, and young Bernenstein sprang forward, waving his helmet and crying like a man possessed, "God save the king!" I was carried away by his enthusiasm and followed his lead. All the people took up the cry with boundless fervor, and thus we all, high and low in Strelsau, that afternoon hailed Mr. Rassendyll for our king. There had been no such zeal since Henry the Lion came back from his wars, a hundred and fifty years ago.

"And yet," observed old Helsing at my elbow, "agitators say that there is no enthusiasm for the house of Elphberg!" He took a pinch of snuff in scornful satisfaction.

Young Bernenstein interrupted his cheering with a short laugh, but fell to his task again in a moment. I had recovered my senses by now, and stood panting, looking down on the crowd. It was growing dusk and the faces became blurred into a white sea. Yet suddenly I seemed to discern one glaring up at me from the middle of the crowd—the pale face of a man with a bandage about his head. I caught Bernenstein's arm and whispered, "Bauer," pointing with my finger where the face was. But, even as I pointed, it was gone; though it seemed impossible for a man to move in that press, yet it was gone. It had come like a cynic's warning across the scene of mock triumph, and went swiftly as it had come, leaving behind it a reminder of our peril. I felt suddenly sick at heart, and almost cried out to the people to have done with their silly shouting.

At last we got away. The plea of fatigue met all visitors who made their way to the door and sought to offer their congratulations; it could not disperse the crowd that hung persistently and contentedly about, ringing us in the palace with a living fence. We still heard their jests and cheers when we were alone in the small saloon that opens on the gardens. My wife and I had come here at Rudolf's request; Bernenstein had assumed the duty of guarding the door. Evening was now falling fast, and it grew dark. The garden was quiet; the distant noise of the crowd threw its stillness into greater relief. Rudolf told us there the story of his struggle with Rupert of Hentzau in the attic of the old house, dwelling on it as lightly as he could. The queen stood by his chair—she would not let him rise; when he finished by telling how he had burnt her letter, she stooped suddenly and kissed him on the brow. Then she looked straight across at Helga, almost defiantly; but Helga ran to her and caught her in her arms.

Rudolf Rassendyll sat with his head resting on his hand. He looked up once at the two women; then he caught my eye, and beckoned me to come to him. I approached him, but for several moments he did not speak. Again he motioned to me, and, resting my hand on the arm of his chair, I bent my head close down to his. He glanced again at the queen, seeming afraid that she would hear what he wished to say.

"Fritz," he whispered at last, "as soon as it's fairly dark I must get away. Bernenstein will come with me. You must stay here."

"Where can you go?"

"To the lodge. I must meet Sapt and arrange matters with him."

I did not understand what plan he had in his head, or what scheme he could contrive. But at the moment my mind was not directed to such matters; it was set on the sight before my eyes.

"And the queen?" I whispered in answer to him.

Low as my voice was, she heard it. She turned to us with a sudden, startled movement, still holding Helga's hand. Her eyes searched our faces, and she knew in an instant of what we had been speaking. A little longer still she stood, gazing at us. Then she suddenly sprang forward and threw herself on her knees before Rudolf, her hands uplifted and resting on his shoulders. She forgot our presence, and everything in the world, save her great dread of losing him again.

"Not again, Rudolf, my darling! Not again! Rudolf, I can't bear it again."

Then she dropped her head on his knees and sobbed.

He raised his hand and gently stroked the gleaming hair. But he did not look at her. He gazed out at the garden, which grew dark and dreary in the gathering gloom. His lips were tight set and his face pale and drawn.

I watched him for a moment, then I drew my wife away, and we sat down at a table some way off. From outside still came the cheers and tumult of the joyful, excited crowd. Within there was no sound but the queen's stifled sobbing. Rudolf caressed her shining hair and gazed into the night with sad, set eyes.

She raised her head and looked into his face.

"You'll break my heart," she said.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### FOR OUR LOVE AND HER HONOR.

Rupert of Hentzau was dead! That was the thought which, among all our perplexities, came back to me, carrying with it a wonderful relief. To those who have not learnt in fighting against him the height of his audacity and the reach of his designs, it may well seem incredible that his death should breed comfort at a moment when the future was still so dark and uncertain. Yet to me it was so great a thing that I could hardly bring myself to the conviction that we had done with him. True, he was dead; but could he not strike a blow at us even from beyond the gulf?

Such were the half-superstitious thoughts that forced their way into my mind as I stood looking out on the crowd which obstinately encircled the front of the palace. I was alone; Rudolf was with the queen, my wife was resting, Bernenstein had sat down to a meal for which I could find no appetite. By an effort I freed myself from my fancies and tried to concentrate my brain on the facts of our position. We were ringed round with difficulties. To solve them was beyond my power; but I knew where my wish and longing lay. I had no desire to find means by which Rudolf Rassendyll should escape unknown from Strelsau; the king, although dead, be again in death the king, and the queen be left desolate on her mournful and solitary throne. It might be that a brain more astute than mine could bring all this to pass. My imagination would have none of it, but dwelt lovingly on the reign of him who was now king in Strelsau, declaring that to give the kingdom such a ruler would be a splendid fraud, and prove a stroke so bold as to defy detection. Against it stood only the suspicions of Mother Holf—fear or money would close her lips—and the knowledge of Bauer; Bauer's mouth also could be shut, ay, and should be before we were many days older. My reverie led me far; I saw the future years unroll before me in the fair record of a great king's sovereignty. It seemed to me that by the violence and bloodshed we had passed through, fate, for once penitent, was but righting the mistake made when Rudolf was not born a king.

For a long while I stood thus, musing and dreaming; I was roused by the sound of the door opening and closing; turning, I saw the queen. She was alone, and came towards me with timid steps. She looked out for a moment on the square and the people, but drew back suddenly in apparent fear lest they should see her. Then she sat down and turned her face towards mine. I read in her eyes something of the conflict of emotions which possessed her; she seemed at once to deprecate my disapproval and to ask my sympathy; she prayed me to be gentle to her fault and kind to her happiness; self-reproach shadowed her joy, but the golden gleam of it strayed through. I looked eagerly at her; this would not have been her bearing had she come from a last farewell; for the radiance was there, however much dimmed by sorrow and by fearfulness.

"Fritz," she began softly, "I am wicked—so wicked. Won't God punish me for my gladness?"

I fear I paid little heed to her trouble, though I can understand it well enough now.

"Gladness?" I cried in a low voice. "Then you've persuaded him?"

She smiled at me for an instant.

"I mean, you've agreed——?" I stammered.

Her eyes again sought mine, and she said in a whisper:

"Some day, not now. Oh, not now. Now would be too much. But some day, Fritz, if God will not deal too hardly with me, I—I shall be his, Fritz."

I was intent on my vision, not on hers.

I wanted him king; she did not care what he was, so that he was hers, so that he should not leave her,

"He'll take the throne," I cried triumphantly.

"No, no, no. Not the throne. He's going away."

"Going away!" I could not keep the dismay out of my voice.

"Yes, now. But not—not for ever. It will be long—oh, so long—but I can bear it, if I know that at last——" She stopped, still looking up at me with eyes that implored pardon and sympathy.

"I don't understand," said I, bluntly, and, I fear, gruffly, also.

"You were right," she said: "I did persuade him. He wanted to go away again as he went before. Ought I to have let him? Yes, yes! But I couldn't. Fritz, hadn't I done enough? You don't know what I've endured. And I must endure more still. For he will go now, and the time will be very long. But, at last, we shall be together. There is pity in God; we shall be together at last."

"If he goes now, how can he come back?"

"He will not come back; I shall go to him. I shall give up the throne and go to him, some day, when I can be spared from here, when I've done my—my work."

I was aghast at this shattering of my vision, yet I could not be hard to her. I said nothing, but took her hand and pressed it.

"You wanted him to be king?" she whispered.

"With all my heart, madam," said I.

"He wouldn't, Fritz. No, and I shouldn't dare to do that, either."

I fell back on the practical difficulties.

"But how can he go?" I asked.

"I don't know. But he knows; he has a plan."

We fell again into silence; her eyes grew more calm, and seemed to look forward in patient hope to the time when her happiness should come to her. I felt like a man suddenly robbed of the exaltation of wine and sunk to dull apathy.

"I don't see how he can go," I said sullenly.

She did not answer me. A moment later the door again opened. Rudolf came in, followed by Bernenstein. Both wore riding-boots and cloaks. I saw on Bernenstein's face just such a look of disappointment as I knew must be on mine. Rudolf seemed calm and even happy. He walked straight up to the queen.

"The horses will be ready in a few minutes," he said gently. Then, turning to me, he asked, "You know what we're going to do, Fritz?"

"Not I, sire," I answered, sulkily.

"Not I, *sire!*" he repeated, in a half-merry, half-sad mockery. Then he came between Bernenstein and me and passed his arms through ours. "You two villains!" he said. "You two unscrupulous villains! Here you are, as rough as bears, because I won't be a thief! Why have I killed young Rupert and left you rogues alive?"

I felt the friendly pressure of his hand on my arm. I could not answer him. With every word from his lips and every moment of his presence my sorrow grew keener that he would not stay. Bernenstein looked across at me and shrugged his shoulders despairingly. Rudolf gave a little laugh.

"You won't forgive me for not being as great a rogue, won't you?" he asked.

Well, I found nothing to say, but I took my arm out of his and clasped his hand. He gripped mine hard.

"That's old Fritz!" he said; and he caught hold of Bernenstein's hand, which the lieutenant yielded with some reluctance. "Now, for the plan," said he. "Bernenstein and I set out at once for the lodge—yes, publicly, as publicly as we can. I shall ride right through the people there, showing myself to as many as will look at me, and letting it be known to everybody where I'm going. We shall get there quite early to-morrow, before it's light. There we shall find what you know. We shall find Sapt, too, and he'll put the finishing touches to our plan for us. Hullo, what's that?"

There was a sudden fresh shouting from the large crowd that still lingered outside the palace. I ran to the window, and saw a commotion in the midst of them. I flung the sash up. Then I heard a well-known, loud, strident voice:

"Make way, you rascals, make way."

I turned round again, full of excitement.

"It's Sapt himself!" I said. "He's riding like mad through the crowd, and your servant's just behind him."

"My God, what's happened? Why have they left the lodge?" cried Bernenstein.

The queen looked up in startled alarm, and, rising to her feet, came and passed her arm through Rudolf's. Thus we all stood, listening to the people good-naturedly cheering Sapt, whom they had recognized, and bantering James, whom they took for a servant of the constable's.

The minutes seemed very long as we waited in utter perplexity, almost in consternation. The same thought was in the mind of all of us, silently imparted by one to another in the glances we exchanged. What could have brought them from their guard of the great secret, save its discovery? They would never have left their post while the fulfilment of their trust was possible. By some mishap, some unforeseen chance, the king's body must have been discovered. Then the king's death was known, and the news of it might any moment astonish and bewilder the city.

At last the door was flung open, and a servant announced the Constable of Zenda. Sapt was covered with dust and mud, and James, who entered close on his heels, was in no better plight. Evidently they had ridden hard and furiously; indeed they were still panting. Sapt, with a most perfunctory bow to the queen, came straight to where Rudolf stood.

"Is he dead?" he asked, without preface.

"Yes, Rupert is dead," answered Mr. Rassendyll: "I killed him."

"And the letter?"

"I burnt it."

"And Rischenheim?"

The queen struck in.

"The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim will say and do nothing against me," she said.

Sapt lifted his brows a little.

"Well, and Bauer?" he asked.

"Bauer's at large," I answered.

"Hum! Well, it's only Bauer," said the constable, seeming tolerably well pleased. Then his eyes fell on Rudolf and Bernenstein. He stretched out his hand and pointed to their riding-boots. "Whither away so late at night?" he asked.

"First together to the lodge, to find you, then I alone to the frontier," said Mr. Rassendyll.

"One thing at a time. The frontier will wait. What does your Majesty want with me at the lodge?"

"I want so to contrive that I shall be no longer your Majesty," said Rudolf.

Sapt flung himself in a chair and took off his gloves.

"Come, tell me what has happened to-day in Strelsau," he said.

We gave a short and hurried account. He listened with few signs of approval or disapproval, but I thought I saw a gleam in his eyes when I described how all the city had hailed Rudolf as its king and the queen received him as her husband before the eyes of all. Again the hope and vision, shattered by Rudolf's calm resolution, inspired me. Sapt said little, but he had the air of a man with some news in reserve. He seemed to be comparing what we told him with something already known to him but unknown to us. The little servant stood all the while in respectful stillness by the door; but I could see by a glance at his alert face that he followed the whole scene with keen attention.

At the end of the story, Rudolf turned to Sapt.

"And your secret—is it safe?" he asked.

"Ay, it's safe enough!"

"Nobody has seen what you had to hide?"

"No; and nobody knows that the king is dead," answered Sapt.

"Then what brings you here?"

"Why, the same thing that was about to bring you to the lodge: the need of a meeting between yourself and me, sire."

"But the lodge—is it left unguarded?"

"The lodge is safe enough," said Colonel Sapt.

Unquestionably there was a secret, a new secret, hidden behind the curt words and brusque manner. I could restrain myself no longer, and sprang forward, saying: "What is it? Tell us, Constable!"

He looked at me, then glanced at Mr. Rassendyll.

"I should like to hear your plan first," he said to Rudolf. "How do you mean to account for your presence alive in the city to-day, when the king has lain dead in the shooting-box since last night?"

We drew closer together as Rudolf began his answer. Sapt alone lay back in his chair. The queen also had resumed her seat; she seemed to pay little heed to what we said. I think that she was still engrossed with the struggle and tumult in her own soul. The sin of which she accused herself, and the joy to which her whole being sprang in a greeting which would not be abashed, were at strife between themselves, but joined hands to exclude from her mind any other thought.

"In an hour I must be gone from here," began Rudolf.

"If you wish that, it's easy," observed Colonel Sapt.

"Come, Sapt, be reasonable," smiled Mr. Rassendyll. "Early to-morrow, we—you and I——"

"Oh, I also?" asked the colonel.

"Yes; you, Bernenstein, and I will be at the lodge."

"That's not impossible, though I have had nearly enough riding."

Rudolf fixed his eyes firmly on Sapt's.

"You see," he said, "the king reaches his hunting-lodge early in the morning."

"I follow you, sire."

"And what happens there, Sapt? Does he shoot himself accidentally?"

"Well, that happens sometimes."

"Or does an assassin kill him?"

"Eh, but you've made the best assassin unavailable."

Even at this moment I could not help smiling at the old fellow's surly wit and Rudolf's amused tolerance of it.

"Or does his faithful attendant, Herbert, shoot him?"

"What, make poor Herbert a murderer?"

"Oh, no! By accident—and then, in remorse, kill himself."

"That's very pretty. But doctors have awkward views as to when a man can have shot himself."

"My good Constable, doctors have palms as well as ideas. If you fill the one you supply the other."

"I think," said Sapt, "that both the plans are good. Suppose we choose the latter, what then?"

"Why, then, by to-morrow at midday the news flashes through Ruritania—yes, and through Europe—that the king, miraculously preserved to-day——"

"Praise be to God!" interjected Colonel Sapt; and young Bernenstein laughed.

"Has met a tragic end."

"It will occasion great grief," said Sapt.

"Meanwhile, I am safe over the frontier."

"Oh, you are quite safe?"

"Absolutely. And in the afternoon of to-morrow, you and Bernenstein will set out for Strelsau, bringing with you the body of the king." And Rudolf, after a pause, whispered, "You must shave his face. And if the doctors want to talk about how long he's been dead, why, they have, as I say, palms."

Sapt sat silent for a while, apparently considering the scheme. It was risky enough in all conscience, but success had made Rudolf bold, and he had learnt how slow suspicion is if a deception be bold enough. It is only likely frauds that are detected.

"Well, what do you say?" asked Mr. Rassendyll. I observed that he said nothing to Sapt of what the queen and he had determined to do afterwards.

Sapt wrinkled his forehead. I saw him glance at James, and the slightest, briefest smile showed on James's face.

"It's dangerous, of course," pursued Rudolf. "But I believe that when they see the king's body——"

"That's the point," interrupted Sapt. "They can't see the king's body."

Rudolf looked at him with some surprise. Then speaking in a low voice, lest the queen should hear and be distressed, he went on: "You must prepare it, you know. Bring it here in a shell; only a few officials need see the face."

Sapt rose to his feet and stood facing Mr. Rassendyll.

"The plan's a pretty one, but it breaks down at one point," said he in a strange voice, even harsher than his was wont to be. I was on fire with excitement, for I would have staked my life now that he had some strange tidings for us. "There is no body," said he.

Even Mr. Rassendyll's composure gave way. He sprang forward, catching Sapt by the arm.

"No body? What do you mean?" he exclaimed.

Sapt cast another glance at James, and then began in an even, mechanical voice, as though he were reading a lesson he had learnt, or playing a part that habit made familiar:

"That poor fellow Herbert carelessly left a candle burning where the oil and the wood were kept," he said. "This afternoon, about six, James and I lay down for a nap after our meal. At about seven James came to my side and roused me. My room was full of smoke. The lodge was ablaze. I darted out of bed: the fire had made too much headway; we could not hope to quench it; we had but one thought——" He suddenly paused, and looked at James.

"But one thought, to save our companion," said James gravely.

"But one thought, to save our companion. We rushed to the door of the room where he was. I opened the door and tried to enter. It was certain death. James tried, but fell back. Again I rushed in. James pulled me back: it was but another death. We had to save ourselves. We gained the open air. The lodge was a sheet of flame. We could do nothing but stand watching, till the swiftly burning wood blackened to ashes and the flames died down. As we watched we knew that all in the cottage must be dead. What could we do? At last James started off in the hope of getting help. He found a party of charcoal-burners, and they came with him. The flames were burnt down now; and we and they approached the charred ruins. Everything was in ashes. But"—he lowered his voice—"we found what seemed to be the body of Boris the hound; in another room was a charred corpse, whose hunting horn, melted to a molten mass, told us that it had been Herbert the forester. And there was another corpse, almost shapeless, utterly unrecognizable. We saw it; the charcoal-burners saw it. Then more peasants came round, drawn by the sight of the flames. None could tell who it was; only I and James knew. And we mounted our horses and have ridden here to tell the king."

(*To be concluded next month.*)

# THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

## SOCIAL LIFE IN THE ARMY OF THE UNION.

By Ira Seymour,

Author of "The Song of the Rappahannock," "The Making of a Regiment," etc.

THE site of the old home camp, the first mustering ground of many regiments, is now covered with pretty suburban homes, about which, I sometimes think, the ghosts of war times must play at midnight.

For us young fellows it was a rude beginning of real life when we found ourselves inside the great board fence and line of sentries which enclosed the rows of rough, wooden barracks. The members of our own company were indeed mostly neighbors, their faces were familiar, we had grown up together; yet never before had we been thrown into such intimate association. It is one thing to meet a man every day on the street or even at work; it is quite another to be compelled to bunk with him and take your breakfast out of the same camp kettle. For the youth who had been kept in a glass case at home this experience was trying and often disastrous, but for the most of us it was wholesome. We learned our own hitherto unsuspected faults, we discovered the good qualities of even our most faulty comrades, we saw human nature at close range.

Even the officers could not escape the influence of this enforced commingling. They had indeed separate quarters and their own mess; they stood also on a vantage ground of almost despotic authority, for from the moment we were mustered into service we were subject to the same military law which governed the regular army. But drawn as our officers were from the same mass, knowing their men for old neighbors, often for intimate friends, frequently for those who had been at least their social equals, they could not hold themselves far aloof, and few of them cared to do so. They could form no separate caste, and this, perhaps, had its disadvantages; but for these there were certainly large compensations. It became necessary for an officer to prove his right to rank by qualities of leadership. The best officers were those who, without sacrifice of dignity, kept a lively sense of comradeship with their men.

The work of drill began before we received either arms or uniforms, and from the very first we managed to go through that essential of camp life, the evening dress parade. Then the grounds would be filled with spectators, mostly home friends: fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts, bringing with them dainties to supplement what seemed to them the hard fare of camp. We lived well, and were not a little spoiled in those days; and when we departed for the front, the mistaken kindness of those who loved us loaded us down with all sorts of knick-knacks for comfort and convenience. Though loth to part with these, our first marching days made us more loth to carry them. When a man's back becomes his only storehouse, he soon finds that riches do not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesses. Patent writing-cases, extra socks and mittens, "ponchos" for the shoulders, "havelocks" for the head, etc., etc., began to strew the road, and in a short time we were reduced to an absolutely socialistic quality in this world's goods. Whatever differences remained were those purely personal ones which can be discovered only by experience of each other's ways and characters.

In a regiment of a thousand men any extensive acquaintance outside one's own company comes slowly; yet many things served to bring us into fellowship. There was little clannishness, every man in blue was a comrade; yet, after all, each company was a family by itself, and in the company little coteries collected like the eddies in a river pool.

On the march two men usually tented together. In camp, when logs or brush were available, four could use their tent pieces to better advantage than two or three, and the camp was thus made more compact.

Men came together as tent mates by a process of natural or social selection. They had been schoolmates or work-fellows in the same shop; perhaps they were related as brothers or cousins; or they had been near neighbors and old friends. So it was at first; but new experiences in toil and peril were often solvents out of which new associations crystallized. Kindred spirits found each other; more and more the company became a greater family within which lesser and more intimate families grew up. Sometimes there were disagreements which broke up first arrangements; but commonly a quiet, almost unnoticed attraction of affinity drew the final groups together in bonds seldom broken save by death or disabling wounds or sickness. A few of these soldierly friendships bind old men even to-day; many more are cherished by lonely survivors as memories too sacred for common talk.

When for months you and your comrade have slept at night under one blanket and shared each other's daily bread, even though it were but hard-tack; when you have learned to depend on him and he upon you for help in trouble or comfort in sickness; when together you have entered the hell of deadly battle—after which the first question would be: "Is Joe safe?" "Where is Sam?" "Is little Gus alive?"—when together you have suffered hunger, thirst, heart-breaking weariness; above all, when, huddled together in storm or cold, you have had to endure long days of dreary, monotonous, comfortless idleness, then you know what it means to live a common life with a fellow man; and if he and you meet the test, then you know what friendship means.

In the routine of camp life the music of drum and fife was conspicuously audible. We were wakened at daybreak by the shrill tune of the reveille; the last sound at night was that of the drum perambulating the camp with "taps," commanding "lights out" and sleep; while all day long frequent summons to varied duties came by "call" of drum and fife. There was "sick call," which brought all the indisposed who were able to walk into forlorn squads to be conducted by the orderly sergeants to the surgeon's tent for treatment. Its absurdly merry notes seemed to say:

"Come to the Doctor's
And get your castor oil."

Then "guard call," inevitable as the day, but always unwelcome. Drill call or "assembly" meant simply our daily work. At dress parade, which closed the day's active duties, the band discoursed its most martial strains, and after supper we heard it once more in the pleasant tones of "retreat," the music of which comes most impressively into recollection. From one camp after another the measured minor strains would sound forth; from near and far, from camps away beyond our sight, it would melt into distance, and then beyond the westward woods the artillery bugles would take it up until it died away with their mellow notes. It was the voice of the comradeship of a mighty, invisible host.

One can readily understand how persistently, how intimately this music of drum and fife wove itself into our lives. Some of those queer, old-fashioned, half melancholy, half merry tunes sing themselves in my memory even now.

What of the band on the day of battle? Was not martial music the soldier's inspiration? Did we not charge to its thrilling strains? We did nothing of the kind. There was other work for the musicians. On the approach of battle they were always sent to the rear for duty as stretcher-bearers and helpers in the field hospital. One pretty sure sign that bloody work was before us was the disappearance of the band; and the grimmest, most sickening, yet most merciful work of war was theirs at such times.

In active campaigning, our camps were apt to be hasty, though never disorderly, bivouacs, and even if a few days' halt were made and the camp duly formed, rest for weary and foot-sore men took precedence of drill and, in fact, of everything not absolutely necessary. But one thing was inevitable as day and night. This was roll-call. In storm or sunshine, in camp or on the march, before and after battle, the first thing in the morning and the last at night, we had to answer to our names. The first sergeant calls the roll. He knows the list by heart, and calls it off without book, in the dark, if need be.

At first irritatingly suggestive of that more than schoolboy tutelage which is one penalty of a soldier's life, the morning and evening roll-call by its insistent monotony gradually grew into an accepted item of existence, like salt pork and hard-tack. But when exposure, toil, and battle began to thin the ranks, roll-call gained a new meaning; it became a none too oft repeated personal history of our lives, a daily bulletin of passing events, and a reminder of those already past. It told of the sick and disabled, of those fallen out by the way, prisoners perhaps in the hands of the enemy, here and there of one promoted, here and there of one dead. There were days when those of us who could answer to our names did so with a feeling of solemn thankfulness, and other days when the omission, or perhaps the inadvertent calling, of a name sent a rush of sad remembrance through the ranks.

Imagine, if you can, the roll-call at night after a day of battle!—the mustering of the thinned company in the darkness; the suspense as the familiar names are spoken—it may be by an unfamiliar voice, for in battle death seemed to seek and find the sergeants; the frequent pauses for inquiry; perhaps the answer of a comrade for one who has fallen, perhaps a mournful silence. Oh, those silent names! For days, yes, for weeks and months, every now and then you seem to hear them at evening roll-call, and somewhere, close beside you it may be, an unseen presence seems to whisper: "Here!"

I think all who passed through it remember the winter of the Fredericksburg campaign with a shudder. Preceding the battle came freezing nights with thawing days, rain-soaked or snow-bound camps; days when our little tents were first buried in the snow, then frozen so stiff that when marching orders came we could scarcely strike or fold them; then short but horrible marches through slush and mud with our doubly heavy half-frozen loads; scanty rations withal, because of delayed supply trains: a month of exposure, discomfort, and misery.

The like of this is, however, what soldiers must expect, and if victory had come at the end, we could have borne far worse hardship cheerfully. But the climax was the slaughter at Fredericksburg. The sting of that defeat was felt, not as a dishonor, but as undeserved disaster. We knew that courage and devotion such as any people might be proud of had been uselessly sacrificed. Yet the gloom of those winter days after the battle was not that of despair; it was the bitter prospect of indefinitely prolonged struggle, an outlook dark indeed to men who were soldiers not for glory but only for home and country.

The depression of that time was doubtless responsible for at least as large a loss of life as the battle beside the river. Hardship and exposure had bred sickness, and the mood of the hour offered feeble resistance to death. For months the little funeral processions were mournfully frequent; from our own brigade alone there were often two or three in a day.

There are no funerals on the march; there are none after battle. On the march, if a man falls out of the ranks stricken with mortal sickness or exhaustion, he is left to be picked up by the ambulance, perhaps to die alone by the way. The column cannot halt. After battle, there are but ghoulish burials. But in settled camp the decencies of death are rudely observed.

The first funeral in our company was that of one of our sergeants, a young man whom we all loved. He died shortly after Christmas time. A box of good things from home had lately arrived; out of the boards of that box we managed to make a coffin for our dear comrade, and the whole company marched to his grave. But the most of our dead were buried without coffin, and funerals became too common for any but scantiest ceremony. A drum and fife playing the Dead March, a firing squad of three to give a parting volley over the grave, then the chaplain, then the body of the dead soldier, wrapped in his blanket and carried on a stretcher by two men, followed perhaps by half a dozen intimate friends, and that was all.

In the brigade graveyard at the top of the hill, which grew so dismally in population during the winter, there were no head-stones—only little pine boards, torn from empty cracker boxes, with the name of the departed written thereon in lead pencil or cut in with a jackknife. I remember several head-boards hewn from cedar, the most lasting of woods, made with great care and pains, with deep-cut inscriptions. These, you may be sure, were stronger proof of true affection than many of the costly monuments which challenge the beholder's eye in our great cemeteries.

It is a pathetic fact that all through the war many men who might have recovered from the fevers and other ailments common to a soldier's life died because homesickness had quenched their power of resistance to disease. Indeed there were not a few deaths from homesickness pure and simple. It is not a disease recognized in official reports, but ask any army surgeon and he will probably tell you some surprisingly sad tales.

Fatal cases were, however, exceptional, though the ordinary malady was common enough. Sometimes its manifestations were serio-comic, as for instance in my own case.

In the midst of our worst other discomforts, we were for a time compelled to subsist upon ancient hard-tack, which was often in such condition that, "if you called, it would come to you;" and one day I strolled off alone into the woods beyond the camp, and, sitting on a log, gave myself to meditation. I thought of my privations, not bitterly, but with a deliberate and curiously analytical wonder. I said to myself: "How much more a man can stand than he would have believed possible!" Then my thoughts wandered to my far-away home, with its simple luxuries and comforts, and that which came most vividly to mind was the fact that once—it seemed ages ago—I had really had good, wholesome soft bread to eat every day, and three times a day at that! I then began to ask myself: "Would I ever again have soft bread every day?" "Was it possible that such happiness could be mine?" And I said to myself dolefully: "No! It is not likely. You are a soldier; you can henceforth have only soldier's fare; you will probably fill a soldier's grave. You will never taste soft bread again!"

Now this may seem absurd in the telling, yet God knows it was horribly real at the time.

But this was only a passing mood with the mass of us. We were a host of young men; life was too strong and elastic for even the depression which followed Fredericksburg to hold us down. We found ways to amuse ourselves.

One of the frequent but evanescent snow-storms of that semi-southern land had fallen, and snow-balling became a common sport. Finally an organized contest was proposed between our regiment and two others of the brigade. We were so much stronger in numbers than the older regiments that this apparently one-sided arrangement only equalized forces, and as an offset we were given the doubtful advantage of the defensive. Both sides were drawn up in rigid military array, with officers in their places of command. As for ourselves, we made piles of snow-balls and awaited the onset. It came like a whirlwind; those veterans had not been through a dozen real battles for nothing, and as their line approached and the missiles began to fly, it was like a hailstorm. The snow-balls were wet and hard, often icy; both sides were in hot earnest, and like the ancient Romans we aimed at the faces of our foes. I hardly know how it all looked, for I was in the thick of it and almost blinded, but I know how it felt. If the snow-balls had been bullets, I should have been riddled from head to foot.

We stood our ground manfully for a little while; but the too subtle strategy of our commander had divided our force, we were outnumbered at the critical point, and the superior discipline of our opponents prevailed. We had to confess ourselves beaten; and from the way our veteran friends crowed over us, I almost think they were tempted to inscribe that snow-ball victory on their battle flags.

An even better antidote for the blues was the work which became necessary as the army went into winter quarters. There is no pleasanter occupation than home building, be it ever so rude, and we took much pains and found great enjoyment in the making and furnishing of our little houses. Some regiments whose location was near suitable timber built good-sized log huts; we were compelled to be more modest. The dwelling which my own group of four tent mates erected and occupied may serve as a fair example. Four pieces of shelter tent buttoned together made the roof, which covered a log structure twelve feet long and five or six feet wide. The log walls were about three feet high; but as the ground sloped away from the company street, we dug out the rear half of our hut, and there we had a little room in which we could stand erect. This served for our kitchen. The more elevated part was occupied by a broad bed of poles covered with dried grass and our blankets. This made a springy couch on which the four of us could sleep comfortably side by side; and the edge of the bed was just high enough to make a convenient seat with our feet resting on the kitchen floor. About the sides of the house were shelves and pegs for our belongings.

In the kitchen end, beside the door, we

built a fireplace and chimney. Now a wooden fireplace and chimney may seem ludicrously impractical, but that is what we and thousands of others actually built from green-pine sticks. But we fireproofed it with a coating of clay on the inside, and it answered its purpose perfectly. It "drew" finely, and gave us no end of solid comfort. Some of the chimneys did not work so well, and then the draught was increased by the precarious expedient of an empty, headless barrel placed on top. This generally served for a short time; but the barrel was pretty sure to take fire, and then there would be a grand excitement and much merriment over the frantic effort to extinguish the blaze.

Not the chimneys alone played tricks on the householders. Mischievous comrades have been known to drop a handful of cartridges down a chimney from the outside, with the result of a smothered explosion and a great scattering of ashes and embers over everything and everybody within.

The spirit of fun also found outlet in the adornment of the gables of our dwellings with various legends suggestive of the personal peculiarities of the inmates. For instance, of two queerly assorted tent mates, one had been a church sexton and a conspicuous functionary at village funerals; the other had worked in a silverware factory. Over their door some wag tacked a sign with the inscription:

DOWD AND GRIFFITH,

JEWELERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

As few of us were content with the wholesale work of the company cooks, we did most of our cooking ourselves, by our kitchen fires, and those of us who survived the war learned enough to make us useful to the women who were wise enough to choose us as husbands, though I fear the details of our housekeeping would have shocked them.

Many a pleasant evening we spent about our little fireplace. We talked about home, the girls we loved, religion, politics, literature, camp gossip, everything. Or we read, when we had books or papers from home, or wrote letters or our journals.

There was, however, little real privacy in those huts so close together, with their canvas roofs. Any loud talk could be heard from one to the other, and in the evening after "retreat" the camp became a very babel of men singing, talking, laughing, swearing, telling stories; a chorus in one tent, a game of cards in another; in three or four at once loud discussions of the doings in the regiment or of the state of the country.

At nine o' clock "taps" sounded, and the officer of the day went the rounds to see that all lights were out. This was early bed-time in the long winter nights, and by various ruses we managed to conceal the glimmer of candles relighted after the officer had returned to the guard-house. The Bible and Shakespeare were responsible for some of these evasions of military regulations; quiet little games of cards for more of them.

Speaking of cards and Bibles brings up the image of the chaplain.

A friend in a regiment distinguished for its high discipline and its severe losses in many battles said to me one day: "A good chaplain makes a good regiment." Then, in illustration, he told me the story of their own chaplain, a man of fine culture, high social position, and great devotion to his calling. In his pastoral visits through the camp, if he surprised a group engaged in a little game of "bluff," he would quietly scoop up the stakes, put the money in his own pocket, and say: "Boys, this is for the hospital fund." Strange to say, the boys never murmured. The cheerful but shamefaced reply was always, "All right, chaplain."

I think no one will wonder who hears the rest of the story.

On the eve of battle, this chaplain took personal command of the stretcher-bearers, and when the combat was raging he would lead his little band of helpers into the thickest fire to succor the wounded. My friend told me: "I have known him to creep out between the opposing lines to bring off wounded men. The boys all knew that if they got into trouble, Chaplain H. would be there to help if this was in the power of mortal man." There were other chaplains of like spirit. Our own was not only untiring in his care for the sick and wounded in the hospitals, but always ready for any kindly service he could render to the members of the regiment or to their families at home. But it must be confessed that they were not all of this stamp. It was quite possible for the chaplain to be the most useless officer in a regiment.

It could not be said of our regiment that we were like the men of Cromwell's "new model," yet we came from communities in which Puritanism was traditional, and in almost every company there were at least a few examples of strong Christian character.

The two sergeants in our own company who died in the service, one by sickness and the other in battle, were men of this sort, and one of the captains who fell in battle was a man whose Christian life was a benediction to the regiment.

But occasionally one met with what good people might consider strange inconsistencies. I have heard swearing euphemistically described as the utterance of "short prayers." One of our field officers was a man whose godly life was known to all, yet in intense moments short prayers of startling character would escape him.

On a Sunday, so it was said, a group of officers gathered in his tent fell into warm discussion of some troublesome regimental affair. The colonel paced back and forth with his hands behind him, taking no part in the conversation, but biting his bristly mustache, as was his wont when annoyed. Suddenly he stopped short and, facing them, exclaimed: "Well, gentlemen, let's stop this damned quibbling and go and worship God awhile." Then picking up his Bible, he strode off by himself into the woods, leaving his guests to their reflections.

Religious men were apt to be more intense in the army than at home, and those who frequented the prayer-meetings in the tents or, in pleasant weather, under the trees, will never forget their atmosphere of warm and solemn earnestness.

On the night before we stormed Maree's Hill, the moon shone through fleecy clouds and it was only partly dark. We lay in line of battle at rest, the most of us trying to sleep. Presently, out toward the front, between us and the skirmish line, voices were heard. The watchful major anxiously asked: "What is that? Who is talking out there in front?" One of the men answered, "Major, it is only some of the boys having a prayer-meeting;" and the Major says that instantly, in place of his fears and vexation, a feeling of deep thankfulness came over him as he thought of the prayers ascending for us all on the verge of battle.

There was a young soldier in our company to whom his mother, when she parted from him, gave a little book of daily Scripture selections. She said to him: "I have another just like this, and we will both read the same verses every day." The soldier kept true tryst with his absent mother, and, no matter where he was, read his text every day. As we lay in the sunken road on that fateful morning after the moonlight prayer-meeting, and the bullets began to speak their deadly whispers in our ears, and we were all feeling the chill and dread of the plunge into battle, he opened his little book. The text for the day was, "Fear not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God!" He has told me that if a voice from heaven had spoken it could not have been more clear, and for the remainder of that terrible day all fear was gone.

We believed in our cause, in the war, and in final victory; but we were not soldiers for the love of it. The end of fighting and *home* was the goal of the hope of the army—a vain hope to thousands of us, yet the star that beckoned us all forward. How eagerly our thoughts turned northward might be seen on mail days. Letters came with varying regularity; in settled camp we could generally count on them, but in times of active campaign mails were uncertain, and when one arrived it was pathetic to see the wave of expectation that would sweep through the ranks. Often a cheer would go up when the postman, with mail bags slung across his horse, came in sight. Then there was impatient waiting until the letters for the company came down from headquarters, and an anxious crowd around the captain as he called them off. The disappointment of those who received none was often pitiful. You would hear one and another say: "Captain, isn't there one for me?" "Captain, are you sure? I know I ought to have one this time."

Then, tired and hungry as we were after the day's march, supper would go untasted until we could read the news from home; and long afterward by our camp-fires we would talk it over; and you might hear letterless Tom come to Bill and ask, "What does your wife say about my folks? Has she seen them lately? Are they all well?" The most of us would read our letters with quiet gladness; but now and then you might see some poor fellow bending with tear-stained face over his message from home, and hear his comrades saying in hushed tones of sympathy, "Jim has bad news; his little girl is dead."

The outgoing mail was far lighter than the incoming: we wrote under difficulties; yet there were times when the whole camp seemed filled with scribes. But our letters were apt to be brief, and when any important movement was at hand we knew that they would not be promptly forwarded. Inconvenient information sometimes traveled in army letters.

Our turn at picket duty was, with some

of us, a favorite time for writing up our correspondence. In pleasant weather it was only at the outposts that the work was trying. "On the reserve," or even "the support," we had only to hold ourselves in readiness for emergencies. Picket duty was often a positively enjoyable change from the monotony of camp. When fires were allowed, we would fell great oaks for the mere fun of it, cut off their tops and branches for our fire, and let the trunk lie. War is wasteful in ways little thought of. Yet the scars of the picket posts were as nothing compared with the deserts made by the great camps.

But picket duty must be done regardless of weather, and on the outposts no fires were permitted at any time. I remember once leaving camp in a snowstorm which, by the time we reached our post, had changed into cold rain. Night was falling, we had no tents, none were allowed on the picket line; but a German comrade and I managed to prop up a rubber blanket upon sticks so that it gave a scanty shelter from the rain, and as we crept under it my friend exclaimed, "Ach, here dees is nice under an injun-rubber himmel!"

Some of the nights on the picket line will always dwell in my memory. There was one when our post was in the heart of a forest of giant pines. A wild northwester was blowing, and its elfin music roared among the tree tops as if the myriad spirits of the power of the air were let loose. Yet down below, where we stood, all was peace; not a breath stirred the feathery branches or the soft carpet of pine needles under our feet. Even now I can feel the deep and solemn repose, the sense of mighty, restful shelter from the war of elements with which the shadowy forest pillars enwrapped us.

During our winter in camp along the Rappahannock the only danger on the picket line was from bushwhackers. But nothing is more trying to the nerves than the chance of being picked off in the dark by unseen skulkers. In the face of the enemy it is different: you then expect to be shot at and to shoot. It is far more dangerous, but scarcely less exciting. Soldiers are not fond of picket work, but they hate the monotonous restraint and night work of ordinary and yet perfectly safe camp-guard duty. A common punishment for slight delinquencies is to give a man an extra turn on guard. Severe punishments, such as "ball and chain," or even tying a man up by the thumbs so that his feet barely touch the ground, were not uncommon, though I am glad to say that this cruel torture was never permitted in our own and many other regiments.

One night I was sergeant of the guard at brigade headquarters. The guard-house was a log building divided by a loosely built partition with wide crevices into two rooms: one for the guard, the other for a prison, in which at that time three deserters were confined. My duty compelled me to keep awake, and the prisoners, with the shadow of the death penalty upon them, spent the whole night in talk.

Without heeding the guard, they laid bare their lives to each other as men will sometimes do when the end seems near. They talked about their families—one at least was a married man—and about doings of younger days, when they were boys on the farm, and they seemed to hunt out every bit of wrong or shame in their lives as though it must be confessed, at least to each other. One of them was evidently a very decent man; but another, who had been a sergeant in his regiment and plainly the ring-leader, was, judging from his talk, a desperado. Once, after he had told of some wild deed, he said: "But I have done worse things than that; things that would hang me if they were known." Then, in answer to an inquiry of his companions: "No, I won't tell you even now about that."

In the morning I saw this man. He was strikingly handsome, a most soldierly looking fellow. He talked with me freely and pleasantly; there was something fascinating about him.

The deserters were not shot. With sentence suspended, they were replaced in the ranks and told that, if they did their duty the next time their regiment was called into action, they would be pardoned.

Shortly afterward came the bloody but brilliant little battle at Franklin's Crossing. In the first boat which left the shore—the same in which our noble Captain D. was killed—was the dare-devil ex-sergeant. Before the boat reached the opposite bank he was out of it, and without waiting for any one, he rushed straight at the enemy's earthwork alone. We expected to see him drop, but he bore a charmed life; he was one of the first to enter the works, and by sheer boldness he brought off half a dozen prisoners and coolly marched them before him to the rear.

We never saw a military execution; but that which I remember as the saddest scene of our army life was the degradation of an officer. He had been condemned for cowardice before the enemy.

The division was drawn up in a great hollow square, and the officer in full uniform was marched under guard into the center where all could see him. There in loud tones the finding of the court-martial and its sentence were read, after which the adjutant approached the condemned officer, tore off his shoulder straps, took his sword from him, ran it half way into the ground and broke it before his face. The guard then closed about the disgraced and degraded man, and marched him away.

I had never seen him before—he was from another brigade—but as he passed near and I could look into the deathly pale face of that young man, with the heart-break of despair written on every feature, I said to myself, "This is a hundred times worse than death; why did he not fall on the battle-field?" And when the parade was dismissed, the men went back to their quarters in awe-struck silence, broken only by expressions of deep compassion.

In strong contrast with this, the grandest and most impressive scene we witnessed was the review of the army by President Lincoln.

It was on a dull wintry day. We marched several miles from our camp before we came, early in the morning, to the reviewing ground, which was a vast, desolate, open space, mostly level, but with little hillocks here and there. Upon one of these we halted, waiting for the mustering of the gathering host. For hours the dark lines of men in blue poured in from every direction, until all the plain and every little hilltop was alive with them.

For six or seven months we had been members of the great army; we had shared its toils and perils; we had lived its life; we had felt the throbbing of its mighty pulse in our own blood; we had been part of its long line of battle; yet we had never as yet seen the assembly of our brethren in arms. Now the plain was growing black with them; a hundred thousand men were forming in apparently solid masses, the battle-flags of the regiments waving close together.

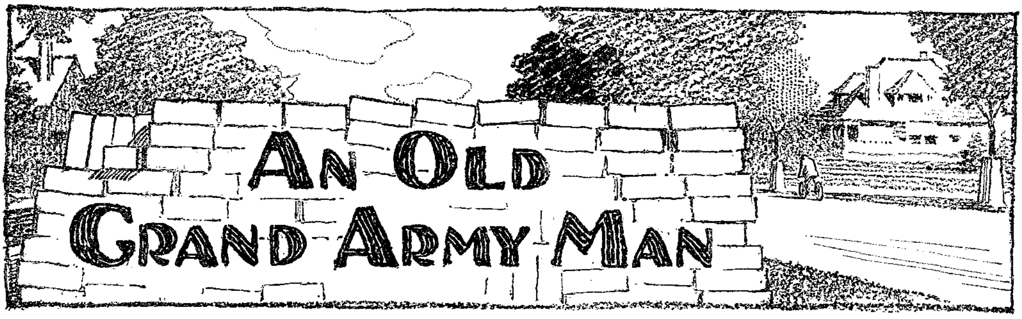
The scene was the more impressive because there were no idle spectators. This was no gala day for curious, gazing, merry-making crowds, and brilliant costumes, and feasting and huzzas; but solemnly, silently, save for the measured tramp of battalions and the rolling of the drums, a nation's strength was massing as if to weigh itself, to feel itself, and ask its own soul if it were fit for the mighty work and the awful sacrifices awaiting it.

We could not know then that Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, written across the scroll of a short two years to come, were holding in their fateful though glorious names the doom of death or wounds for more in number than all the thousands of us who beheld each other that day. But we felt that a heavy-laden future was swiftly coming toward us; we could almost hear the rustling of her wings in the air of the leaden sky under which, apart from the world, alone with ourselves and God, we stood, a great brotherhood of consecrated service.

But now our moment has come. We take our place in the moving ranks. We marched in close column with double company front, so that each regiment took up small space. As we neared the reviewing-stand the tall figure of Lincoln loomed up. He was on horseback, and his severely plain, black citizen's dress set him in bold relief against the crowd of generals in full uniform grouped behind him. Distinguished men were among them; but we had no eyes save for our revered President, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, the brother of every soldier, the great leader of a nation in its hour of trial. There was no time save for a marching salute; the occasion called for no cheers. Self-examination, not glorification, had brought the army and its chief together; but we passed close to him, so that he could look into our faces and we into his.

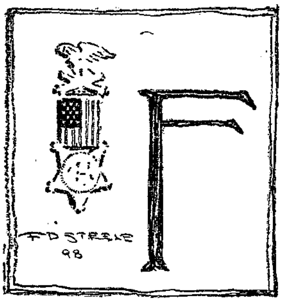
None of us to our dying day can forget that countenance! From its presence we marched directly onward toward our camp, and as soon as "route step" was ordered and the men were free to talk, they spoke thus to each other: "Did you ever see such a look on any man's face?" "He is bearing the burdens of the nation." "It is an awful load; it is killing him." "Yes, that is so; he is not long for this world!"

Concentrated in that one great, strong, yet tender face, the agony of the life or death struggle of the hour was revealed as we had never seen it before. With new understanding we knew why we were soldiers.

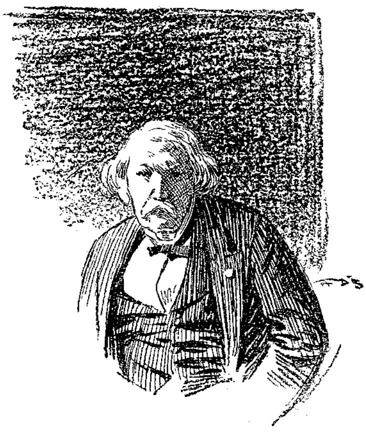


# AN OLD GRAND ARMY MAN

## BY OCTAVE THANET



FIRST, the wagons creaked over the macadam, to deposit their load on the tidy boulevards, until they were walled by a cross-stitch effect of brick barricade. The boulevards had been the pride of Lincoln Street all summer, so velvety green was the grass and so shapely were the thriving young maples. The property owners of Lincoln Street are not rich as a rule, but they have plenteous grace of public spirit and are willing to put their own shoulders to the lawn-mower wheel. During the summer it was no uncommon sight to note a half-dozen lawn-mowers humming at once, and twice as many garden hose merrily spouting; the motive power supplied by well-dressed men in negligée shirts or white crash coats, and, in case of the hose, often by pretty women in the summer gaiety of organdy or chiffon. The houses on Lincoln Street are mostly of wood. They are not large, in general; but they have yards about them, beautifully kept; and the houses shine with the resplendent neatness of new paint. Often the piazzas are of size and have a tasteful arrangement of columns. Several new houses on the street give it a touch of fashion with their gables and carven cornices, their tiny black leaded window panes, their Colonial doorways and fan-lights, and their steep, moss-green roofs—while the hollow into which old Captain Grier's property has slipped for thirty years is unmarred nature. There, forty feet below the level of the street, willows and cottonwood trees have grown unmolested on the hillside and grape vines have masked their trunks; and down in the hollow the old stone culvert, built before the days of sewers, still shows its teeth at modern drainage. Captain Grier bought the place in the late sixties, after the War, a time when the town was proud of the captain, who had led a charge with conspicuous gallantry at Donelson, and later showed a sterner courage by cheating the exchange officer and jumping back into the open grave of Andersonville to save a sick comrade. The captain built him a house on stilts, with piazzas and a bay window, of impressive importance in those days; and they called it a mansion. Now it was not painted so promptly as its neighbors and there was a business sign creaking in front, the whole giving it somewhat the air of a poor relation. But there was not a prettier garden than the captain's anywhere. The sign read:



"'Oi give me leg to me counthry,' says he."

UPHOLSTERING.
MATTRESSES MADE & REPAIRED.

FURNITURE REPAIRED AND POLISHED.

GOOD WORK AT MODERATE PRICES.

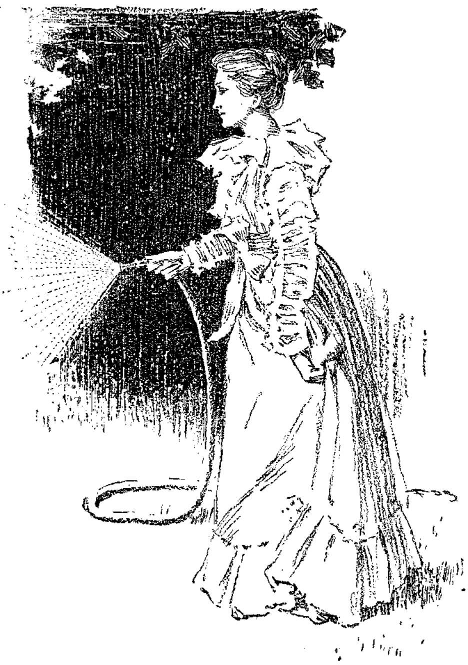
SAMUEL R. GRIER.

All Lincoln Street knew that Captain Grier had been in the furniture business once, directly after the War. Lambeth and Grier had owned a glittering store on the main street. Unhappily, Lambeth proved a rogue; and the captain's prospects were cut down by a black frost. He would not take advantage of the bankrupt law which was in force in the seventies; he would not take a clerkship; he set his soft hat a little more jauntily on the side of his head, walked a little more carefully—the captain had an artificial leg—to the recorder's office, mortgaged his house, paid his creditors most that was due them, and started his little shop. His wife, being a wise young woman, did not send away her "girl," but went into the shop and kept her husband's books, was clerk, collector, and general manager. All these things the neighbors knew because the captain liked to tell of them; and how he had paid off every dollar that he owed.

"And I've never owed a dollar over night since," he frequently would add, chuckling. He had a jolly chuckle; and was a man who laughed a good deal and had a reputation in a small way as a story-teller at all the G. A. R. camp fires.

When the matter of paving Lincoln Street for two blocks came before the city council the captain was stirred to the soul. He could be heard making speeches at the top of his voice all along the sidewalk. He carried around the petition against paving, which every property owner on the street signed.

Nevertheless, there was a brick barricade. The brick came in the morning; at noon a small array of workingmen (mostly in the decline of life), headed by a vigorous young German-American who knew how to swear, began to dig up the mácadam of the roadway and slash the roots of the young maples on the boulevard. Lincoln Street is far enough up-town for the men to stay all day away from home. Not until nearly six did any householder, save the captain, appear on the scene of devastation. From six until half-past six they came. By half-past seven, the dinners of the new Colonial mansions and the suppers of the brown houses with the modest ells and the piazzas had been finished, and most of the dwellers of that quarter of Lincoln Street were out on the sidewalk, exchanging indignation. The street gang had gone; but Patsy O'Brien, whose teams were hauling dirt from the northwest corner where a cellar was digging, explained the political situation. The captain, to whom the neighborhood looked for enlightenment in general on matters of local weight, was not visible. It was understood that he consulted a lawyer. Patsy, therefore, an old G. A. R. man and long-time crony of the captain, took care of the affair in his place. He was a thin, wiry Irishman, who shaved every morning scrupulously—except under his chin; whose fair skin had been burned a fine warm tint by the sun; who had shrewd, brilliant little eyes, and could still bite his pipe stem with his own sound, white teeth. To mark the distinction that he was a contractor and not a laborer, he always wore a suit of black cloth and a white shirt, but he showed that he was not proud by dispensing with the needless pomp of a coat and a cravat.


"In the summer gaiety of organdy."

Patsy could see at least eight in his audience, and his eloquence had all the faucets turned on.

"Aw, 'tis a fright!" he exclaimed scornfully, "the strate is a fright, intirely. They passed it, last night, at the council—and, sure, they ain't losin' no toime. The captain was there, and he could hardly contain himsilf. I belave he wanted to git at Alderman Blaize wid his own hands. But what's the good? The captain's a fighter, but he's licked this toime. 'Sure,' says I, 'if yous was to kill the dom thafe'—begging the ladies' pardon for repating the worrd—

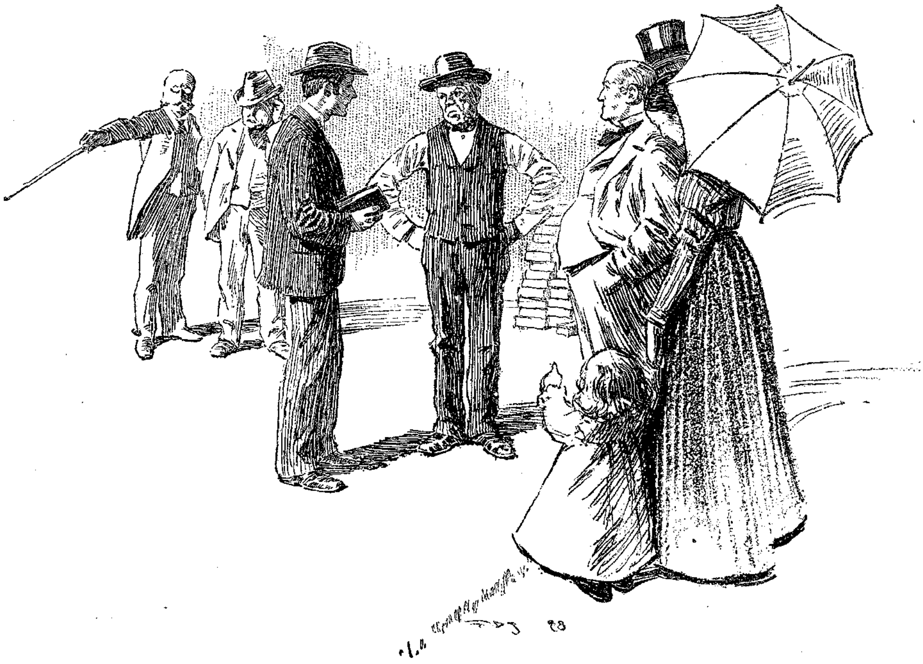
'sure,' says I, 'it wudn't stop the paving going on; there's the rist of the gang.' "

"It is a question of—of boodle, isn't it?" a youngish man in a black alpaca coat and white tie struck in, using a certain hesitation over the word. He did not live on the street. He was the new Methodist minister, dining that night with a member of his church.

"What else?" demanded O'Brien in a caustic tone. "The min that furnishes the brick, they know how much they pay to git it introjuced, they and a few of the aldermin. And the other aldermin—well, they want to oblige their frinds, don't they; and ain't they got min they want jobs for? There's manny more ways of trading than wid money. So they set the ball a-rolling—talking about the work it will make for the laboring people—as if macadam was like trees and growed, and only brick kept men a-working! And if the property owners protist, well, they're juist kicking: there's no public convanience that don't cause some private hardship; and talk loike that, giving it out it's the rich man pays the tax and the poor man gits the work; but I've sixty years in a wicked world, and I niver seen, nor I niver expect to see, the tax thot the poor man don't pay the biggist part of ut. It ain't the lazy, drinking chaps thot pay, but the dacint, harrd-workin' man thot's scrimped and saved and got a bit of land and a little shelter for himsilf—he catches it ivery wind thot blows. And it's him catching it wid the brick pavemint. I know a widdy woman, mesilf, up me own way, thot they've filled the strate up above her till she's down in the hole wid the drippings, an' she do have to climb up in her attic to see the waggins go by. They've taxed her three hunderd, and she's got to morgige her place for it. I know thot. And I know a man, 'tis Kit Tiernan—some of yous may know him; he was in the expriss business for forty years, and he's retired on his savings. He's got two houses on Park Strate, where they was paving last year. He'd to pay twilve hunderd dollars on thim two houses; they ain't worth thirty-five hunderd——"

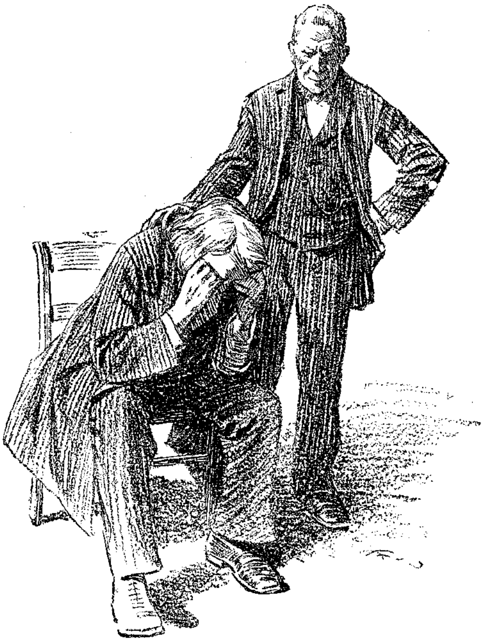
"I can give you something worse than that even," said a mellow, deep voice. The man who spoke was tall and of a full habit. He had a gray chin beard and a delicate mouth. He was a banker of the town, a man of good fortune and great generosity.

"I can give you worse than that," said he; "this taxing by frontage instead of by value or extent or anything else *but* frontage makes an awful mess. There's John McKim, who owns an obtuse triangle down on Front Street. Whole property isn't worth two thousand—taxes for payment tot up to something over four thousand; and supreme



*It is a question of—of boodle, isn't it?"*

court has held that he can't simply give up his property to the city; if his property is sold and doesn't bring enough to pay the tax, he can be assessed for the difference, if it takes every cent he has in the world. It doesn't, of course, but the principle is the same; and in some cases, like the captain's here, it pretty nearly *does!* Of course, a city must be paved; but property ought not to be assessed simply for frontage, and property owners are not the only ones benefited, and ought not to have to pay more than a fair proportion of the tax!"



"'*Aw, you git out!' says Oi, makin' fun of him.*"

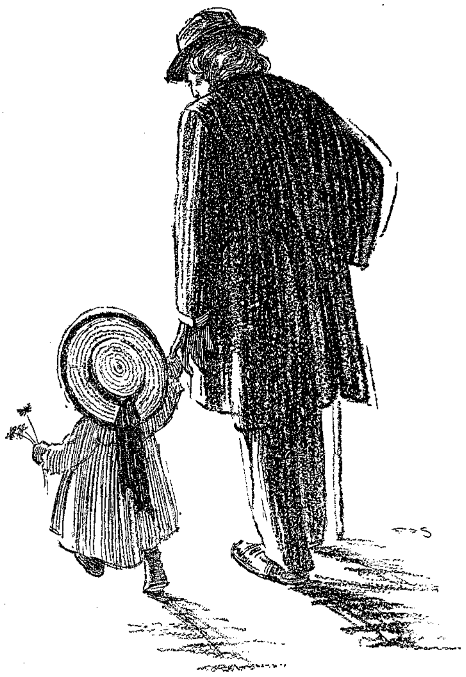
"It's enough to make a man a socialist," adventured the minister; but an ex-district judge, a keen-faced man in white duck, cut off the sentence with, "*I* call such robbery by municipalities the biggest argument *against* socialism! Why, the heartlessest trust that ever looted wouldn't have the nerve to confiscate a man's whole estate in this fashion. The new kind of socialism wants to make the municipality run the whole shooting-match. Do you think boodle aldermen will make better terms with us than other plunderers? I don't. They are less afraid of public sentiment than any thieves on earth. A corporation expects to stay in business, and can't squeeze the public to the bursting point, because that would do for it as well. But these municipal thieves are trying to crowd all the robbery and the jobbery of a lifetime into a few years, because their tenure of office is limited. So they steal all they can without getting into the penitentiary. I don't see why they should be any more honest with larger opportunities to steal!"

"Thot's right, Judge," agreed Patsy O'Brien, grimly, "and you might add thot it takes a boodle alderman to pick a poor man's pocket of the last cint, whilst he's hugging his neck wid the other arrum and asshurin' him as he does be his bist frind on earth and his protector agin the rich bloodsuckers. I tell yous, in this very town the brick is chasing the poor man out of his home. Look at the captain, now, himsilf; ain't this going to hit him harrder than anny of yous—and I ain't sayin' it don't hit yous all cruel hard?"

"Well, now"—a little, dapper man who kept a grocery down town spoke up; he was a man that liked to show his acumen and broad views by taking the opposite side in any contention—"well, now, I always supposed the captain was pretty well fixed. He trades with us, and never runs a bill, always has the change in his pocket. That means something these times. And I've seen him at our meetings—I belong to his post, you know—I've seen him give five and ten and once twenty dollars when the hat would be passed for some poor comrade down on his luck. He never went to a meeting, I guess, without his check book. He's got money in the savings bank; I know that, and you, too, Mr. Elgin."

The banker did not feel called upon to answer the appeal beyond an enigmatical and reticent professional smile. A new voice spoke, that of the teacher who lived in the pretty little white house with the window gardens. She was a widow with three children, and she was known to have built and paid for her house out of her own earnings. She was a shy woman, not likely to speak in public, and there was a red spot on either cheek. "I'm sorry," said she, "but I don't think the captain is rich at all. He told me that he had eight hundred dollars in the savings bank and that house; he said, 'That isn't a great showing for a man of sixty; but, thank God, I've got my life insured for Sophy, and I don't owe any man a cent.' And, after this, he sent six hundred to Sophy."

"Is Sophy his daughter?" asked the minister.



*“Leading him about by one finger.”*

“Adopted daughter,” said the grocer. “They hadn’t any children, so the old captain adopted a soldier’s orphan; and I guess they looked on her as their own child. I guess she was a real nice girl, too; but she married an unlucky young fellow who was a clerk in a store here and was threatened with consumption, and they went out to Colorado, where he is farming. I had him in my store for a while. He’s a good boy, but one of the kind that gives up too easy. Now, the old captain’s a fighter. He wouldn’t give up the boy had to die. He talked courage into the whole crowd, Joe and Sophy and Joe’s mother.”

“Yis,” said Patsy O’Brien, “he give thim courage; but ’twas a tough job for him sinding off Sophy and the little chap they’ve named for him. Oi seen him that evenin’ afther they was gone. Oi knowed he’d be lonesome and looked in kinder casual loike.

“Oi niver thought I’d see the captain so down. Oi cudn’t even stir him up wid abusing the Republican party and the pension bill. He used to be grand on pensions, though be thot tokin he’d niver take wan himsilf. ‘Oi *give* me leg to me counthry,’ says he; ‘I didn’t *sell* it. There ain’t pinsions enough in Ameriky to pay me for thim tin months in Andersonville,’ says he. But he was always for pinsioning off the others, do ye moind! So Oi thried to stir him up; and ’twas no go. He juist shook his head, and begun to talk about Sophy and his wife. Niver had he named her to me since the day Oi rode out to the cemetery where they burried her. ‘Oi’ve the failin’ I’ll niver see Sophy nor Grier agin,’ says he. ‘Aw, you git out!’ says Oi, makin’ fun of him. But he felt *bad*. He was dretful fond of the child.”

“Yes, I remember, you’d see him leading him about by one finger all the time,” said the grocer. “Fished him out of the cistern once, didn’t he?”

“No, sir,” cried the teacher; “it was *my* child he fished out. He fell in, and I was going to jump after him, for there was ten feet of water in that cistern; but my girl caught me by the skirts, and cried I’d be drowned—to let down the ladder instead. I had got away from her, and was one foot on the cistern trying to jump in, when he flashed past me and was splashing in the water! And I knew he couldn’t swim a stroke.”

“What did you do?” said one of the bystanders. “Get the ladder?”

“No, Mary got the ladder. I just pulled off my dress skirt and hollowed to him to hold on to that till we’d get a ladder——”

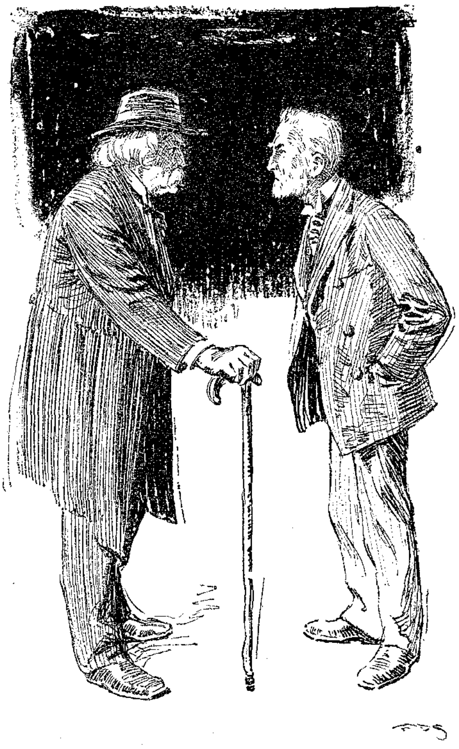
“Why didn’t you do that for the child?” asked the grocer.

“Because he was just a baby—only two; and all I thought was to get hold of him. But the captain knew enough to catch hold, and he held until Mary dragged the ladder round, and he climbed out, dripping, and so faint he handed me the baby and rolled right over on the grass.”

“Did he know it was your child?”

“That’s what I asked him, and he said, ‘My dear, I didn’t know. I heard them calling a child was in the cistern; and I ran and jumped!’”

“The captain all over,” said the banker; “he’s the most neighborly man, always. He’ll help anybody in the neighborhood, and take solid pleasure in it. And you can’t get him to admit there’s anything wrong on Lincoln Street. Do you remember the time, ten years ago, he had a hand-to-hand fight with Rucker because Rucker wanted to have the Gilleys’ dog shot? It did nip people once in a while, and once by ill luck it nipped a postman; and the Gilleys got no more mail—unless they went to the office; then the letters were crossed by a big blue inscription, '*Not delivered on account of savage dog!*' Rucker was postmaster then, and, in addition, he threatened to have the dog killed. The captain went to expostulate and calm Rucker; but he was fiery, and Rucker was fiery, and they held different opinions politically, which naturally mingled in the discussion—for, of course, the captain couldn't expect justice of *that* administration and said so, and Rucker gave it back to him; and it ended in the clerks pulling them apart. But, all the same, when Rucker fell ill with the cholera and there wasn't a nurse to be had, the captain took care of him himself. Rucker thinks we ought to help the captain out of this scrape."



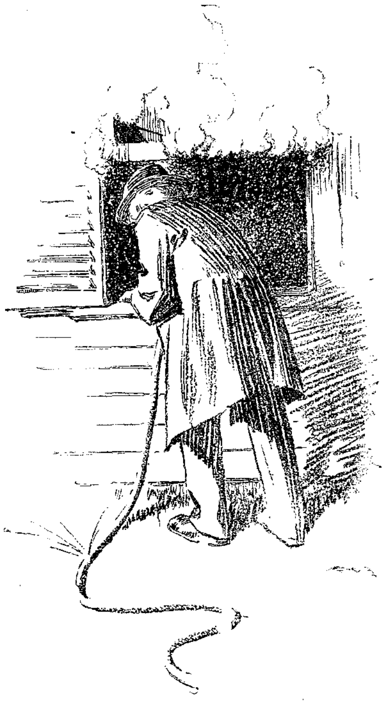
*"They had different opinions politically."*

"I say so, too," said the grocer, "and I'm ready to chip in. I never knew the captain to kick about his groceries but once, and then you can't say he was kicking at us"—the grocer grinned. "He had some melons sent up from Dallen's and from our place the same day, and he thought our melons were Dallen's and gave him fits for sending him such mush; but when he found they were ours, he looked them over again and said they were just a little soft!"

"That's like the time he was on the jury"—the ex-judge took up the word. "The defendant was a Grand Army man; but, as I heard later, the captain mixed him up with the plaintiff, and there was no moving him by any evidence. He began to tell things he had heard of the Twelfth Regiment, this fellow's regiment; how they came charging down and rescued his company, and Company A, this fellow's company, were in the thick of it. Oh, he made the most stirring speech you could imagine; 'and that man,' says he, 'was the second lieutenant of Company A. Do you think I'm going back on him?' 'That's all right,' says the foreman, 'but I've always understood it was the other fellow, Hollister, was lieutenant of Company A!' That floored the captain. They brought in a verdict in ten minutes."

"Well, I like a man to stand up for his friends," said the banker, "even if he does slip a cog sometimes. And I think now is the time for his friends to stand by the captain. We don't want him to leave the neighborhood——"

A chorus interrupted him. Of course not; the captain was so obliging, so good to the children. All the women consulted him about their gardens. If the water-works



*"He had put out one fire with a garden hose."*

or the electricity in a house went wrong, the captain was always available until the mechanical doctor could come. He had put out one fire with a garden hose. He had cured innumerable sticking drawers (scorning compensation for such an obvious neighborly duty), he had put in panes of glass and planed off doors and mended sidewalks, and he kept three hatchets to lend. No, the captain was too good a neighbor to lose.

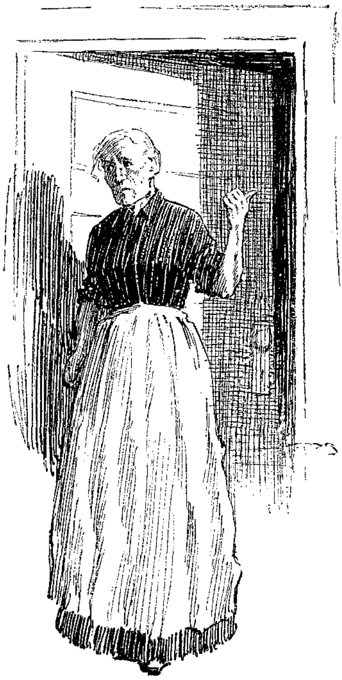
"At laist yous could hilp him wid this year's instalment," said Patsy; "'tis siven years they give 'em to pay up. And as a friend Oi'd ask the privilige to be on the paper. And Oi'm thinkin' 'twill maybe cheer the captain up a bit; he's gitting rale downheartid and discouraged. You see his eyes is a failin' a little, as is only suitable for his age; but it hurts him; and only yistiddy a lady—Oi won't name her—he done a chair sate for her, upholstering it rale nate, to my moind, but she found fault wid it; and he tuk aff fifty cints to satisfy her. It hurted him. He says, 'She's the second in wan wake,' says he; 'Oi'm losin' me grip,' says he. And he worries 'bout old Hetty Conners, that has lived wid him and his wife iver since the war, Oi guess. She lost her little savings linding 'em to a cousin. He tried his bist to kape her from it, but 'twas no good. You'd ought to seen the scorchin' letther he was afther writin' thot man. Onluckily he'd skipped before he got it, so 'twas wastid loike. And ye know he's lost three old frinds this same year, includin' his old gineral. The old man died down in Ohio, and by some mishtake it didn't git into the papers. Thot cut the captain. 'They're forgittin' us,' says he, 'it's toime for us to be gettin' aff the stage; there ain't nothin' more for us to do.' Oi think the sooner we kin git thot paper up the betther. For the mon was wild last night, he'd thot horror of debt, and he didn't know which way to turn. Oi've been lookin' fur him all day. He talked loike he wud turn over the whole property to the city and go out to Sophy. 'But she's got wan sick man on her hands,' says he; 'she hadn't ought to have another! And what'll become of poor Hetty? I don't see no way out!' says he."

"But he was around this morning," said the grocer, "telling funny stories; he had got a new one, real funny——"

"That's only his sand," the ex-judge interrupted. "I had a talk with him this afternoon. He was in a bad way. But wasn't it just like him? Of course I wouldn't charge for a little neighborly advice like that; and just a little while before I came out Hetty was over with a package from the captain—he'd sent me a little champfer tool of his I'd always admired: I'm a bit of a carpenter, for amusement, you know. Somehow, I wished he hadn't done that, do you know?"

Patsy had listened, with a frown. "Oi don't loike his actions," he muttered; "does annybody know where he is at this spaking?"

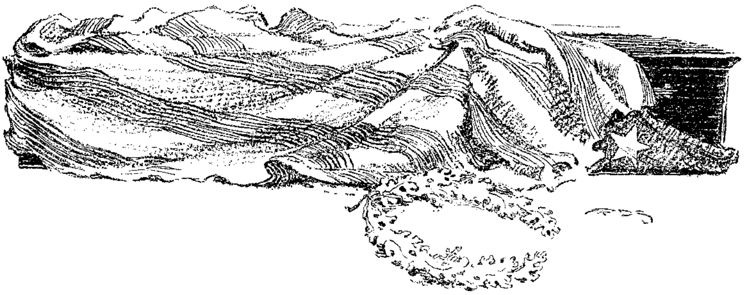
His answer was some one in the group pointing towards the captain's house. A woman, an elderly woman with gray hair, was in the doorway, frantically beckoning.


*"A woman . . . was in the doorway beckoning."*

Every man and woman in the crowd, except the teacher, ran instinctively and silently towards the house. The teacher's face went white; she caught up the child at her side and carried him a little space. "Go home, go right home," she commanded, while the child stared, frightened at the strange something in her mother's voice; "tell Johnny and Harry to go home, and wait for me!"

Then she, too, ran to the captain's house. The yard was full of people, standing in groups, very quiet. Patsy O'Brien came out. The tears were running down his sunburnt cheeks. "They've sint for a doctor," said he. "'Tis no good; Oi've seen death on too manny min's faces not to know it. He's gone. They downed him, and he'd not the courage to go on. He'd a bit of a letther writ to"—Patsy choked—"to me. His frinds was about all gone, he says, and now they was takin' away his home; and he knowed

Sophy wud be betther aff wid the money than wid a cranky old man on her hands, growin' blind at thot. ''Tis me last fight, old comrades,' says he, 'and the boys must forgive me if Oi run away. The odds is too big,' says he. Thot's all ixcipt a koind wurrd to me woman and the kids. He's been sinding little packages of things to the neighbors this day: his tools and the plants in the gardin thot some av thim loiked. He says to old Hetty, he didn't think the city'd moind: they was goin' to take his property for nothin', and these was little things. Old Hetty, she didn't take it in; she thought he was going to be sold out; and she was cryin' and distractid, but she didn't take it in, not even whin he gave her all the money he'd drawed out of the bank. And she made him the coffee he took the stuff in. He's out av it; and God forgive him; but I'll be prayin' him ivery night *niver* to forgive Tummus Blaize!"



# THE COST OF WAR.

By George B. Waldron.

THE men and women whose memories go back a third of a century, to the days when North and South were in arms against each other, have not been the most ardent to join in the clamor for war. They know the havoc it wrought, and are not eager to repeat the experience. The thousands slain in battle, the tens of thousands afflicted with wounds which often resulted in death after days of agony, the losses of relatives and friends, the anxious waiting for news, the want and distress of body and mind following in the train of warfare, all have left impressions so vivid that thirty-three years of peace have not sufficed to wear them away.

War as pursued by modern methods is fearfully expensive both of men and treasure. It has come to be a contest between war chests. The richer the treasury, the more certain is the nation of success. Even a century ago the wrecking of treasure and lives was almost beyond understanding. In the twenty-two years following 1793, Napoleon cost the British and French not less than $6,500,000,000 in money and 1,900,000 lives—the latter number equal to the entire adult male population now living in Greater London and Paris. In the one battle of Waterloo 51,000 men were lost, 29,000 of whom were British.

The Crimean war of two years cost the nations engaged in it $1,500,000,000 in wealth and over 600,000 of their citizens. The English lost 22,000 out of an army of 98,000, the French 96,000 out of 300,000 original forces; Turkey lost 45,000 men; Russia gathered a splendid army of 888,000, of whom less than half returned to their homes. Lay these 600,000 side by side in soldiers' graves, and the mounds of earth that covered them would extend in unbroken sequence for 450 miles.

Scarcely less fatal was the Franco-German war. France put into the field an army of 710,000 men, and of these 77,000 were killed or died of their wounds, and 45,000 died of sickness. A third of the entire army was either killed or disabled. The Germans sent a million troops, of whom 45,000 died on the battlefield or in the hospitals, and 89,000 were disabled. That brief war cost over 200,000 lives, and required an expenditure of $1,500,000,000. France had, in addition, to pay an indemnity of $1,000,000,000 and to give up Alsace-Lorraine, a total loss it is estimated of not less than $3,000,000,000.

During the last one hundred years the

wars of Christian Europe and America have cost the lives of 5,000,000 men. March them by in single file, and they would make a procession 3,000 miles long and require six weeks of marching day and night in passing. The wars of the century have destroyed nearly $20,000,000,000 of treasure, an expenditure representing the entire earnings of more than a million men for the entire one hundred years, and the present combined wealth of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands, Portugal, Switzerland, Turkey, and Greece. To-day the debts of the world's leading nations aggregate $28,000,000,000, and probably three-fourths of this is due to war—the sins of the fathers visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation.

The experiences of our own country illustrate the losses caused by war. That seven years of struggle which gave the nation independence required $135,000,000. To-day the nation can raise a like sum from the gold lying idle in the treasury. But then it fell upon a people whose population was only a twentieth of the present number, and whose wealth was much less in proportion. The United States began their existence with a debt burden of $75,000,000. This was about nineteen dollars per capita, or larger by half than the debt of to-day. The deficit fell to $45,000,000 in 1812. Then came the "second War of Independence," which carried it up to $127,000,000. By 1836 the nation did not owe a dollar.

In 1860 the debt was only $65,000,000. But with the firing on Sumter the people of the North awoke to their task, and thereafter $2,500,000 a day was needed until once more a common flag floated over the nation. That struggle cost the people of the North in direct outlay $3,400,000,000. With the much smaller direct cost to the Confederacy, the destruction of property, and the interference with industries, the total loss must have been not less than $8,000,000,000, or one-half of the entire wealth of the nation before the opening of hostilities.

After the conflict was over the national debt stood at $2,756,000,000. Year after year it has been a drag upon the resources of the country until nearly $2,000,000,000 has been discharged. But in the thirty-seven years since the war opened the nation has paid in interest on that debt an amount equal to the original principal, and $2,250,000,000 more in pensions to the soldiers and their families. These two items, the direct fruits of the war, amount to $5,000,000,000, and the end is not yet. The country is paying annually in interest and pensions $160,000,000, which is more by $35,000,000 than ten and twenty years ago and about equal to these same expenditures at the close of the war. It is not improbable from the present outlook that another $2,000,000,000 will be paid in the same way before the obligations of that one war are met. During the past six years, the expenditures for wars past and future have averaged over $250,000,000, or more by $50,000,000 a year than all the other expenses of the Government.

The total cost of the war to North and South would have bought the freedom of every slave, and left enough to pay all the peace expenses of the Federal Government for half a century. The divided nation expended money enough during the struggle to supply every man, woman, and child with ample food for the entire four years. And the sums spent, and to be spent, since because of the war would feed the people for another four years. The treasure destroyed because of that conflict would purchase the entire 185,000 miles of railroad, with all its rolling-stock, stations, yards, and other property; and all the 2,300 miles of canals, with every boat that plies through their waters; it would purchase in addition every vessel flying the American flag on all the oceans, rivers, and lakes of the world; all the thousands of miles of telegraph and telephone lines and everything belonging to them; and all the mines and quarries of the nation, including the producers of gold, silver, iron, copper, petroleum, marble, and every other substance that comes from the interior of the earth. Even all these would not exhaust the wealth spent because of that war, since there would yet be enough to buy every schoolhouse and church that the people of this country now own.

Workingmen sometimes welcome war in the belief that it will make times easier and result in better wages. But the days of the Civil War show the very opposite to be true.

The few shrewd, fortunate, or unscrupulous became rich. But for the rank and file of the nation's workers the war was anything but a benefit. True, under the effects of a depreciated currency wages did rise; but only after they had been forced up by much higher prices of life's necessaries. In the whole past fifty years of the nation's history there was never a time when the purchasing power of a day's labor was so small as during the last three years of that conflict.

This will appear unmistakably if we strike an average of prices of the articles of necessary general daily use, and also a similar average of wages, for each year, from, say, 1858 to 1868, and compare these averages year by year. Taking the average wages and average prices of 1860 as 100 per cent., it will appear that wages had been gradually advancing from 80 to 100 during the whole preceding twenty years, an advance that continued in accelerated movement during the war period. And in so far the change was profitable. But at the same time prices of necessaries, which had been disturbed only by local fluctuations prior to 1861, suddenly jumped to two and three times their former standard. The result was that, while a man got more money for his day's labor, it was worth far less to him in the purchase of the goods he needed. In 1865 his wages were nearly a half more than in 1860, but prices of goods had gone up to two and a third times the former level. Under these conditions a day's labor would buy in that year only two-thirds as much as before the war. Men thought they were getting big returns for their work, but the enormous cost of the necessaries of life made these hard to obtain. Those who during the recent hard times have had their wages cut down a third from the standard of 1892 know what this must have meant to the struggling families of the home guard thirty years before.

There are other evidences of the sacrifices of those days. Many farms went untilled or yielded their fruits to the toil of the women, because the men were at the front. Figures show that, even with all the efforts of those at home, the crops of the war years were less in the North by a third than were those of the years before or immediately after that period. And in the South, as the struggle neared its close, the conditions were tenfold worse. Foreign commerce from Southern ports was practically destroyed. In the North it fell to half its former volume. Business failures in the first years of the rebellion were multiplied three fold. Railroad building dropped to but a fourth of its previous standard.

Destroyed wealth can be replaced by later toil, but there were losses of the war which no after efforts could make good. Men were condemned to hobble through life on crutches; shattered health carried thousands to early graves. Starved in the enemies' prisons and wasted with disease in the hospitals and on the field, soldiers went home to die. There were, besides the thousands slain in battle, the tens of thousands more who suffered intolerable anguish from wounds. Killed, wounded, missing, were the heart-rending records of every battle.

The first battle of Bull Run cost the North 3,000 soldiers, and the South 2,000. At Shiloh 13,000 Federals and 11,000 Confederates fell. On the "seven days' retreat," the two armies left behind them 33,000 men. Antietam weakened the Northern army by 12,000, and the Southern by 26,000. At Gettysburg, 23,000 Federals and 32,000 Confederates were mowed down. In the siege of Vicksburg the Southerners lost 31,000 men. The three days in the Wilderness cost the North 38,000. Sherman in his glorious March to the Sea left 37,000 soldiers between Chattanooga and Atlanta. Corinth has a record for both armies of 16,000, Fredericksburg 17,000, Chancellorsville 28,000, Chickamauga 33,000, Spotsylvania 35,000, and Stone's Run 37,000 men. And so the horrors might be multiplied.

Official records show that in the armies of the North 44,000 were killed in action during the war, 49,000 died of wounds, 186,000 died of disease, and 25,000 died from causes unknown, making a total of 304,000 deaths of Northern soldiers. But these numbers do not include those who died at their homes from wounds and disease. It is not too high an estimate to place the deaths in the North from the war at 350,000. And for every Northerner that fell it is believed that a Southerner died also—700,000 lives destroyed in one short war. That struggle multiplied three fold the death rate of ordinary times, and took, not the children, the aged, the sick, and the weak, but the very flower of the nation's manhood. Could every slain soldier have had appropriate burial, the hearses alone would have formed a funeral cortège from ocean to ocean. Cut off every adult man in the broad State of Ohio, and the victims of such a catastrophe would be no more numerous.

Bitter as was the cost of the conflict to the men at the front, scarcely less heavy did misfortune weigh upon those left at home. For the dead there were widows and orphans. For the wounded and sick there were those waiting at home in anxious hope and fear. The newspaper was perused in dread of disaster; the sight of the telegram changed fear of calamity to certainty. Nobly did the women of the North and South sustain the men at the front, but at sacrifices which no figures can measure.

# REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Charles A. Dana,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

## VIII.

## EXPERIENCES IN THE SECRET SERVICE.—A VISIT TO SHERIDAN.

It was early in July, 1864, that I left Grant's headquarters at City Point for Washington, where I was to observe and report to the general-in-chief the progress of Early's raid on the Capital. After the rebel invaders had retired and quiet was restored, I went to Mr. Stanton for new orders. As there was no probability of an immediate change in the situation before Petersburg, the Secretary did not think it necessary for me to go back to Grant, but preferred that I remain in the Department, helping with the routine work.

Most of my time, at this period, was spent investigating charges against defaulting contractors and dishonest agents, and in ordering the arrest of persons who were suspected of disloyalty to the Government. I assisted, too, in supervising the spies who were going back and forth between the lines. Among these I remember a peddler—whose name I will call Morse—who traveled between Washington and Richmond. When he went down, it was in the character of a man who had entirely hoodwinked the Washington authorities, and who, in spite of them, or by some corruption or other, always brought with him into the Confederate lines something that the people wanted—dresses for the ladies, or some little luxury that they couldn't get otherwise. The things that he took with him were always supervised by our agents before he left Washington. When he came back, he brought us in exchange much valuable information. He was doubtless a spy for both sides; but, as we got a great deal of information, which could be had in no other way, about the strength of the Confederate armies and the preparations and the movements of the enemy, we allowed the thing to go on. The man really did good service for us that summer, and, as we were frequently able to verify, by other means, the important information he brought, we had a great deal of confidence in him.

Early in October, 1864, he came back from Richmond, and, as usual, went to Baltimore to get his outfit for the return trip. When he presented himself again in Washington, the chief detective of the War Department, Colonel Baker, examined his goods carefully; but this time he found that Morse had many things that we could not allow him to take. Among his stuff was military goods and uniforms, and this, of course, was altogether too contraband to be passed. So we confiscated the goods and put Morse in prison. We had all his bills, amounting to $25,000, or more, showing where he had bought these things in Baltimore, and Secretary Stanton declared that as the merchants in Baltimore were partners in his guilt he would arrest every one of them, and put them in prison until the matter could be straightened up. He turned the matter over to me then, as he was going to Fort Monroe for a few days; and I immediately sent Assistant Adjutant-General Lawrence to Baltimore with orders to see that all persons implicated were arrested. Lawrence telegraphed me, on October 16th, that the case would involve the arrest of two hundred citizens. I reported to the Secretary; but he was determined to go ahead, and the next morning, ninety-seven of the leading citizens of Baltimore were arrested, brought to Washington, and confined in Old Capitol Prison, principally in solitary cells. There was great satisfaction among the Union people of the town, but great indignation among Southern sympathizers. Presently a deputation from Baltimore came over to see President Lincoln. It was an outrage, they said; the gentlemen arrested were most respectable merchants and faultless citizens; and they demanded that they all be set instantly at liberty, and damages paid them. Mr. Lincoln sent the deputation over to the War Department, and Mr. Stanton, who had returned by this time, sent for me. "All Baltimore is coming here," he said. "Sit down and hear the discussion."

They came in, the bank presidents and boss merchants of Baltimore—there must have been at least $50,000,000 represented in the deputation—and sat down around the fire in the Secretary's office. At once they began to make their speeches, detailing the circumstances and the wickedness of this outrage. There was no ground for it, they said, no justification. After half a dozen of them had spoken, Mr. Stanton asked one after another if he had anything more to say, and they all said no. Then Stanton began, and delivered the most eloquent speech that I ever listened to. He described the beginning of the war, for which he said there was no justification: being beaten in an election was no reason for destroying the Government. Then he went on to the fact that half a million of our young men had been laid in untimely graves by this conspiracy of the slave interest. He outlined the whole conspiracy in the most solemn and impressive terms, and then he depicted the offense that this man Morse, aided by these several merchants, had committed. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you would like to examine the bills of what he was taking to the enemy, here they are."

When he had finished, the gentlemen, without answering a word, got up, and, one by one, went away. That was the only speech I ever listened to that cleared out the entire audience.

## A PLUCKY SPY.*

Early in the winter of 1863–64, a curious thing happened in the secret service of the War Department. Some time in the February or March before, a slender and prepossessing young fellow, between twenty-two and twenty-six, apparently, had applied at the War Department for employment as a spy within the Confederate lines.

The main body of the Army of Northern Virginia was then lying at Gordonsville, and the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac were at Culpeper Court House. General Grant had not yet come from the West to take command of the momentous campaign which finally opened with his movement into the Wilderness on the 4th of May.

The young man who sought this terrible service was well dressed and intelligent, and professed to be animated by motives purely patriotic. He was a clerk in one of the Departments. All that he asked was that he should have a horse, and an order which would carry him safely through the Federal lines; and, in return, he undertook to bring information from General Lee's army and from the government of the Confederacy in Richmond. He understood perfectly well the perilous nature of the enterprise he proposed.

Finding that the applicant bore a good character in the office where he was employed, it was determined to accept his proposal. He was furnished with a horse, an order that would pass him through the Union lines, and, also, I believe, with a moderate sum of money; and then he departed. Two or three weeks later, he reported at the War Department. He had been in Gordonsville and Richmond; had obtained the confidence of the Confederate authorities, and was the bearer of a letter from Mr. Jefferson Davis to Mr. Clement C. Clay, the agent of the Confederate government in Canada, then known to be stationed at St. Catherine's, not far from Niagara Falls. Mr. Clay had as his official associate Jacob Thompson of Mississippi, who had been Secretary of the Interior in the cabinet of President Buchanan, and, like Mr. Clay, had been serving the Confederate government ever since its organization. The letter from Mr. Davis the young man exhibited, but only the outside of the envelope was examined. The address was in the handwriting of the Confederate chief, and the statement of our young adventurer that it was merely a letter of recommendation, advising Messrs. Clay and Thompson that they might repose confidence in the bearer, since he was ardently devoted to the Confederate cause and anxious to serve the great purpose that it had in view, appeared entirely probable; and the young man was allowed to proceed to Niagara Falls and Canada. He made some general report upon the condition of the rebel army at Gordonsville, but it was of no particular value, except that, in its more interesting features, it agreed with our information from other sources.

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* This narrative was first printed in the "North American Review" for August, 1891.

He was not long in returning from St. Catherine's with a despatch which was also allowed to pass unopened, upon his assurance that it contained nothing of importance. In this way he went back and forward from Richmond to St. Catherine's once or twice. We supplied him with money to a limited extent, and also with one or two more horses. He said that he got some money from the Confederates, but had not thought it prudent to accept from them anything more than very small sums, since his professed zeal for the Confederate cause forbade his receiving anything for his traveling expenses beyond what was absolutely necessary.

During the summer of 1864, the activity of Grant's campaign and the fighting which prevailed all along the line somewhat impeded our young man's expeditions, but did not stop them. All his subsequent despatches, however, whether coming from Richmond or from Canada, were regularly brought to the War Department, and were opened, and, in every case, a copy of them was kept. As it was necessary to break the seals and destroy the envelopes in opening them, there was some difficulty in sending them forward in what should appear to be the original wrappers. Coming from Canada, the paper employed was English, and there was a good deal of trouble in procuring paper of the same appearance. I remember also that one important despatch, which was sealed with Mr. Clay's seal, had to be delayed somewhat while we had an imitation seal engraved. But these delays were easily accounted for at Richmond by the pretense that they had been caused by accidents upon the road and by the necessity of avoiding the Federal pickets. At any rate, the confidence of the Confederates in our agent (and theirs) never seemed to be shaken by any of these occurrences.

Finally, our despatch-bearer reported one day at the War Department with a document which, he said, was of extraordinary consequence. It was found to contain an account of a scheme for setting fire to New York and Chicago by means of clock-work machines that were to be placed in several of the large hotels and places of amusement, particularly in Barnum's Museum in New York, and to be set off simultaneously; so that the fire department in each place would be unable to attend to the great number of calls that would be made upon it, on account of these Confederate conflagrations in so many different quarters, and thus these cities might be greatly damaged, or even destroyed.

This despatch was duly sealed up again, and was taken to Richmond, and a confidential officer was at once sent to New York to warn General Dix, who was in command there, of the Confederate project. The general was very unwilling to believe that any such design could be seriously entertained, and Mr. John A. Kennedy, then superintendent of police, was equally incredulous. But the Secretary of War was peremptory in his orders, and when the day of the incendiary attempt arrived, both the military and the police made every preparation to prevent the threatened catastrophe. The officer who went from Washington was lodged in the St. Nicholas Hotel, one of the large establishments that were to be set on fire, and while he was washing his hands in the evening, preparatory to going to dinner, a fire began burning in the room next to his. It was promptly put out, and was found to be caused by a clock-work apparatus which had been left in that room by a lodger who had departed some hours before. Other fires likewise occurred. In every instance these fires were extinguished without much damage and without exciting any considerable public attention, thanks to the precautions that had been taken in consequence of the warning derived from Mr. Clay's despatch to Mr. Benjamin in Richmond. The plan of setting fire to Chicago proved even more abortive; I do not remember that any report of actual burning was received from there.

Later in the fall, after the military operations had substantially terminated for the season, a despatch was brought from Canada, signed by Mr. Clay, and addressed to Mr. Benjamin, as Secretary of State in the Confederate government, conveying the information that a new and really formidable military expedition against northern Vermont, particularly against Burlington, if I am not mistaken, had been organized and fitted out in Canada, and would make its attack as soon as practicable. This was after the well-known attempt upon St. Albans and Lake Champlain, October 19, 1864, and promised to be much more injurious. The despatch reached Washington one Sunday morning, and was brought to the War Department as usual. But its importance in the eyes of the Confederate agents had led to its being prepared for transportation with uncommon care. It was placed between two thicknesses of the pair of reinforced cavalry trousers which the messenger wore, and sewed up, so that when he was mounted it was held between his thigh and the saddle.

Having been carefully ripped out and opened, the despatch was immediately carried to Mr. Stanton, who was confined to his house by a cold. He read it. "This is serious," he said. "Go over to the White House, and ask the President to come here."

Mr. Lincoln was found dressing to go to church, and he was soon driven to Mr. Stanton's house. After discussing the subject in every aspect, and considering thoroughly the probability that to keep the despatch would put an end to communications by this channel, they determined that it must be kept. The conclusive reason for this step was that it established, beyond question, the fact that the Confederates, while sheltering themselves behind the British government in Canada, had organized and fitted out a military expedition against the United States. But while the despatch afforded evidence that could not be gainsaid, the mere possession of it was not sufficient. It must be found in the possession of the Confederate despatch-bearer, and the circumstances attending its capture must be established in such a manner that the British Foreign Office would not be able to dispute the genuineness of the document. "We must have this paper for Seward," said Mr. Lincoln. "As for the young man, get him out of the scrape, if you can."

Accordingly, the paper was taken back to the War Department, and sewed up again in the trousers whence it had been taken three hours before. The bearer was instructed to start at dusk on the road which he usually took in passing through the lines; to be at a certain tavern outside of Alexandria at nine o'clock in the evening; and to stop there to water his horse. Then information was sent through Major-General Augur, commandant of Washington and the surrounding region, to Colonel Henry H. Wells, then Provost Marshal General of the Defenses South of the Potomac, stationed at Alexandria, directing him to be at this tavern at nine o'clock in the evening and arrest a Confederate despatch-bearer, concerning whom authentic information had been received at the War Department and whose description was furnished for his (Wells's) guidance. He was to do the messenger no injury, but was to make sure of his person and of all papers that he might have upon him, and to bring him under a sufficient guard directly to the War Department. And General Augur was directed to be present there, in order to assist in the examination of the prisoner and so be in a position to afterwards verify any despatches that might be found.

Accordingly, just before midnight, a carriage drove up to the door of the War Department with a soldier on the box and two soldiers on the front seat within, while the back seat was occupied by Colonel Wells and the prisoner. Of course, no one but the two or three who had been in the secret was aware that this gentleman had walked quietly out of the War Department only a few hours previously, and that the paper which was the cause of the entire ceremony had been sewed up in his clothes just before his departure. Colonel Wells reported that, while the prisoner had offered no resistance, he was very violent and outrageous in his language, and that he boasted fiercely of his devotion to the Confederacy and his detestation of the Union. During the examination which now followed, he said nothing except in answer to a few questions, but his bearing—patient, scornful, undaunted—was that of an incomparable actor. If Mr. Clay and Mr. Benjamin had been present, they would have been more than ever certain that he was one of their noblest young men. His hat, boots, and other articles of his clothing were taken off one by one. The hat and boots were first searched, and finally the despatch was found in his trousers and taken out. Its nature and the method of its capture were stated in a memorandum, which was drawn up on the spot and signed by General Augur and Colonel Wells, and one or two other officers who were there for the purpose; and then the despatch-bearer himself was sent off to the Old Capitol Prison.

The despatch, with the documents of verification, was handed over to Mr. Seward for use in London, and a day or two afterward the warden of the Old Capitol Prison was directed to give the despatch-bearer an opportunity of escaping, with a proper show of attempt at prevention. One afternoon he walked into my office. "Ah," said I, "you have run away!"

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"Did they shoot at you?"

"They did, and didn't hit me; but I didn't think that would answer the purpose. So I shot myself through the arm."

He showed me the wound. It was through the fleshy part of the forearm, and due care had been taken not to break any bones. A more deliberate and less dangerous wound could not be; and yet it did not look trivial.

He was ordered to get away for Canada as promptly as possible, so that he might explain the loss of his despatch before it should become known there by any other means. An advertisement, offering $2,000 for his recapture, was at once inserted in the New York "Herald," the Pittsburg "Journal," and the Chicago "Tribune." No one ever appeared to claim the reward; but in about a week the escaped prisoner returned from Canada with new despatches that had been intrusted to him. They contained nothing of importance, however. The wound in his arm had borne testimony in his favor, and the fact that he had hurried through to St. Catherine's without having it dressed was thought to afford conclusive evidence of his fidelity to the Confederate cause.

The war was ended soon after this adventure, and, as his services had been of very great value, a new place, with the assurance of lasting employment, was found for the young man in one of the bureaus of the War Department. He did not remain there very long, however, and I don't know what became of him. He was one of the cleverest creatures I ever saw. His style of patriotic lying was sublime; it amounted to genius.

### A VISIT TO SHERIDAN.

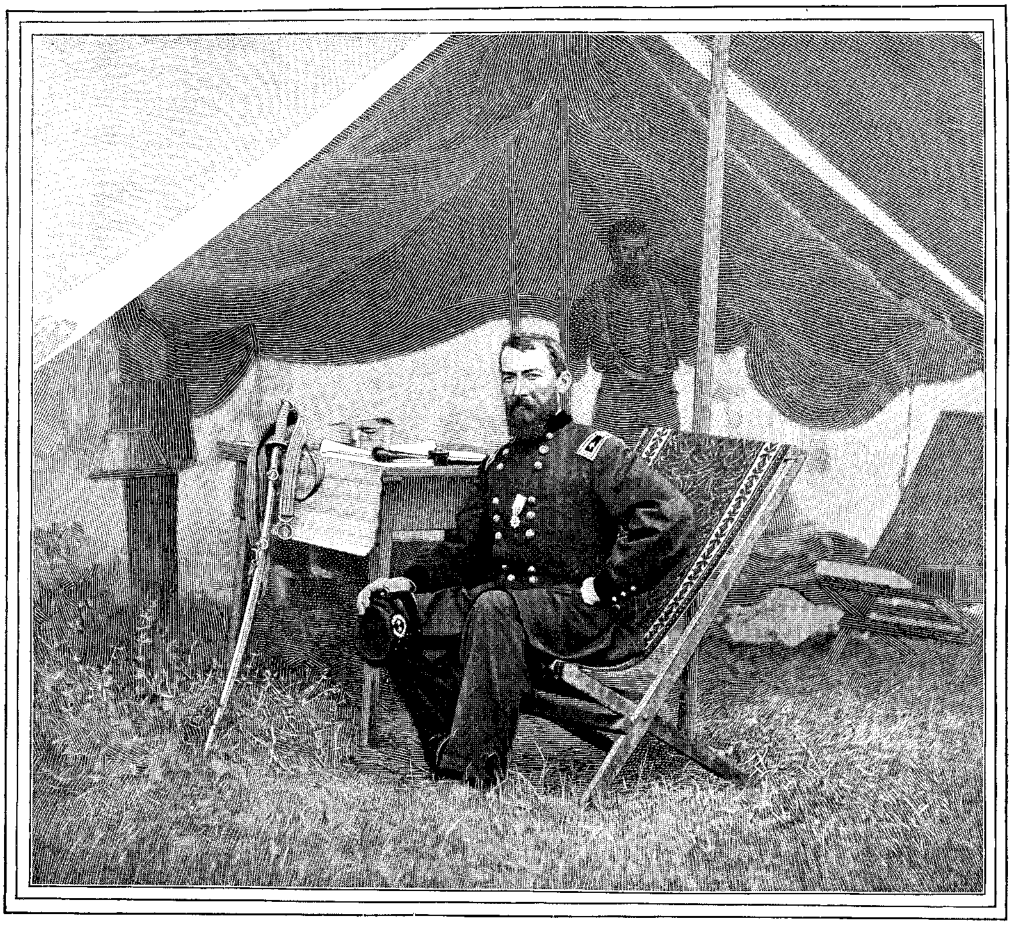
In October, 1864, just after the arrest of the Baltimore merchants, I visited Sheridan at his headquarters in the Shenandoah Valley. He had finished the work of clearing out the valley by the battle of Cedar Creek on October 19th, and the Government wanted to recognize the victory by promoting him to the rank of major-general in the regular army. There were numerous volunteer officers who were also officers in the regular army, and it was regarded as a considerable distinction. The appointment was made, and then, as an additional compliment to General Sheridan, instead of sending him the commission by an ordinary officer from the Department, Mr. Stanton decided that I would better deliver it. I started on October 22d, going by special train to Harper's Ferry, whither I had telegraphed for an escort to be ready for me. I was delayed, so that I did not get away from Harper's Ferry until about five o'clock on the morning of October 23d. It was a distance of about fifty miles to Sheridan, and, by riding all day, I got there about eleven o'clock at night. Sheridan had gone to bed; but, in time of war, one never delays in carrying out orders, whatever their nature. The General was awakened, and soon was out of his tent, and there, by the flare of an army torch, and in the presence of a few sleepy aides-de-camp and of my own tired escort, I presented Sheridan his commission as a major-general in the regular army. He did not say much, nor could he have been expected to under the circumstances, though he showed lively satisfaction in the Government's appreciation of his services, and spoke most heartily, I recall, of the manner in which the Administration had always supported him.

The next morning after this little ceremony, the General asked me if I would not like to ride through the army with him. It was exactly what I did want to do, and we were soon on horseback and off. We rode through the entire army that morning, dismounting now and then to give me an opportunity to pay my respects to officers whom I knew. I was struck, in riding the lines, by the universal demonstration of affection for Sheridan. Everybody seemed to be personally attached to him. He was like the most popular man after an election—the whole force everywhere honored him. Finally I said to the General: "I wish you would explain one thing to me. Here I find all these people, of every rank—generals, sergeants, corporals, and private soldiers, in fact, everybody—manifesting a personal affection for you that I have never seen in any other army, not even in the Army of the Tennessee for Grant. I have never seen anything like it. Tell me what is the reason?"

"Mr. Dana," he said, "I long ago made up my mind that it was not a good plan to fight battles with paper orders; that is, for the commander to stand on a hill in the rear and send his aides-de-camp with written orders to the different commanders. My practice has always been to fight in the front rank."

"But, General," I said, "that is dangerous; in the front rank a man is much more liable to be killed than he is in the rear."

"Well," said he, "I know that there is a certain risk in it; but, in my judgment, the advantage is much greater than the risk, and I have come to the conclusion that this is the right thing to do. That is the reason the men like me. They know that when the



GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN, COMMANDER OF THE CAVALRY CORPS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AND COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH. BORN, 1831; DIED, 1888.

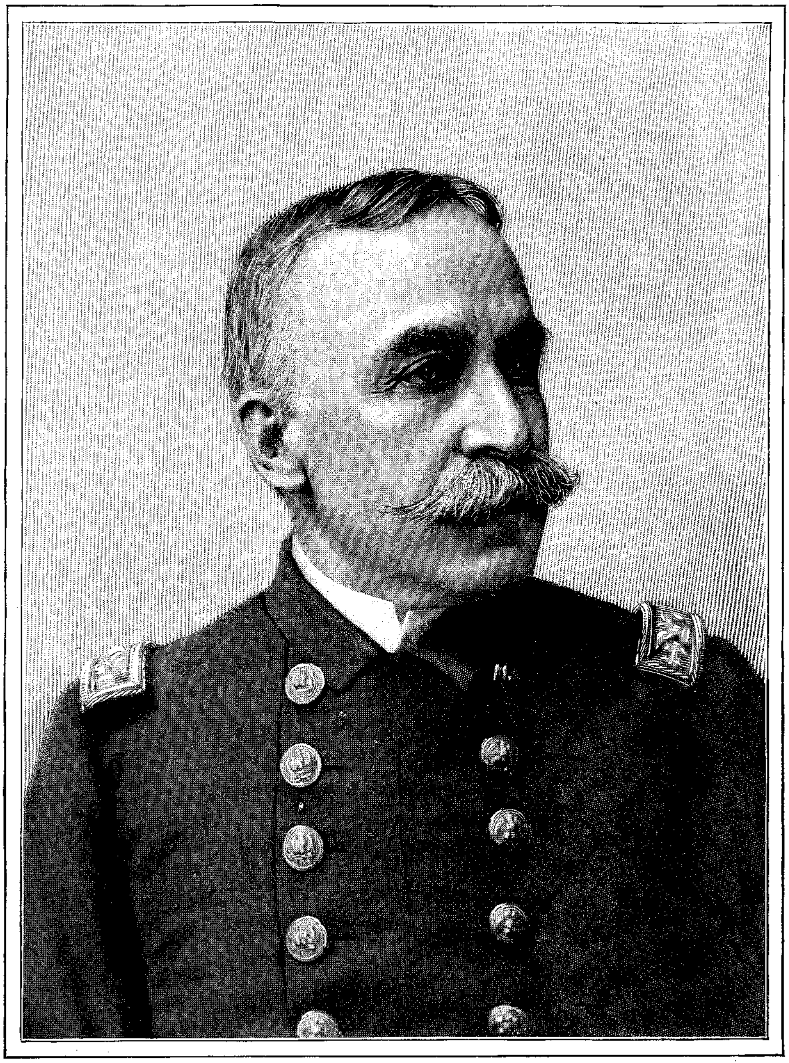
hard pinch comes I am exposed just as much as any of them."

"But are you never afraid?" I asked.

"If I was I should not be ashamed of it," he said. "If I should follow my natural impulse, I should run away—always, at the beginning of the danger: the men who say they are never afraid in a battle do not tell the truth."

I talked a great deal with Sheridan and his officers, while at Cedar Creek, on the condition of the valley, and what should be done to hold it. The active campaign seemed to be over in that region for the year. The enemy was so decidedly beaten and scattered, and driven so far to the south, that he could scarcely be expected to collect his forces for another immediate attempt. Besides, the devastation of the valley, extending, as it did, for a distance of about 100 miles, rendered it almost impossible that either the Confederates or our own forces should make a new campaign in that territory. It looked to me as if, when Sheridan had completed the same process down the valley to the vicinity of the Potomac, and when the stores of forage which were yet to be found were all destroyed or removed, the difficulty of any new offensive operations on either side would be greatly increased.

The key to the Shenandoah Valley was, in Sheridan's judgment, the line of the Opequan Creek, which was rather a deep cañon than an ordinary water-course. Sheridan's idea I understood to be to fall back to the proper defensive point upon that creek, and there to construct fortifications which would effectually cover the approach to the Potomac.

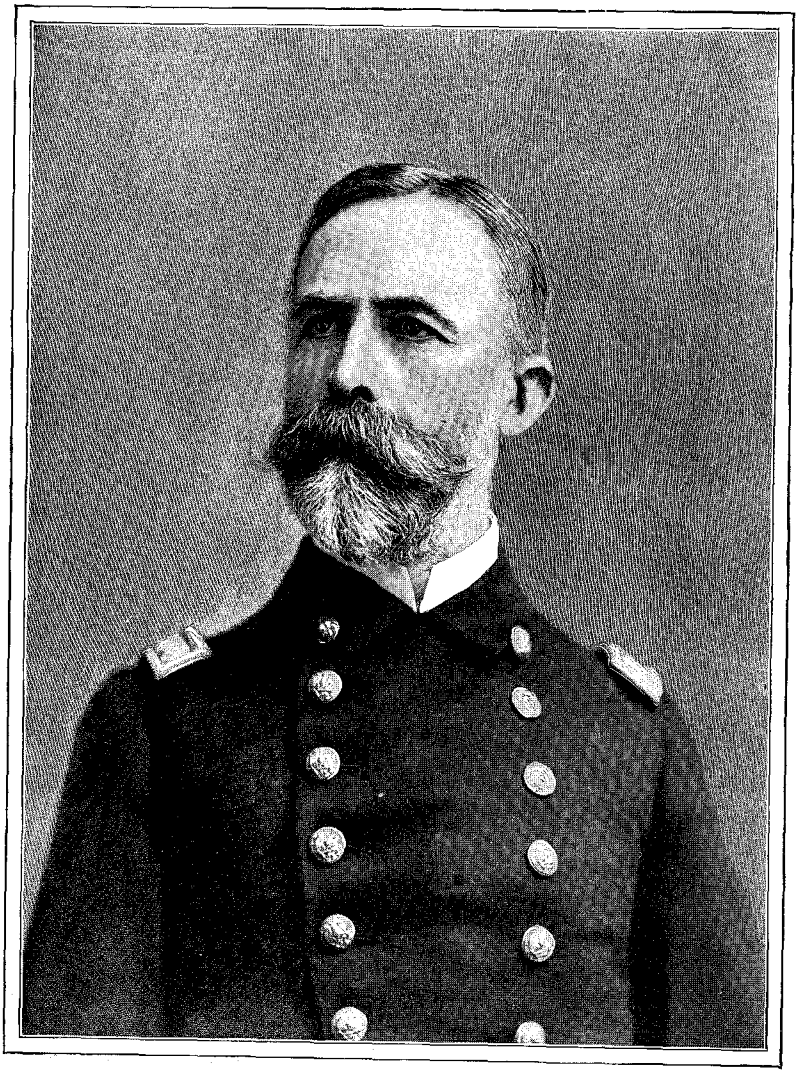


ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, WHO DEFEATED THE SPANISH AT MANILA.

# STORIES OF THE FIGHTING LEADERS.

By L. A. Coolidge.

FINENESS of grain is the distinctive quality of the American naval officer. He is brave as a matter of course, and his intrepidity is supplemented with quiet determination, unostentatious readiness for emergency, alertness and incisiveness of mind. He not only has the fighting strain that has been carried in the blood from the days of Paul Jones and Decatur and Hull, but he fills the definition of a gentleman given by Oliver Wendell Holmes the younger: "One who is willing to die for little things." Commander Craven, who went down to his death with his ship "Tecumseh" in the battle of Mobile Bay, was a prototype of the American naval officer of to-day. The monitor was sinking beneath him when he and the pilot, John Collins, met at the foot of the ladder leading to the turret. Both men hesitated, and Craven stepped back politely. "After you, pilot," he said. Collins mounted the ladder and was saved; there

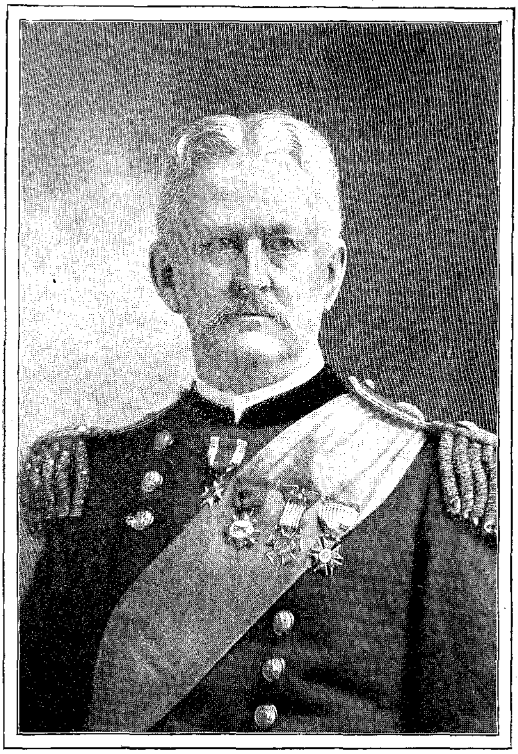


ADMIRAL SAMPSON, COMMANDER OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON.

was nothing after him but the bubbling water of the bay. When Dewey entered Manila harbor in the quiet of night, indifferent to Spanish mines, he was following out the lesson taught by Farragut, who exclaimed profanely, "Damn the torpedoes!" as he led his double column of ships between the forts. The American officer follows the teaching of experience up to the point where further following might tempt to hesitation, and then he brushes precedent aside.

### PERSONAL TRAITS OF DEWEY.

Admiral George Dewey is a good type of the naval officer of to-day. For over thirty years he has been faithfully performing the tasks allotted to his varying ranks, and doubtless he had little thought, as the time of his retirement approached, that he was destined to perform a feat which would distinguish him above his fellows; but he was ready when the moment came. In person Dewey is not the naval hero of popular imagination. He is slight, of medium height, with finely chiseled face, and hair sprinkled with gray, while his firmly set lips and clear eye would mark him as a gentleman and a man of the world. While in service at Washington he was a clubman and fond of society, one of those who rarely appeared after dinner except in evening dress: just the kind of a fellow, in short, that the Populist agitator has in mind when he inveighs against the "dudes" of the navy who are pensioned on the government and haunt the drawing-



GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, COMMANDER OF THE INFANTRY FORCES SENT TO MANILA.

rooms of the capital. He is quiet in manner, sparing and incisive in speech, courteous in bearing, and decisive in action. In all these qualities he does not differ greatly from other naval officers who have been trained in the same school. He was just beginning his naval career at the outbreak of the Civil War, and he then saw service which was the best of training for that which he has now rendered his country. At the time of the capture of New Orleans he was a lieutenant on the old "Mississippi," which had served on stations all over the globe, bore Perry's pennant at the opening of Japan to the world, and was enshrined in the affection of many an officer who had sailed her. The "Mississippi" was under the command of Captain Melancthon Smith. In the battle at New Orleans she sent to the bottom the Confederate ram "Manassas," only to meet her own fate a little later. While trying to run the batteries of Port Hudson, March 21, 1863, she ran aground. The enemy had her in range, and poured shell after shell into her hull, until her commander, seeing that she could not be saved, ordered her fired. Captain Smith and his chief subordinate, Lieutenant Dewey, conducted themselves with fine courage throughout, and they were the last to leave the ship. "It is in such trying moments," said Admiral Porter, in commenting on this incident in his official report, "that men show of what metal they are made, and in this instance the metal was of the best."

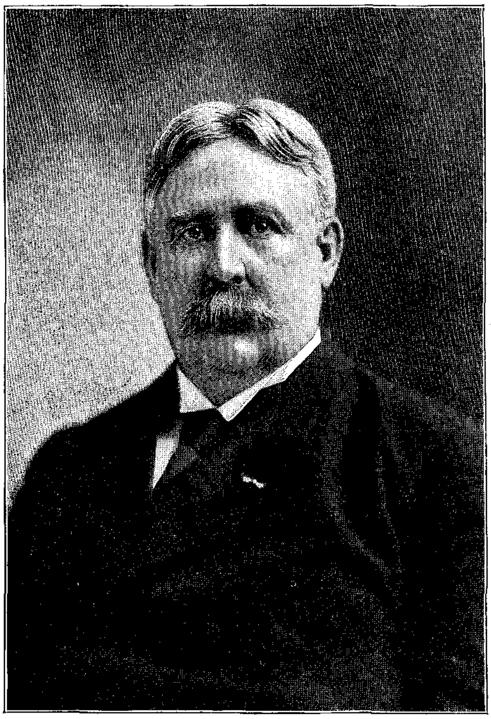
Had Dewey been in the army, he would probably have been an engineer, for his is of the order of mind adapted to the engineering corps. The same is true of acting Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson, in command of the North Atlantic Squadron. Both Dewey and Sampson are officers who know every detail of the ships under their command and who are masters of the mechanical problems which play so large a part in modern naval warfare. The confidence reposed in Sampson by his fellows in the service was shown in the approval which greeted his detail as flag officer of the North Atlantic Squadron, although by that detail he was preferred to men who were his superiors in actual rank.

COMMODORE W. S. SCHLEY, COMMANDER OF THE FLYING SQUADRON.

He was graduated from the Naval Academy at the beginning of the Civil War, and was a lieutenant when peace was declared.

### SAMPSON ON THE SINKING "PATAPSCO."

There were few of the younger officers in the navy who had so good a record, and one incident of his service reflects unbounded credit on his coolness and nerve. He was the senior officer on the monitor "Patapsco," under command of Lieutenant-Commander S. P. Quackenbush, January 15, 1865, when the "Patapsco" was blown up in Charleston harbor by a torpedo and sank in fifteen seconds. On the evening of the 15th the "Patapsco" and the "Lehigh" were sent up the channel to drag for torpedoes, and, if possible, to learn the nature and positions of any obstructions placed in the channel by the Confederates. Sampson was on top of the turret, and the "Patapsco" was drifting slowly up the harbor, when the explosion came. "My first impression, on hearing the report," he said in his official report, "was that a shot had struck the overhang just below the water; but the column of smoke and water which immediately shot upward convinced me of the real nature of the explosion. The order to start the pumps was immediately given by you down through the turret. So impracticable did the execution of the order appear the next instant, that I did not repeat it. You immediately afterwards gave the order to man the boats. Although these orders were given in rapid succession, only the officer of the deck, who stepped from the turret into the boat, and one man had time to obey the last order before the boat was afloat at the davits. Owing to the wise precaution of having the picket boats near at hand, all those who were on deck at the time were saved. None escaped from below, except the engineer and firemen on watch, and one man who passed through from the berth-deck into the fire-room and up the hatch. . . . From my position on the ridge rope round the turret, while conning the vessel, I was not able to avail myself of your order to man the boats. I was soon picked up by one of the picket launches, and immediately ordered the officer in command to pull up the harbor in the hope of picking up others." In his report to the Secretary of the Navy, the commanding officer said, "The cool intrepidity displayed by Lieutenant Sampson, my executive officer, deserves the highest praise."



MAJOR-GENERAL W. R. SHAFTER.

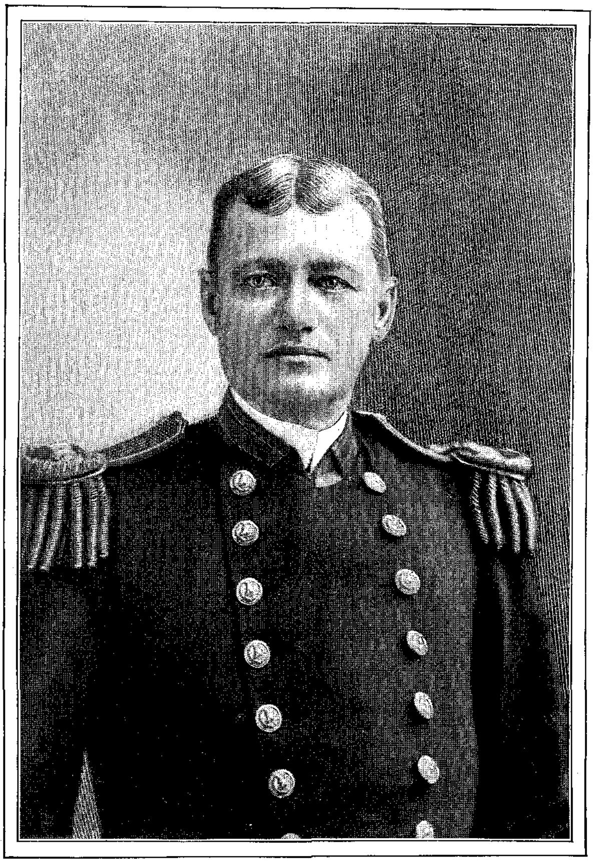
Sampson is known throughout the service for just such qualities as he displayed aboard the "Patapsco." He is not an affable man; but he is always the gentleman, and he is as unassuming as he is sagacious and brave. The chiefs of bureaus in the Navy Department are entitled by courtesy to the rank of commodore, but Sampson never availed himself of the privilege. When he was at the head of the Bureau of Ordnance, strangers entering his office would frequently address him as "Commodore." "Captain, if you please," was his invariable response, spoken modestly and simply. He never cared for honors which he had not fairly won.

Commodore Winfield Scott Schley, commanding the Flying Squadron, has shown his bravery and his indomitable pluck in times of peace as well as war. He was born in Maryland, and when the Civil War broke out had just been graduated from the Naval Academy. Throughout the war he was actively in service, engaged in numerous encounters and skirmishes, in all of which he acquitted himself like a genuine fighting American seaman. He is one of the few officers of the navy who saw actual service during the long period of peace between Appomattox and the outbreak of the war with Spain.

### SCHLEY IN THE ATTACK ON THE KOREANS.

In 1871, while a lieutenant-commander on the United States ship "Benicia," on the Asiatic station, he took part in an attack on the forces defending the fort on the Salee River in Korea, wherein the Koreans were taught a lesson in regard to the power of the United States that they have not forgotten. Schley's services in rescuing the survivors of Greely's Arctic expedition in 1884 are a matter of history. He was chosen for the work because his fearlessness, self-possession, and determination were recognized as just the qualities required for the emergency. He left his desk in the Department at Washington on a day's notice, set out with the expedition, sailed straight to the Polar regions, and arrived at Cape Sabine in the nick of time. Had he tarried twenty-four hours on the way, he would have been too late; for Lieutenant Greely and his six companions were at the point of death from starvation and cold. He was in command of the "Baltimore" in the harbor of Valparaiso in October, 1891, when the sailors of his ship were set on by a Chilean mob ashore; one Yankee blue-jacket was killed, and five others were badly hurt. Throughout the trying times which followed, Schley carried himself with a dignity and courage that commanded the admiration of the country.

There is another officer of the navy who showed at Valparaiso the stuff of which American seamen are made. "Fighting Bob" Evans, or Captain Robley D. Evans, as he is described in the official record, was in command of the "Yorktown," which relieved the "Baltimore" two months after the assault upon the "Baltimore's" men. On January 8, 1892, while Evans was ashore, his gig, which was waiting for him off the landing-place, was stoned by a Chilean crowd. Evans called immediately upon the senior Chilean officer of the port, requested him to notify the police authorities of Valparaiso that he demanded their efficient protection, and that if the offense was repeated he would take the matter in his own hands and protect his men with arms. This is the phrasing of the official report. The language which Evans actually used is said to have been far more picturesque and emphatic. Within a few hours assurances were received that the guilty would be punished and that protection would be given.



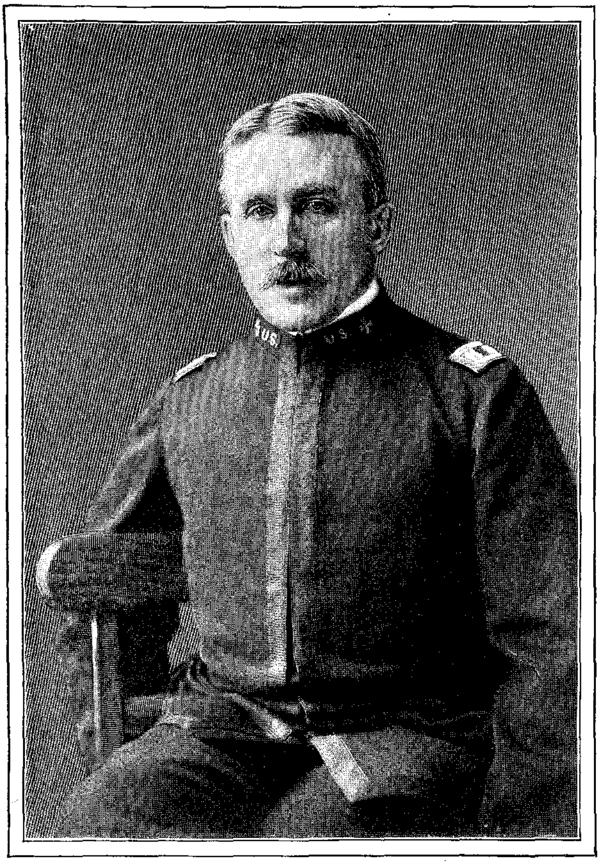
CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS, COMMANDER OF THE "IOWA."

Evans was a boy at the Naval Academy when the Civil War broke out, but he saw service of which he still bears the scars. In the assault on Fort Fisher, he landed with a force of seamen and marines, and in a desperate charge he was wounded twice by rifle shots. His leg was shattered. Before it was fairly healed, he was eager to get back into the service. His commanding officer advised him to take sick leave and go home. But Evans spurned the suggestion; he said he could get along in some way and he intended to. He went back into the service, learned to hobble along with his broken leg, and has been limping ever since upon a twisted limb.

When Sigsbee, calm and intrepid, viewing the wreck of the "Maine," sent word to his countrymen that public opinion should be suspended, he showed the world the quality of the officers of the American navy in a way which history will not forget. But the unflinching self-possession and readiness for emergency which he then displayed had stood him in stead once before, at a time when publicity did not spread his deed so far abroad. In the summer of 1897, soon after he had been assigned to command the "Maine," there was an incident in New York harbor that showed the stuff of which he was made. While steaming up North River, following his prescribed course, he saw just ahead a big excursion steamer, steering out of course and bearing down upon him. He signaled quickly for the excursion boat to get out of the way, but no attention was paid to his signals. A minute more, and the "Maine" would run her down, with the certain loss of scores of lives. Sigsbee had only a second in which to act; he turned the prow of the "Maine" in shore, and she went crashing into the wharf. The wharf was wrecked, and the "Maine" damaged, but no lives were lost. Sigsbee was commended by the Department. After all was over, a friend asked him what passed through his mind as he headed toward the wharf. "I thought," said Sigsbee, "that my naval career was ended."

CAPTAIN CHARLES D. SIGSBEE, COMMANDER OF THE "MAINE" AT THE TIME SHE WAS DESTROYED.

Such are the men who command our ships at sea; and like them are the men who wage our wars on land. Carlyle described Napoleon as "a little fellow five feet two, with banged hair." Major-General Joseph Wheeler answers to this description in part. He is a little fellow, about five feet two, but his gray hair and beard are picturesquely ragged. Wheeler is nearly sixty-two years old, but he is remarkably active; he never rests. Somebody remarked to Speaker Reed that Wheeler was about the only one left of the old-time Southern commanders. "Yes," responded Reed, "he never stays still in one place long enough for the Almighty to put his finger on him." In manner Wheeler is one of the mildest and gentlest of men. He speaks with a soft Southern voice, and he is so uniformly courteous as to convey an impression of self-depreciation. He is kindly and self-sacrificing, and has been known to take infinite pains to oblige those who could in no way return his kindness. It is hard to imagine him as any other than a man of peace, and yet he was one of the most daring cavalry leaders developed by the war between the States. It used to be said of him that he was always at the point where he was needed ten minutes before anybody else had time to think about it. He served all through the war on the Confederate side, and every Union officer who served against him says that Wheeler had a marvelous facility in worrying an enemy. He had served seven terms in Congress and was entering on his eighth when the war with Spain broke out; he was almost the first to offer his services to the government which he had once tried so hard to destroy. It was General Sherman who said that if there were to be another war he would pick Forrest



DR. LEONARD WOOD, COLONEL OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.

and "Joe" Wheeler first to fight on his side.

Major-General Wesley Merritt was graduated at West Point a year later than Wheeler. He served with great distinction through the Civil War, and in Indian warfare later he played a brilliant part. It has been said of Merritt that he could easily accomplish that which Wheeler ardently desired, and this expresses well the difference between the temperaments of the two men. ·Merritt had his early training with Philip St. George Cooke, the originator of the American cavalry service as it stands to-day, and he was a corps commander before he was twenty-seven. He is the ideal soldier—aggressive yet conservative, far-seeing, thoroughly grounded in the principles of his profession, of great energy and working powers. He was with Custer under Sheridan in the Shenandoah, but he was the antipodes of Custer at almost every point. Custer was dashing and spectacular, a great taker of chances. Merritt figured his campaign out cautiously and thoroughly, and then struck swiftly; he never wasted time. He excelled particularly in bringing about quiet and effective movements; he was a master of that discipline which has been defined as the "orderly occurrence of military events"; he was noted for the ease with which he handled a command without fretting his men or worrying his animals. With Merritt it has been said that marching is a classic. The confidence that he inspires in those under him is superb.

I pass over Major-General Fitzhugh Lee: his distinguished service as Consul General at Havana is the most familiar of recent history. Major-General James H. Wilson is a West Point graduate who served with fine success throughout the Civil War, and then left the army to win equal success in the pursuits of peace. He was close to Grant all through the war, first as an engineer officer in Western campaigns, and later as a cavalry leader when Grant came East. Wilson has the reputation of having been one of the best officers who served in the Union armies; Grant looked upon him as one of his strongest supports.

One cannot find an army officer who will not express the highest confidence in "Bull" Shafter, which is the name by which Major-General William R. Shafter goes in the service. Shafter went into the Civil War at the head of a fighting Michigan regiment, and he fought with the tenacity of a bulldog till peace was won. He was at the siege of Yorktown, at the action of West Point, and at the battles of Fair Oaks, Savage Station, Glendale, and Malvern Hill. He is noted for his hard-headedness and for his strong good sense. His power of will is inexhaustible, and he is specially fitted to cope with situations in which emergencies may be expected suddenly to arise.

Major-General James F. Wade is the son of Senator "Ben" Wade of Ohio, and he was appointed a lieutenant from civil life at the beginning of the war in 1861. He did good service at the battle of Beverly Ford and in the action at Marion in 1864, and he is regarded as one of the most sensible and level-headed officers in the army.

Major-General John R. Brooke fought through the war at the head of a Pennsylvania regiment, and has been one of the strong men in the regular army ever since. At Gettysburg he was the mark for three bullets—one gashed his forehead, another pierced his arm, and a third glanced from his side; but he fought on, none the less, and led his regiment gamely, with head and arm done up in bandages. At Cold Harbor, during an assault on the enemy's works at daybreak, Brooke's command penetrated the works, and he was again wounded. This time the wound was so severe that he was compelled to take leave of absence for three months.

When Theodore Roosevelt announced his intention of resigning his enviable position as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in order to serve his country in the field, his friends gathered around him and begged him to remain. They told him he was wrecking his career; but Roosevelt would listen to nobody. "I should be false to my ideals," he said, "if I were to remain here while fighting was going on, and I am willing to take the chance." The President offered to make him a colonel of cavalry, but Roosevelt declined the commission. "I am not fitted to command a regiment," he said, "for I have had no military training. Later, after I have gained experience, perhaps that may come; but all I ask now is to be permitted to serve under somebody else. If you will make my friend Dr. Wood a colonel, I will go with him as lieutenant-colonel." The President accepted the suggestion.

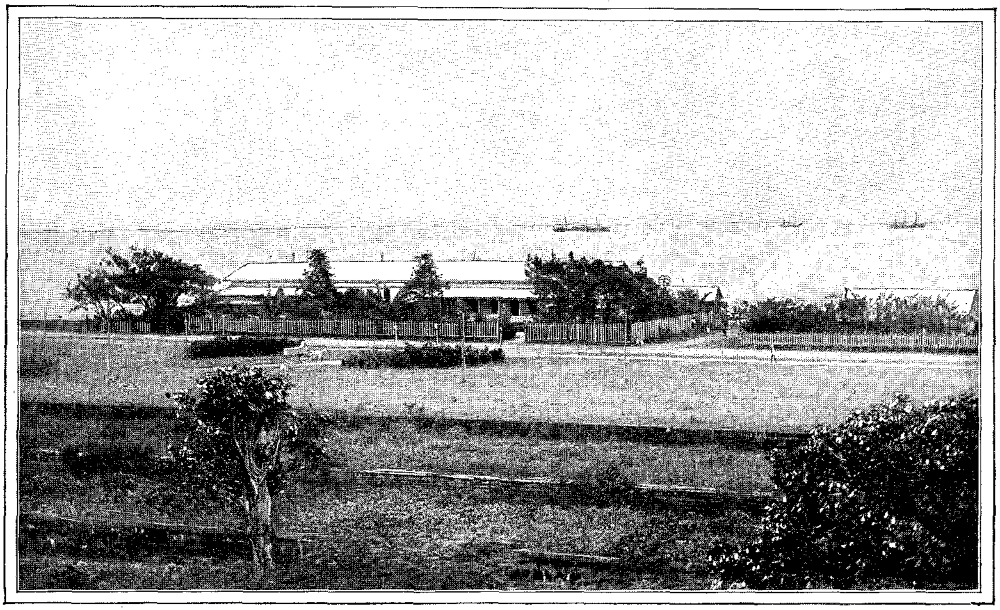
THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN CAMPAIGN UNIFORM.

From a copyrighted photograph by Miss F. B. Johnston.

Leonard Wood, who was thus placed in command of the regiment of rough riders, was an assistant surgeon in the army. He had been with the army on the plains, and General Miles had brought him to Washington as his attendant physician. He was not long ago detailed as physician at the White House; but while surgery was his profession, fighting was his bent. Wood has the instincts and the bearing of a soldier; he is of New England birth, a graduate of the Harvard Medical School, and he is as fine a specimen of the gritty Anglo-Saxon as can be found. He has a record of which any soldier might be proud, and he wears a medal of honor which testifies to his gallant conduct.

At the head of an army thus splendidly officered is Major-General Nelson A. Miles, the ideal soldier in personal presence and a man who has shown extraordinary ability to meet emergencies. He resigned a mercantile position and entered the Civil War as a lieutenant of volunteers when he was barely twenty-two. Within seven or eight months he had risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and within a year to that of colonel. He fought in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, except one, up to the surrender of Lee, and he was wounded three times. He was finally brevetted major-general of volunteers for distinguished service and gallantry, particularly in the battle of Ream's Station. He entered the regular army at the conclusion of the war as colonel of the 40th infantry, and then followed his brilliant achievements as an Indian fighter. In this most baffling kind of warfare he displayed great resourcefulness and versatility. He has always been especially strong in devising quick and effective plans, and he has been exceptionally successful in his movements.

THE MALECON PROMENADE ALONG MANILA BAY, WITH THE LOW STRIP OF LAND ON WHICH CAVITÉ IS LOCATED IN THE MIDDLE BACKGROUND. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN FROM CENTRAL BATTERY, ON THE WALLS OF OLD MANILA. THE NAVAL FIGHT TOOK PLACE DIRECTLY BEHIND THE SHIPS SEEN AT ANCHOR.



# AN AMERICAN IN MANILA.

BY JOSEPH EARLE STEVENS.

Illustrated from unpublished photographs taken by a Spanish engineer.

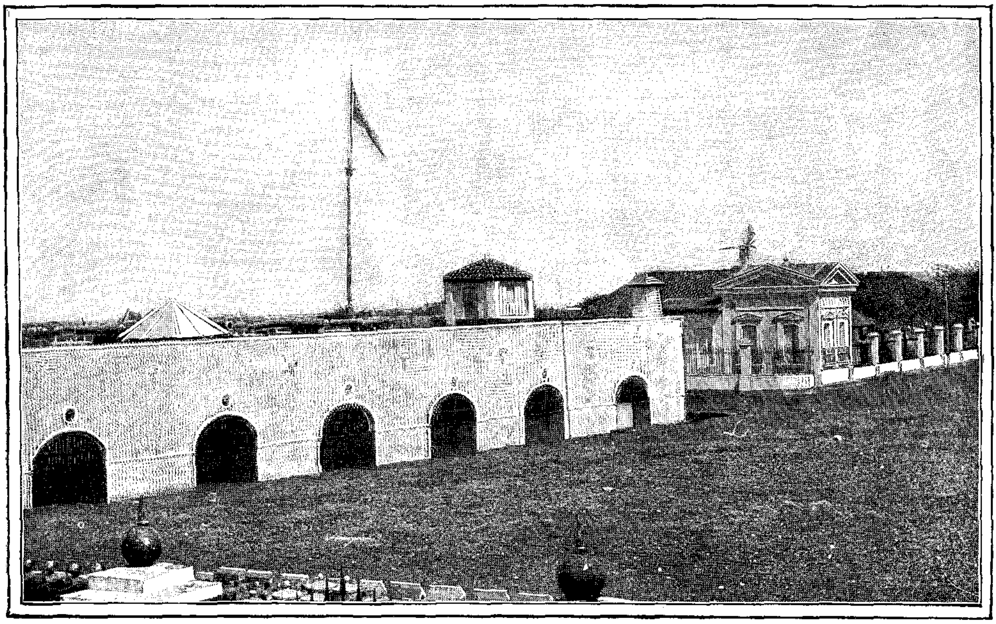
BY the great victory of our fleet in Manila Bay, another of the world's side-tracked capitals has been pulled out from obscurity into main lines of prominence. Take the steamship "China" some afternoon at San Francisco, and in twenty-five days after she has passed the Golden Gate she will have dropped anchor in Hong Kong, with but two stops on the way, Honolulu and Yokohama. Thence the "Esmeralda," 950 tons, Captain Tayler, makes the 700-mile run, to the southeast, across the China Sea, in sixty hours. In the early morning of the third day out from Hong Kong, the mountains on Luzon—largest and most northern island of the group—appear blue and dim off the port bow, and in a few hours the "Esmeralda" steams in through the "Boca chica," or narrow mouth of the great circular bay on whose opposite perimeter squats Manila. I say "squats;" for although the Philippines are mountainous, and although the entrance into the bay is made between flanking chains of low mountains that start upward from the water's edge, Manila itself is on the low alluvial plains which form a sort of huge door-mat to the main backbone range of Luzon Island, that runs up and down the eastern coast along the Pacific Ocean.

It is twenty-seven miles across the bay, and it looks as if the blue mountains in the background formed the opposite shore. But as the "Esmeralda" comes in toward the anchorage, the front row of houses and walls in Manila slowly rise out of the water which they seem to be hugging closely. Off to the right, on the south shore of the bay, is the low and almost invisible sand spit on which, in the haze, sprawls Cavité, while directly in front are a dozen hemp and sugar vessels lying at anchor some four miles off the sea-wall. Behind lies the city, like a white chalk line on the low shore, and some of its domes are faintly silhouetted against the mountains fifteen miles inland. The "Esmeralda" doesn't draw more than fifteen feet, so she pokes in through the shipping, enters the narrow Pasig River, which slouches down from somewhere up country, dividing Manila in two, and ties up at the quay just beneath that grim old fort now known as the Black Hole.

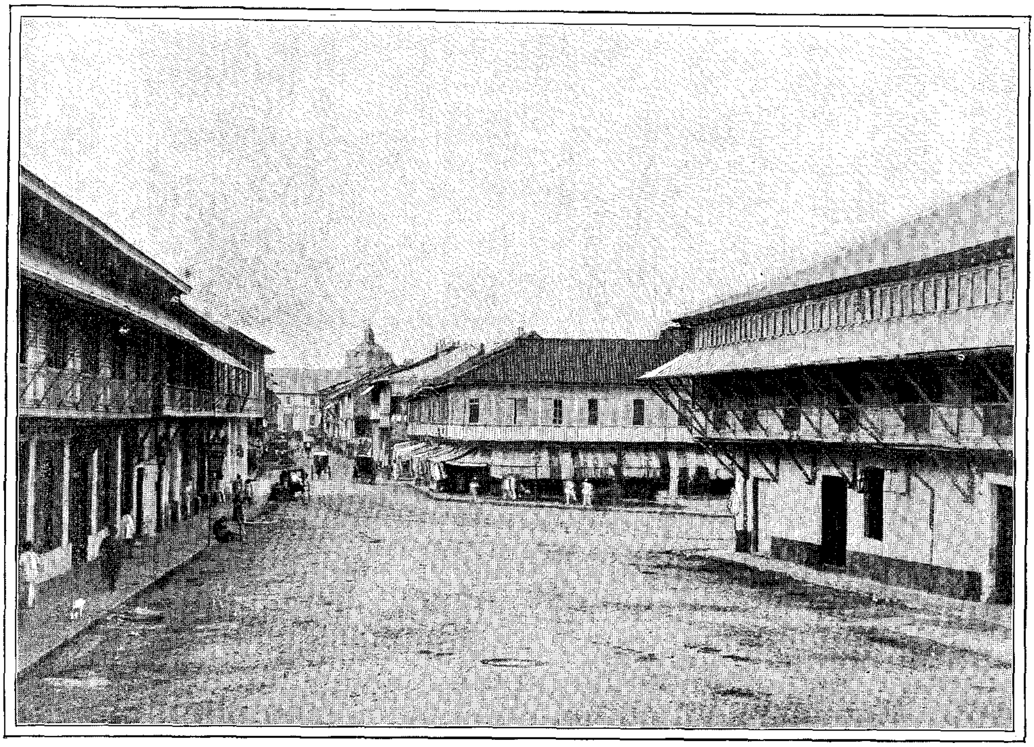
It is stifling at the custom house, and, with the proper mixture, you could fry griddle cakes on the steaming sheet-iron roofs that sizzle in the sun. Shaggy goats are nosing around for lumps of wet sugar dropped from sacks that are being unloaded from some provincial steamer, and big carabou, or water oxen, attached to two-wheeled dray carts, are gasping for water in the vertical sun. The officials look cool enough in bent-wood rocking-chairs, but they make you boil within as their orderlies upset your trunk in the search for contraband Mexican dollars. And for many years that custom house has brought to a boil the anger of the foreign business houses. For whether its officials have extracted champagne from cases imported, and emptied many good bottles in the effort to make sure the liquid was not cologne, or have fined ship captains one hundred dollars for every piece of their cargo exceeding or falling short of the amount called for by the manifest, it has long been the foe to all business enterprise.

From the customs you get into a noisy carriage built for a much lower studded person than yourself, and behind two lean little ponies rattle up to the English Club, just as most of its members are sitting down to the noon tiffin or hearty breakfast. Conversation stops, and you dodge the swinging punkah, to hear, in stage whispers, some one asking, "Who's the new man?" For the first few days nobody lets you pay for anything; but after the colony have found out what in the dickens you have come to Manila for, they take you more for granted. After that, if you want to be invited out to dine with the gentler element, you must call on the half-dozen ladies of the settlement, and if they ever want to see your face again, they must ask you to dinner within a fortnight.

Left to your own resources, you order eighteen white cloth suits, for two dollars apiece, at the tailor's, and make arrangements to carry enough coin for car fares. No one carries more—for those white suits aren't built that way. Since the currency is all heavy metal, the "chit" system is in full force; and go where you like, buy what you will, the dealer wants nothing in payment but a signed I.O.U. When the new month comes in, all the collectors come in with it, bringing you your "chits," as they are called. At such times the office is like a money changer's, and the dark-skinned, hollow-cheeked natives, who take your Mexicans and give up your I.O.U.'s, vie with each other in biting the silver to detect counterfeits.



ONE OF THE BATTERIES AT A CORNER OF THE FORTIFICATIONS IN THE OLD WALLED CITY, FACING THE BAY.



THE PLAZA DEL PADRE MORAGA AND THE ROSARIO, IN THE CENTER OF THE BUSINESS SECTION, MANILA.

Though but a foot above high water, Manila is no small village, and contains some 300,000 souls. Of these, call 50,000 Chinese, 5,000 Europeans, 100 English, and 3 Americans.

The city proper is the walled town of old, stretching up the right bank of the river as you enter, and along the bay front to the south; and with its moats, its drawbridges, and heavy gates, it suggests a troubled past. It may be a mile square, and the narrow streets and heavily buttressed houses within are gloomy in the extreme. Upon the mile of walls that from the river run south behind the shore-road promenade are the batteries that cover the bay and river, and some half-dozen Krupp guns raise the tone of a motley lot of old muzzle-loaders as they look over the parapet, rising from the weed-grown moat, at either end of the fortifications.

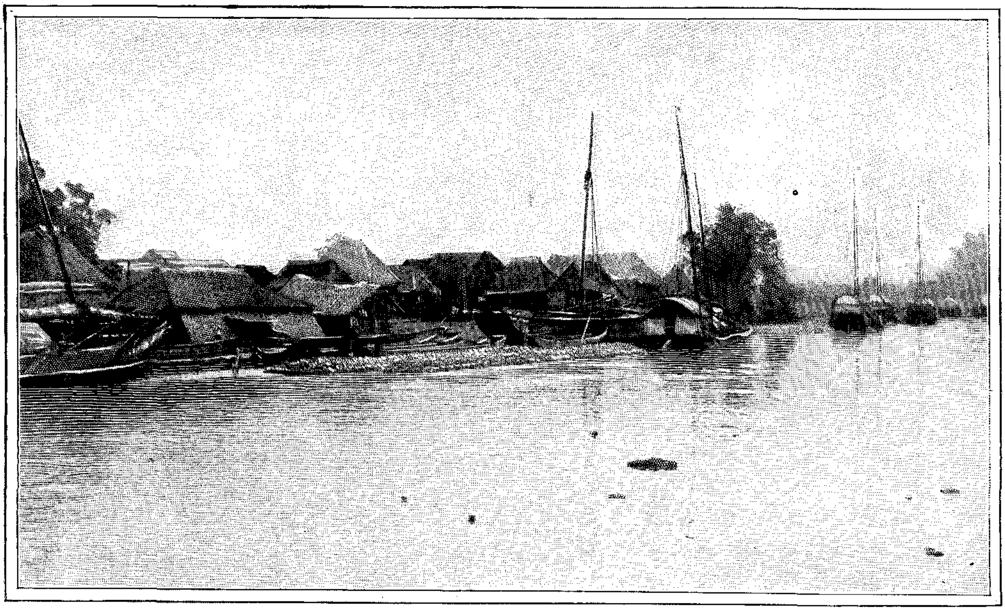
Over opposite, on the left bank, lies the commercial town and the Chinese quarter, while further up the river, beyond the crowded Puente d'España, come the private residences and the governor's palace. Each church seems to localize a small district of its own; and while the old city only is spoken of as Manila, some of the surrounding sections suffer under such names as Pandacan, Binondo, Mandeloien, Malate, and Nagtajan. Out of respect to earthquakes, the houses are low built and without glass windows. Thin seashells set into lattice frames serve for glass, and the whole side of a house generally slides open in these frame sections. Cloth, not plaster, covers the walls and ceilings, since, in times of earthquake, it seems to mind its own business better than the plaster, which would at once throw itself on the neck of the baby or into the midday meal. Gas pipes aren't allowed, and the water mains, which bring in the city's supply from up river, run along over the ground on smooth cross-ties. For earthquakes are so epidemic that a small shake will make the old residents, who saw the city fall to pieces back in the eighties, turn pale, and either run for the street or get under the door-jambs.

Almost as famous as the earthquakes are the typhoons, which are born away down to the southeast of the Philippines, and come slowly swirling up the back coast till they find a break in the mountains, and cross into the China Sea, as a rule, about eighty miles north of the capital. A medium blow will capsize 3,000 houses, and other people than my friend the Englishman have gone home from business, after a sudden cyclone, to find only their upright piano on the spot where

THE COMMERCIAL PORTION OF THE RIVER PASIG, LOOKING TOWARDS ITS MOUTH FROM THE PUENTE D'ESPAÑA, MANILA.

their light-built house stood—the balance of things having been hastened on to the next town.

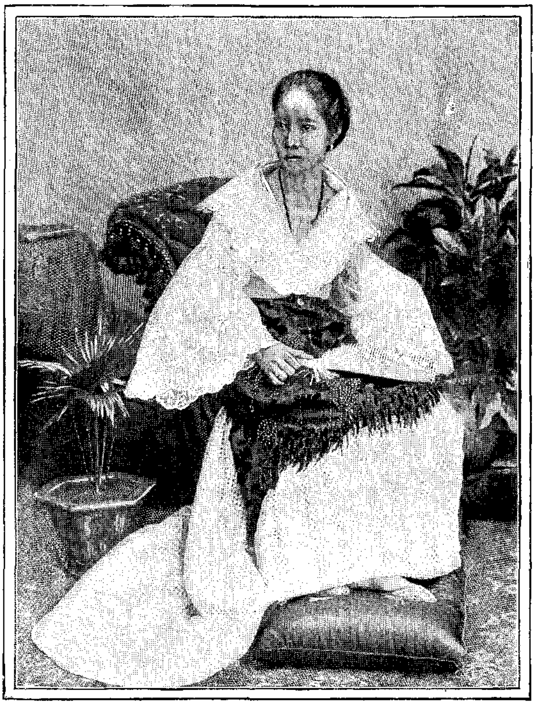
And in the line of epidemics, below typhoons and earthquakes, come house snakes, which live up in the rafters of some of the older structures and chase rats in the small hours. These reptiles, though big, are harmless, and rarely show themselves. They are good, though noisy, rat-catchers; but since they must needs eat all they catch, their efficiency is limited to their length of stomach, and one night of energetic campaign is generally followed by several days



ON THE UPPER PASIG. A TYPICAL RIVER SCENE IN THE SUBURBS OF MANILA.

of rest, during which the snake sees if he has bitten off more than he can chew. It is hardly to be wondered at that the native cats are modestly retiring, when you awake at dead of night to hear your shoes being dragged off across the floor, by some huge, rice-fed rodent.

The native of Manila is a queer mixture of Malay, Chinese, and Spanish characteristics, and you find him combining the looks and traits of these three types in all sorts of proportions. He lives on rice, cigarettes, and cock-fighting, and rarely tucks his shirt into his trousers. Being, as he is, a born gambler, he substitutes the fighting cock for the dog, and makes as much ado over his pet rooster as we do over a clever terrier. In case of fire it is the first thing rescued and removed to a place of safety.


A TYPICAL PHILIPPINE GIRL IN HER BEST DRESS.

In times of conflagration—such as Easter week, with its regular annual fire — no one expects the fire department to appear. It takes them too long to go home for their uniforms; or to find the man with the key to the engine-house, who is off on a picnic; or to get oxen to haul that American fire-engine which some of us brought out as an experiment not long ago. And so a Manila fire burns till a vacant lot or a clump of banana trees stops it; and the thatch owners rejoice: it is even whispered that they resort to igniting houses in order to help business and start a bull market in roofing materials. A thousand houses go up in smoke, and the prices for nipa-palm thatch rise accordingly.

The Manila tram-car is a thing by itself, as is the one lean pony that pulls it. It takes one man to drive and one to work the whip; and if the wind blows too hard, service is suspended. The conductor uses a valise suspended from his neck, and whistles through his lips—up hill to stop, and down hill for the starting sign. The chief of the rules of the road says: "This car has seats for twelve persons, and places for eight on each platform. Passengers are requested to stand in equal numbers only on both platforms, to prevent derailments." And so, if there are four "fares" on the front and six on the back platform, one has to shamble forward to equalize the weight. Smoking "goes" everywhere, and every one smokes, even to the conductor, who generally drops the ash off a fifteen-for-a-cent cigarette into your lap as he hands you a receipt for your "dos centavos." No one is allowed to stand inside, and if the car contains its quota of passengers the driver hangs out the sign "Lleno" (full), and doesn't stop even for the archbishop. Sit at the front end of the car, please, if you fear smallpox, for it is no strange sight to see a Philippine mamma brush into a seat, holding a scantily clothed babe well covered with evidences of that disease.

In Manila there are three seasons, the cool, the hot-dry, and the wet. From November to March the afternoons are fresh and the nights cold. From March till June are the stifling days of perpetual heat. But as June gets under way, the thunder storms begin, and, later on, they gradually merge into the rainy season of July to October—those months when boats are at a premium for street service and typhoon signals are always hoisted.

For all this, the climate of the islands is healthy, and smallpox is their worst scourge. Yellow fever is unknown, though malaria and typhoid are somewhat more common. It doesn't pay to be ill in Manila, for good doctors are scarce, and one sees his own coffin brought into the room before life is over, and finds himself being buried on the very day of his death.

Living is dirt cheap—if you are not fond of tinned peas and asparagus, that come from France and Germany. Our cook got forty cents per diem to supply our table with an entire dinner for four people, and for five cents extra he would decorate the cloth with orchids and put peas in the soup. As a servant the native is satisfactory if you have enough of him. He takes bossing well, and you can punch his head if things go wrong. In fact, he rather expects it than otherwise, and does not put his arms akimbo and march out of the house when you mildly suggest that the quality of ants in the cake was not up to standard. For ants are everywhere; and unless the legs of your dining-table and cook-stove stand in cups of kerosene, the ants will be apt to eat the dinner before you do. For wages these boys—and they are called boys till they die—get some four dollars a month; and on this salary my own servant paid ten per cent. to the government, supported a wife and two children, bought all his own food, and ran a fighting cock. I don't know how much he stole, but he used sometimes to call on me for an advance, saying that he needed funds to bury some relative. At first I was touched at his loss, but, later on, when he tried to bury his mother twice over, I found it necessary to keep a record of the family tree in order not to be led into paying an advance on the cost of two funerals for the same person.

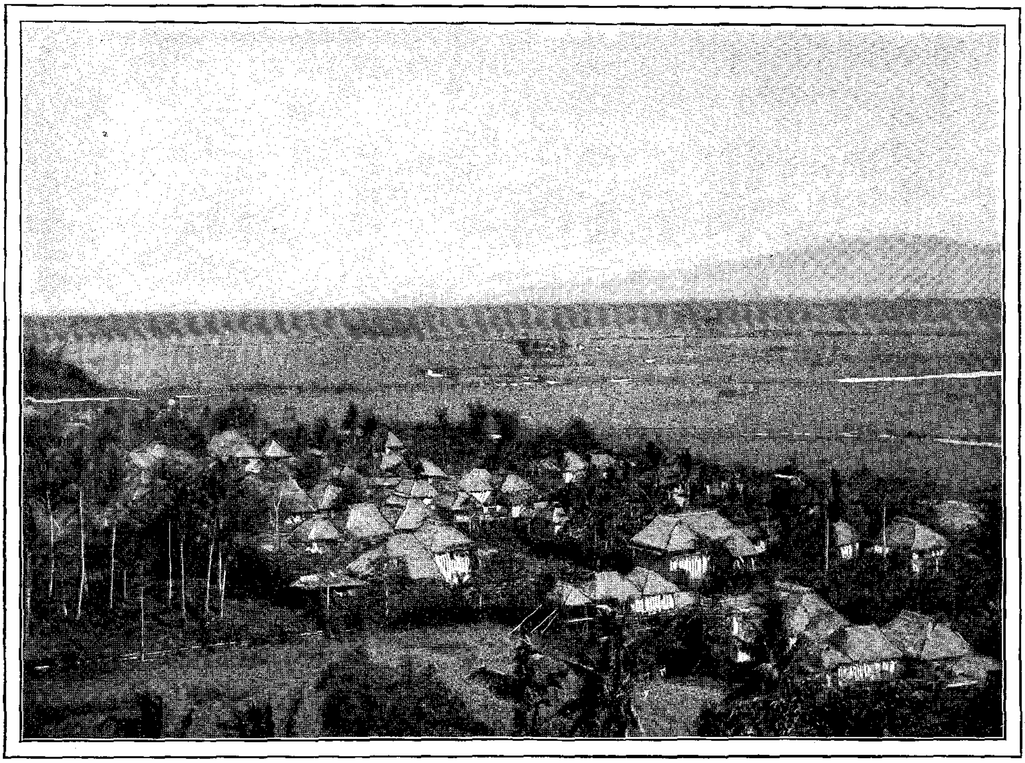
SPECIMENS OF THE WILD TRIBES THAT STILL HOLD A LARGE PART OF THE PHILIPPINES.

Spain has long had her hands full with the Philippines, although it has been her asylum for the reception of officials with empty pockets and friars of empty morals. The wilder tribes of the interior have never recognized the rule of any one, and not thirty miles from the moats of Old Manila are races of dwarfs who care not or know not of Spain's existence. For years the Spanish troops have tried to battle the tribes on Mindanao Island into submission, but without success. Peaceful natives have been taxed, and if taxes haven't been paid, they have been drafted into service for the campaign in that great fever-stricken graveyard to the south. The prisons of Manila have emptied their inmates into troop ships, and the ships have discharged their human cargoes on to that disputed soil. If the convicts were killed in assaulting the rude forts of the wild men, well and good; if the untrained boys who were drafted into service were cut to pieces, it was not of great import. If the native troops were touched, it began to look serious; but if the Spanish line began to waver, it was time to retreat.

The end of it all came in the beginning of 1896, when rebellion broke out and Spain had to face the brotherhood of the Katipunan. An attempt was made to seize Manila while the troops were at the south, but the leader was lacking, and the plot failed. But the uprising had come. Spain's soldiers were recalled, suspects were seized, guards increased, and martial law proclaimed. Sixty out of the first hundred prisoners shut into that old dungeon whose walls cast dark shadows on the Pasig just above the "Esmeralda's" berth, were in one night smothered by the act of the officer on guard, who, because it rained, shut the trap-door that admitted light and air to the vault below. Then Manila had her Black Hole. Executions followed; and while the artillery band played martial airs on the esplanade, native soldiers, with trembling hands, shot down their own people standing upon the seawall to suffer the death penalty. Wealthy half-castes were implicated. They fled the country, and their estates were turned into the coffers of the government. More troops were hurried out from Spain on board of light cruisers. Earthworks were thrown up at Cavité, and eight-inch guns looked out over the bay. New batteries were planted behind the walls of Old Manila, that stretch from the river south, along the bay, to the promenade, and families living in the suburbs pitched tents in the streets of the old city. And so from then till now some 20,000 Spanish troops have kept the tide of revolt in check, while leaders have been bought off by hard coin, only to wait for better opportunities of renewing the struggle.

What do the "Filipinos" want? Nothing much, save to be left alone by the church and the tax-gatherer. To be free to work or not to work. To know that the results of their enterprise will be theirs, not somebody else's. To be able to knock cocoanuts off a tree for their morning meal, or to shake the fruit from 10,000 trees to the ground, and export the pieces in bags to Marseilles without hindrance. To get enough fibre out of the stalk of the banana tree to sew their thatch together, or to dry the strands from 10,000 trees and send shiploads of hemp to the rope-mills of the world.

The Philippines are the richest gardens of the East, but their light has been hid under the bushel of Spain's colonial system. Our American fleet has silenced the guns on Corregidor; they have sunk the Spanish ships, and silenced the batteries at Cavité. The Krupps that sent wadding over the promenade on the Malecon are still. Manila is ours, the "mestizos" are with us. But up to the north, in the mountains of the interior; over to the east, on the Pacific; and away to the south, in the heart of a hundred islands, are wild tribes who are there to dispute our possession. The gems of the Pacific are as yet rough diamonds, and the cutting is going to be harder than the acquisition. For I take it Manila is the capital of our new colony, and the 400 islands of the Philippine group, with their 8,000,000 inhabitants, the materials to be used in our first great colonial experiment.



A NATIVE VILLAGE IN THE FOOTHILLS BACK OF MANILA.

# IN THE FIELD WITH GOMEZ.

By Grover Flint.

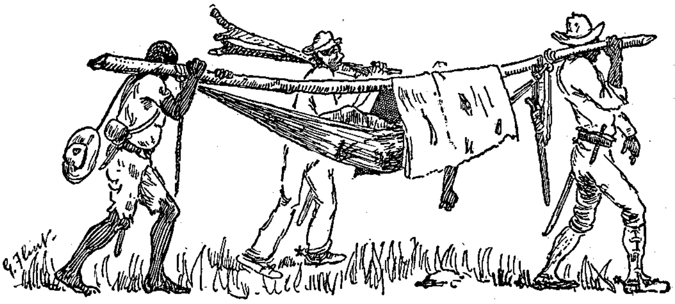
[Editor's Note.—The following account of General Gomez, the commander-in-chief of the Cuban insurgents, has the special value of coming from one who has lived in intimate relations with him, in all the hard conditions of his present life, and has been his companion in camp, on the march, and in battle. Before going to Cuba, in 1896, Mr. Flint had had experience of the life of a United States soldier on the Western plains. He had also, by a residence in Spain, become familiar with the Spanish language and the Spanish character. He went to Cuba with the single purpose of seeing for himself what the condition of affairs was there. He went first to Havana; but, after a brief stay, he found that to get the full information he was seeking, he must go out among the insurgents, and he, accordingly, took up his residence with General Gomez. He made careful notes of all he saw, and also, as there were subjects and opportunity, drew pictures. Out of the material thus gathered, he prepared, on coming home, a valuable book which has just been published by Lamson, Wolffe and Co., Boston, entitled "Marching with Gomez," with an introduction by Prof. John Fiske. It is from this book, by special permission, that the present article and most of the pictures illustrating it are taken.]

HE is a gray little man. His clothes do not fit well, and, perhaps, if you saw it in a photograph, his figure might seem old and ordinary. But the moment he turns his keen eyes on you, they strike like a blow from the shoulder. You feel the will, the fearlessness, and the experience of men that is in those eyes, and their owner becomes a giant before you.

He is a farmer by birth, the son of a farmer, with an Anglo-Saxon tenacity of purpose, and a sense of honor as clean and true as the blade of his little Santo Domingo machete.

When the revolution broke out in Santo Domingo, he served as a lieutenant in the Spanish army against the land of his birth, in her struggle for independence.* He was fighting for rank, I have heard him say; but the example of the Dominican patriots and the methods of his brother soldiers made him think. In later years he came to believe with the Cubans that Cuba should be free; and when others dared only whisper, he proclaimed his sympathies, and was relieved of a captain's commission in consequence.

When the Ten Years' War broke out, in 1868, Gomez and Modesto Diaz, another Dominican and ex-Spanish officer, were among the first to offer their swords to the insurgents. Both were experienced soldiers, energetic, and of the character of iron. . . . Diaz died after it was over; but Gomez lived to be the man under the hub, to whose genius alone is due the credit of having lifted the Cuban cause from a rut and pushed it successfully from Cape Maisi to the Point of San Antonio.



CARRYING THE WOUNDED.

At the beginning of the present war, Gomez was offered the command of the forces such as they might be or might become; and he accepted, with the distinct stipulation that the commander-in-chief of the army should have supreme and exclusive control

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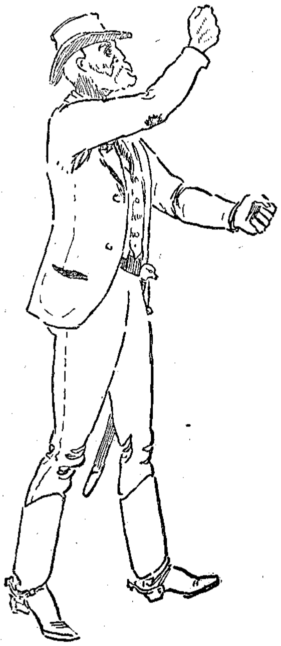
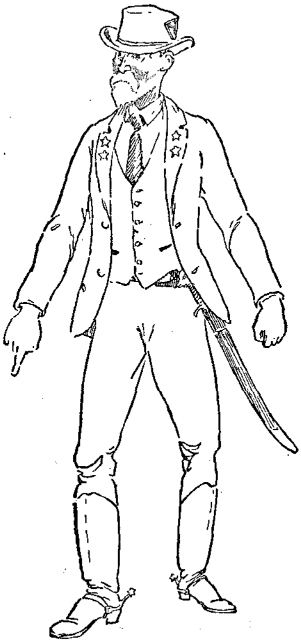
* "Not so much to serve Spain as in reality to combat one of the many political bands that in that time divided San Domingo, did General Gomez become one of those that proclaimed the reëstablishment of Spanish rule on that Island." So wrote an eminent Cuban whom I questioned on this point.



"DO YOU WEAR THE WEAPONS OF THE REPUBLIC FOR ORNAMENTS?"



"I WILL HAVE THE SURGEON EXAMINE US AND SEE WHICH IS THE SICKER MAN, YOU OR I!"

of all military matters. . . . By January, 1896, the rebellion had extended through the entire Island, and Gomez was able to put in force his second plan—that of destruction. Proprietors of plantations were forbidden to grind cane, on pain of having their crops destroyed; many confided in the protection of Martinez Campos, and saw their plantations go up in flames. Others did not grind, and their canefields remained standing. In February, Weyler came in and ordered the planters to resume grinding throughout the Island. Then their canefields were universally destroyed.

The burning of cane means only the loss of the crop for one year; for fire simply destroys the leaves and chars the stalks, leaving the root unharmed. Sugar can be made from burnt cane, but it is of poor quality. The planters still attempted to grind—many of them grinding with burnt cane, according to Weyler's orders. Then the insurgents burned not only the cane, but the sugar-mills also, and millions of invested capital went up daily. This was carrying out Gomez's idea of destroying everything of value in the Island, and depriving Spain of any possible revenue. Gomez is fond of repeating the story of the semi-civilized Indians who once inhabited Cuba, and who threw their gold into the rivers at the approach of the Spaniards, knowing it to be the cause of their persecution. So the invasion accomplished not only the spread of the rebellion throughout the Island, but it succeeded in cutting off Spain from every possible revenue in that direction, and in injuring her credit abroad. . . .

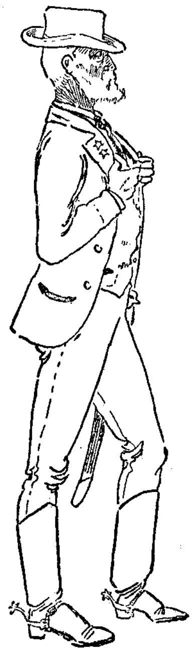
At first I thought Gomez's staff officers a less courteous lot than the aides of Lacret. They were less inclined to lionize the foreigner, and were perhaps rather more attentive to their own affairs. But I noticed that these aides were alert and prompt in obedience to a degree I had not before witnessed in the Manigua. Their very appearance was businesslike, for they carried carbines in addition to the pistols and machetes of their grade. The soldierly discipline inspired by Gomez showed in his staff as it did in the men of his escolta, and of the local forces who had once been under his eye.

Gomez never camped in houses. He preferred not to inconvenience householders, he said; and, besides, he knew that a house is always the first point of a sudden attack. There was not, therefore, the general staff mess that I had seen with Lacret. . . .

The insurgents never desert their wounded. It is part of their religion to stay with them. I have never seen or heard, on good evidence, of an exception to this rule. As Gomez says, "The wounded are sacred."

The impedimenta were signalled to halt, and from it stout negroes were detailed to carry the helpless. Hammocks were borrowed from those who had them to lend, and the wounded were borne in them, slung on poles on the shoulders of their comrades. Two men carried a pole for a hundred yards or so, and rested it on crotched sticks that they drove upright in the ground at each halt, while they caught their wind and mopped their sweaty brows. A third man shouldered those crotched sticks and changed places with the first pole-bearer who gave out. . . .

Deep in the woods [on one occasion when the insurgents had come to a halt], some distance from the road, a temporary camp was made for the wounded, and the dead were buried. Graves were dug with poles made



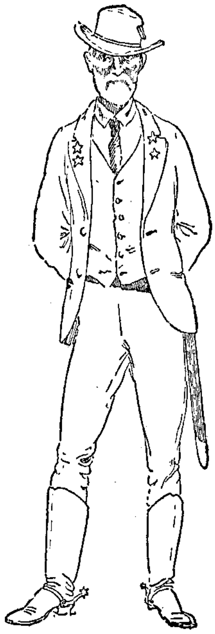
"I WILL KEEP MY EYE ON EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU!"

from saplings sharpened to a point with machetes. Some thrust the poles into the ground to turn it up and soften it, and others scooped out the loosened earth with their hands. The equipments of the dead were removed before burial, and portioned among those who needed them most. A man tried on the hat, leggings, and shoes of his late comrade as he lay on the ground, and kept them if a fit, or, if not, passed them to his neighbor; for in the field it is so difficult to get clothing of any kind, that the Mambis cannot afford to lose through sentiment. . . .

Once Gomez paused as he saw a farmer plowing by the roadside. "Why do you work?" he cried; "don't you know that you are working for Spain, who will seize your crops? Don't you know that you make the land richer for Spain, and that for your work she will be less ready to abandon it? To support your family? It would be better if you fed them on roots in the forest, or left them to starve, as my men have left their wives and children and parents to starve, for the sake of the fatherland. You work when you should destroy. When the war is over, there will be need and time for plowing. Until then only the machete should be lifted." . . .

The security of the country encouraged majaces [skulkers], and Gomez despatched parties in all directions to "round them up." Every evening a silent, abashed line was drawn up before headquarters, while officers, soldiers, and asistentes crowded in anticipation of the lecture to come. Finally Gomez would come out from under his piece of canvas, with a towel in one hand, that served for a handkerchief, and look them through, from under his bushy gray eyebrows, with his hawk's eye.

"Ah-h-h, ma-ja-ces, neat, well-fed ma-ja-ces, living in hous-es, on fresh pork and chicken and milk, the food of the women and children, swindling the republic, what do you do for the fatherland ?



"AH-H-H, MA-JA-CES, NEAT, WELL-FED MA-JA-CES!"

"Do you wear the weapons of the republic for ornaments, and ride her horses for pleasure ?

"You, you say your father was dying, and you left your force to be with him in December, and it is now May; and he is still dying ? And you over there, you with the face of a guerrillero, you say you were wounded. Look at my men. Every one of them is wounded. I am wounded. I will have the surgeon examine us and see which is the sicker man, you or I.

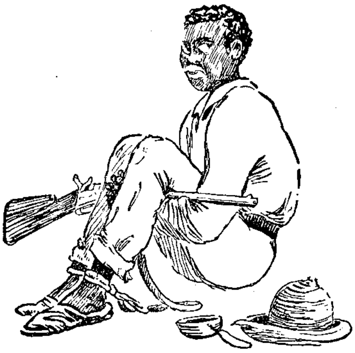
"You deceive the republic, but you do not deceive me. I will make you serve your country, if only as examples for others. I will keep my eye on every single one of you.

"Officer of the day, take these men to the impedimenta; make them walk with the infantry."

So each day the active forces were swelled with men who had long waited for arms, and the impedimenta filled with those on whom the hardships of war had hitherto fallen lightly.

In camp, no breach of discipline was too slight to escape correction from the commander-in-chief; and when at rare intervals a grave offense was committed, a formal court-martial was called, and its findings were read aloud to the forces assembled. One court found a stripling of barely eighteen years old guilty of sleeping on his post at sentry duty, a crime punishable with death. But Gomez, who rarely condones a fault, pardoned the culprit on account of extreme youth, after giving him a fright and a public lecture on the seriousness of his offense, and sent him to the impedimenta "until he should grow up." . . .

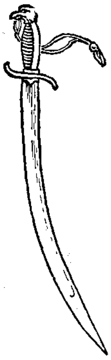
The appearance of the company of infantry that now marched as our rear guard was unique and pathetic. Somebody called them the "hundred heroes;" and they certainly bore out the Frenchman's saying that the infantry proves its valor less in fighting than in walking so much. Ragged to the skin, travel-worn to the bone, of all colors and sizes, with their Remington or Mauser "Long Toms" across their shoulders—any way at all—they filed along like bits of moving earth on the landscape. In the forest trails, that our horses' hoofs had cut into mud gullies, they slipped along, leaping from one side to the other in search of firmer footing, or struggling knee-deep through pools and rivulets. They carried cooking-utensils queer and various—even old watering-pots taken from deserted gardens. They were hard up for everything—shoes, hats, equipments of every sort. . . .



A BIT OF CAMP DISCIPLINE.

It was at noon one day that a lanky old fellow with the face of a vulture was arrested and brought before Gomez. He had a servant and three stout mules grunting under a weight of merchandise, rich as the pack of a peddler in the Arabian Nights.

He had a formal permit from the Civil Government to sell these goods—bought in the towns, and carried out by bribery of Spanish officials—to peasants of the neighborhood. This was in direct violation of Gomez's proclamation forbidding trade of any kind between the town and the peasants. The old speculator's goods were scattered on the ground in heaps. He had several hundred cigars, a thousand packages of cigarettes, bundles of shoes for women and children, rolls of calico and linen stuffs, a number of trinkets and knick-knacks, four demijohns of rum and brandy, some dozen pounds of hard bread, and two bags of coffee. This, when he found himself in trouble, he swore was all for his personal use.



GOMEZ'S LITTLE SANTO DOMINGO MACHETE.

Gomez tore up the government permit, and parcelled the bread and coffee and tobacco among the soldiers, excepting the staff and escolta. The shoes, calico, and knick-knacks were given to some peasant women of the neighborhood to keep—or divide among their friends—and, the rum and brandy were poured out on the ground, where it settled into the dry soil, leaving a rich aroma. Then the old fellow was sent on his way with a warning, and we took the march; our happy, ragged soldiery puffing clouds of pale smoke into the air from their newly acquired cigarettes and cigars. . . .

At Pozo Azul, a prefect, a tall, sharp-looking fellow, was tried on five indictments, for misappropriating government property, and levying small sums of money, illegally, on farmers of the neighborhood. He was sentenced to death; and as evening fell, the troops were drawn up, dismounted, on three sides of a quadrangle. Then an aide of Gomez trotted to the center of the square and read the indictments and the finding of the court-martial. Amidst silence, the prefect, his arms tied behind him, was marched across the quadrangle to the open side, followed by four ragged sharpshooters of the infantry and a corporal. His eyes were bandaged, and he was placed standing with his back to us all, six paces in front of the firing squad. There was a pause. No one moved but the corporal, who turned toward the aide as the four marksmen leveled their rifles. Then the last rays of the sun flashed on the lifted machete of the aide, and the corporal gave the order "Fuego," in a whisper heard only by the four and those nearest them.

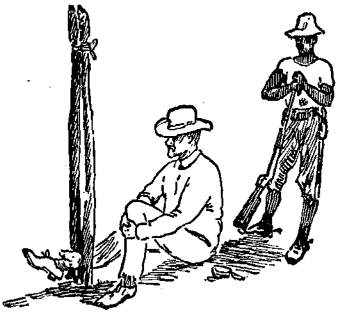
The prefect's knees swayed under him, and he fell writhing to one side, on his back and left shoulder, with his face buried in the grass. The four bullets had passed through his head. Then the trumpeters blew "Attention!" and "Forward, March!" and the troops swung off within a pace of where the corpse lay; many straining over their shoulders to catch a glimpse of the features, others passing nonchalantly, as if it were an everyday occurrence.

Two days later a burly negro corporal, of vast breadth of shoulder and a gorilla-like cast of features, was found guilty of gross insubordination. He had twice threatened an officer with his carbine. He was shot at evening also.

He died as coolly as any man I have ever seen. With an air of disgust he waved off those who wished to bandage his eyes, and, leaning easily on a snake fence, in a sleeve-less cotton shirt, with his powerful black arms outstretched along the upper bar, he looked into the barrels of the firing squad.

"Fire at my breast," he said; and when we marched by, as was customary, he had fallen easily, his head resting against the lowest bar of the snake fence, and his eyes open and staring up to the sky, with no other expression than annoyance fixed on his hard features.

These rigid enforcements of discipline were reported through the Island eastward and westward by traveling commissions. They made Cubans think; and laws drawn up by the itinerant government and printed somewhere about Najaza became something more than pretty compositions under pretty coats-of-arms. Cubans felt more than ever that the republic existed in earnest, and their respect for themselves and their leaders increased. . . .


AN OFFENDER IN THE STOCKS.

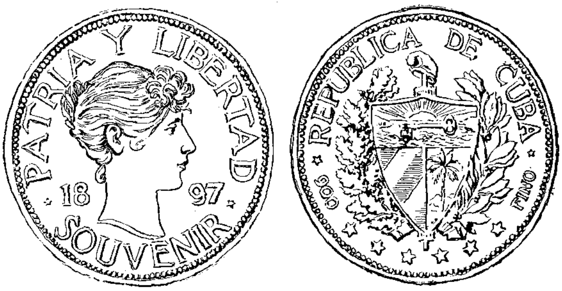
In those first weeks of June, it was my privilege to linger, of evenings, by headquarters, and hear the war discussed in every phase by Gomez and Hernandez. Of the ultimate success of their cause, neither had the shadow of a doubt; but when the trouble would end, neither could prophesy.

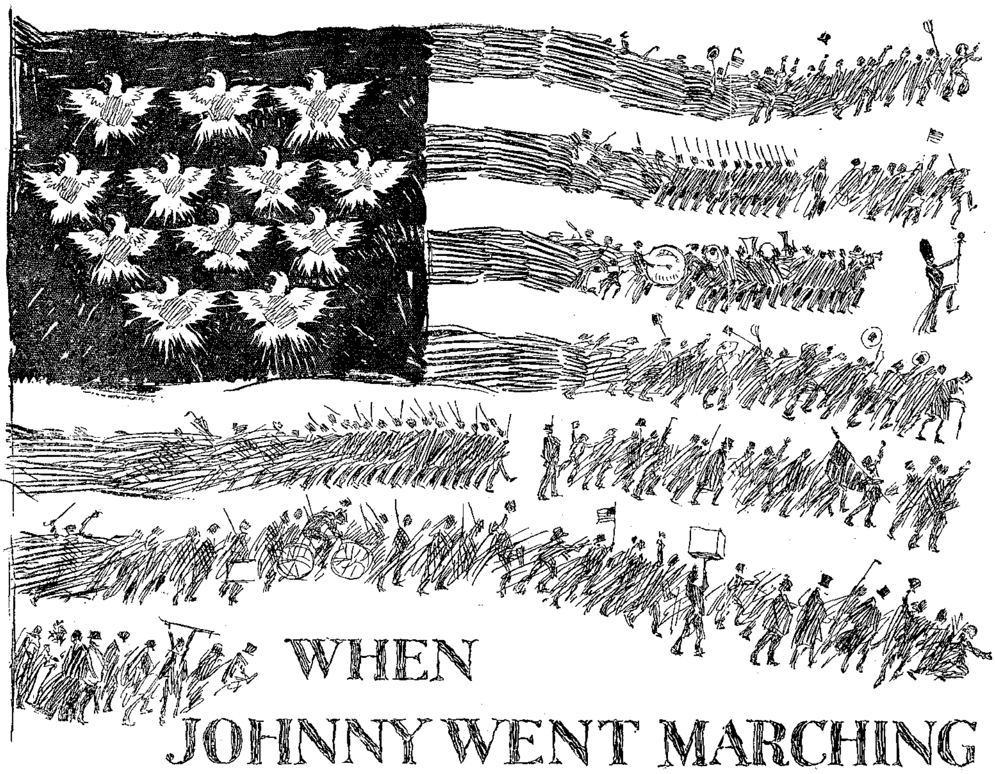
Both were painfully aware of the suffering and death that every additional day meant for untold hundreds of helpless old men, women, and children. Yet the dragging on of the war was not without advantage, because it trained Cubans in self-denial; it disciplined the disorderly element, and gave the little Civil Government a chance to spread its wings and gain experience before attempting to fly alone.

As Hernandez said: "The life of one entire generation is not too great a sacrifice to the prosperity of countless generations to come." . . . Gomez had long since ceased to count on assistance of any kind from the United States. Concerning recognition, I heard him say: "I have a mind to forbid any man's speaking that word in camp. Recognition is like the rain; it is a good thing if it comes, and a good thing if it doesn't come.". . .

These talks, which were not for publication, were held of evenings, when the weather was fine, under Gomez's bit of canvas. They were never long, for Gomez retired early, after the bugle sounded "Silencio." Often before reveille the "old man" was awake, writing private despatches or personal letters, in his hammock, by the flickering light of a yellow Mambi taper fastened on a stick driven into the ground, while an aide stood guard and the camp slept. Of afternoons, when not on the road, he dictated to his secretary, read letters, or dozed the siesta. But at supper-time, when fresh green leaves were spread at Gomez's feet, and the saucepan, with its mess of soup or chopped meat and plantains, was put before him, and we gathered with our tin plates, knives, and spoons, and squatted in a semicircle, our asistentes standing attentively behind, topics of the day were discussed over again. . . .

Gomez, as a practical soldier, did not venture to speculate on Cuba's future in detail. It was looking forward enough for him to see Cuba under her own flag and government. Neither of these men approved of any scheme of annexation to the United States, or saw any conclusion of the war short of absolute independence. As Gomez said: "Autonomy might have been accepted, if offered in good faith, very early in the war; but since the time of Martinez Campos, it has been out of the question." These unyielding views on annexation and autonomy were universally held by fighting Cubans in the Manigua.





# WHEN JOHNNY WENT MARCHING

THE Yankee does not appear well in spectacular heroics. His history is a short one. He has few heroes. He has not learned the ritual of hero-worship. So when the occasion comes that requires elaborate stage settings and grand manœuvering, the Yankee's performance often falls short. Ask the Yankee to pass the hat for the monument fund, or to head the subscription list, or to take the contract for building the monument, or to dream out some inspiring design for the bronze memorial pile, and he is ready for the task. But appoint him on the committee to ride in the carriage, at the unveiling of the statue, with the grandson of the hero whose deeds have seemed to justify the graven image, and the Yankee's first impulse is to run. His sense of humor overcomes his vanity. So when he goes to war, a business in which there is a preliminary display of rooster feathers, brass braid, and tomfoolery, the American goes with a deprecatory, shamefaced manner, and this apologetic air clings to him until he gets into the thick of the fight, where death or glory waits for him at sundown.

When the year 1898 came in, steam whistles that blew screamed for prosperity; the saluting cannons boomed for business; even the church bells rang out the old period of depression and rang in the new era of business activity. There was no higher hope in American hearts for the new year than the hope for a year of peace and plenty. Less than a third of the year had passed before the Americans were willing to let business go hang; and the American whistles shrieked, the big guns roared, and the church bells clamored for war. The interests of the country were changed in a few weeks. The change was not an outward one. Trains ran on their scheduled time. Business men hurried to business. The wheel at the cistern was not broken. But there was a new motive guiding it. The public mind has ceased wishing for prosperity; it is longing for victory at arms.

The Yankee did not gather in hoarse-voiced mobs. He did not lose time from his work. A minute or two with a bulletin board at noon, another minute before supper and before breakfast over the newspaper were lost—but that was all. Here and there was a new hired man on the farm, a new printer at the case, a promotion in the business office, a vacancy in the mailing de-

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

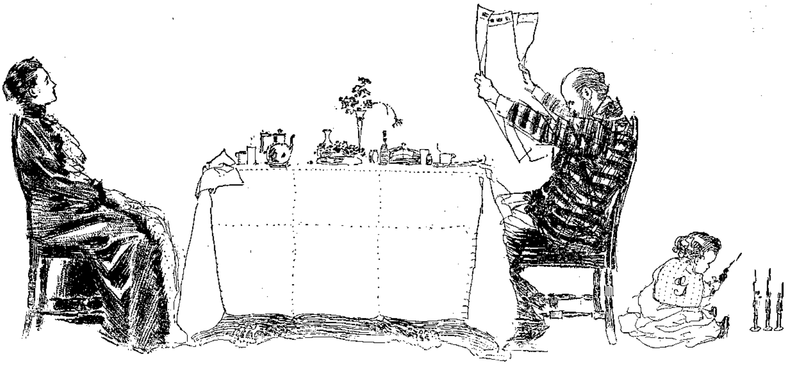
# OUT

partment, a man less at the ribbon counter, a switchman who went at his work slowly and cautiously, a junior partner's corrugated desk covered with ten days' dust; and where these things were, there also were the joke about the soldier boys, and a keen, silent pride, and a deep, fervid interest in the wearers of the blue. The only way the poor dumb brute of a stoical Yankee could show the patriotism that filled his swelling heart was by the spectacle of the flags. In April, everywhere over this good, fair land, flags were flying. Trains carrying soldiers were hurrying from the North, from the East, from the West, to the Southland; and as they sped over the green prairies and the brown mountains, little children on fences greeted the soldiers with flapping scarfs and handkerchiefs and flags; at the stations, crowds gathered to hurrah for the soldiers, and to throw hats into the air, and to unfurl flags. Everywhere it was flags: tattered, smoke-grimed flags in engine cabs; flags in buttonholes; flags on proud poles; flags fluttering everywhere. How gay it was—how sad it was! For the flags may be the signals of coming death; the shadows that they throw may forecast broken hearts. One cannot know how war's horrors will come. They are hidden by the flags. The fluttering of the flags drowns the voice of the tears that may be in the air.

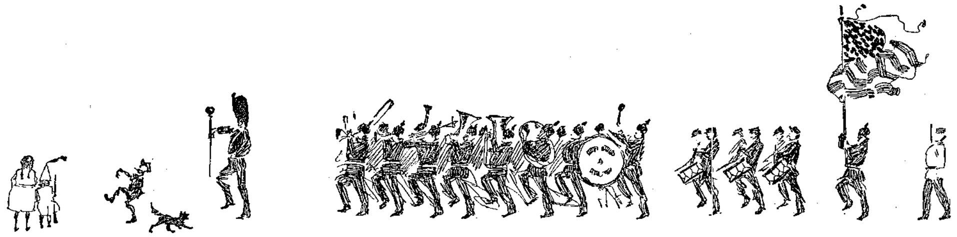
As for the soldier, the citizen soldier, for whom all this pomp and circumstance was created, he seemed to be immensely bored by it. He was apparently preoccupied. He was trying to get the difference firmly fixed in his mind between his hay-foot and his straw-foot, and paid more heed to the training of his left hand to keep out of his trousers pocket on parade than he paid to talk of lofty, heroic ideals.

When the President called for troops in April, the governors of nearly all the States gave the militia men the opportunity to enlist. The National Guards received the opportunity gratefully. They were mostly young fellows, these guardsmen. They laughed as heartily as the crowd laughed at the jibes about the tin soldiers; and then, way down in the quiet recesses of his boyish heart, each of the chosen ones prayed to the God of his fathers to let him live to reproach the jibes by some brave deed, magnificently done.

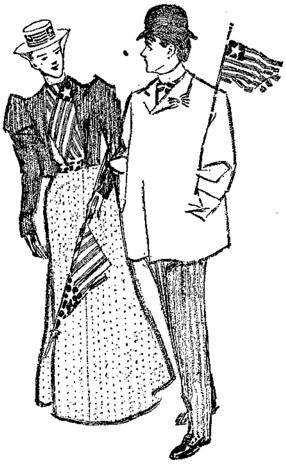
Doubtless the land this spring was budding with millions of hopes of what may happen when Johnny comes marching home. Such hopes are of no importance now, for this is the story of how Johnny went marching out. Johnny of the American army, the Johnny who responded to the President's call for troops, is a country boy—a boy of the



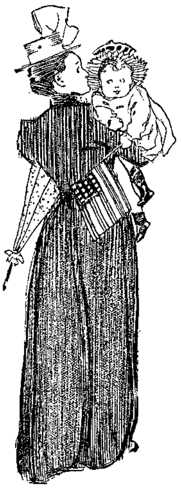
"*. . . another minute . . . before breakfast over the newspaper.*"



country town. In the country town of the West, the departure of the county company of National Guards for the State capital was an event of considerable awkward dignity. The militia company in the piping times of peace is, like the affairs of Mr. Toots, "really of no consequence." The principal martial duty the National Guards had to perform was to precede the fire company and follow the Grand Army squad in the processions on Memorial Day and the Fourth of July. At such times the more blood-thirsty of the young warriors were feasted on the spectacle of some hero of Gettysburg, with his red marshal's sash and his slouch hat, riding up and down the line on a dapple-gray prancer. The fierce-looking, funnel-shaped leather gauntlets on his hands, the majesty of his Knight Templar sword, the imposing cock of his head used to transform the dealer in "paints, drugs, and oils, stationery, and toilet articles" into a satisfactory imitation of a son of Mars. So each red-faced youngster trudging along the dusty highway was content to melt his linen and wait for the day when he should be the man on horseback. With a military experience limited to these occasional triumphs, the Western guardsman read the President's call for troops with unfettered joy. Probably a few hours after this expansive moment the more thoughtful of the militiamen began to ransack their memories to find out what particular impulse had urged them to join the Guards—a question which has never been successfully answered inside the ranks nor out. But theorists who are acquainted with the motives which impel youths to do strange things hold that enlistment in the National Guards frequently follows the reading of "The Life of Grant" or of "Napoleon and his Marshals." Other theorists maintain that the way of a young man in the presence of a fife and drum and a uniform is like the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, of an eagle in the air, or of a serpent upon a rock—too wonderful for the best of them.

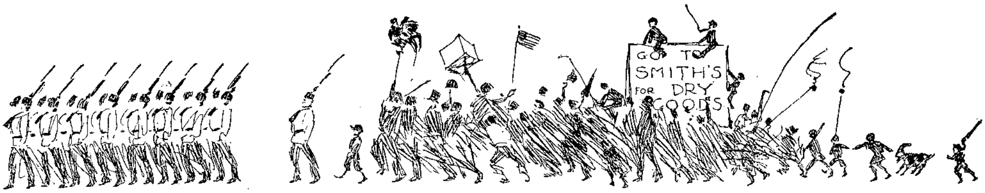


". . . flags fluttering everywhere."



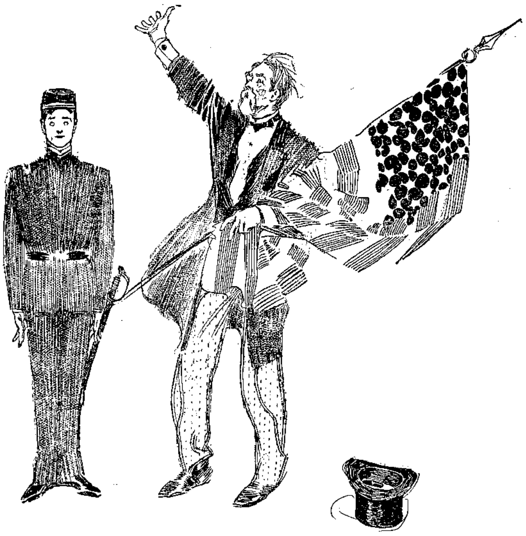
". . . some little wife girl . . ."

But, leaving the theorists to wrangle and returning to the youth with the President's call before him, an interesting situation presented itself. Sometimes it took two days, sometimes but two hours, for the solemn fact that he was a part of his country's army, one of the history-makers, to soak through and through the youngster's understanding. He went about his daily routine merrily, and no one realized what a powerful thrill of patriotism there was growing in his heart. He felt that the thrill was all he might be able to trade his life for; and he loved life, so he cherished the thrill and was proud of it. The thing grew big in him as he marched down the main street of the town, on the afternoon of his last day at home, just before train-time. The silver cornet band, playing "Marching through Georgia" or "Maryland," pulled the thrill up into a lump in his throat, a lump that hurt. When the ranks broke, just before the whistle escaped from the black smoke on the horizon, the thrill and the lump remained, as the boy, in



". . . rooster feathers, brass braid, and tomfoolery."

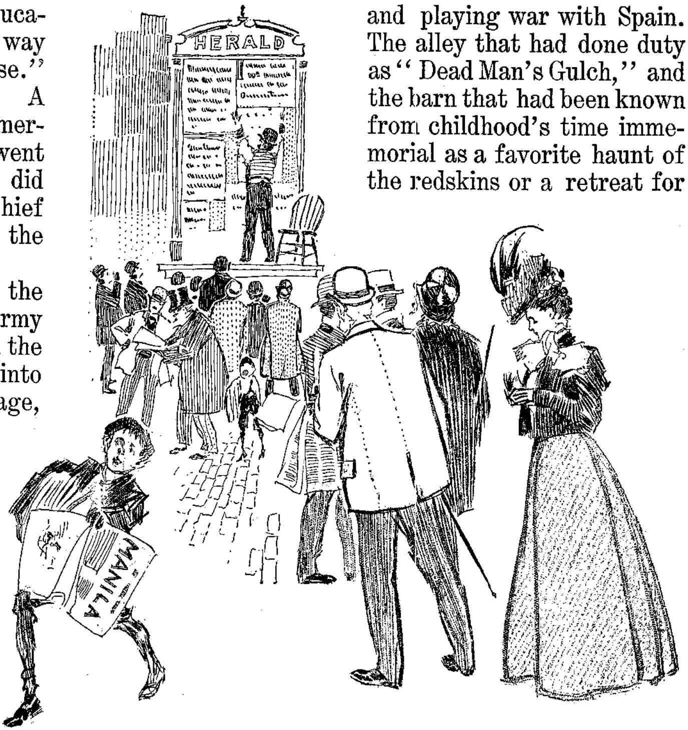
his pretty soldier clothes, bumped about the depot platform, shaking hands right and left. The band struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and maybe the lump broke, and God bless the little blue soldier if it did! For the girls were all there. The kind-faced mother girl was there, who stood shyly at the depot nearly forty years ago and saw another boy go forth to fight. Not far from the mother girl was the bashful sweetheart girl, who dared not show the crowd her grief at parting. Perhaps for the soldier boy there was some little wife girl, with a brave, smiling face; or a baby girl, whom the blue-coated boy hoped would remember him if—the "if" that breaks the sentence that no one ever closes. Of course the teasing sister girl was there, with her joke about the fit of the blue trousers — for all the girls were there, and the band was blowing itself black in the face with the tune that thousands of heroes have whistled in the face of death. Is it any wonder that the lump in the soldier boy's throat squeezed something into his eyes that made him talk loud and laugh wildly — where he would not swear like a pirate to relieve his feelings?



". . . would like to poke the flag, pole and all, down the throat of the veteran."

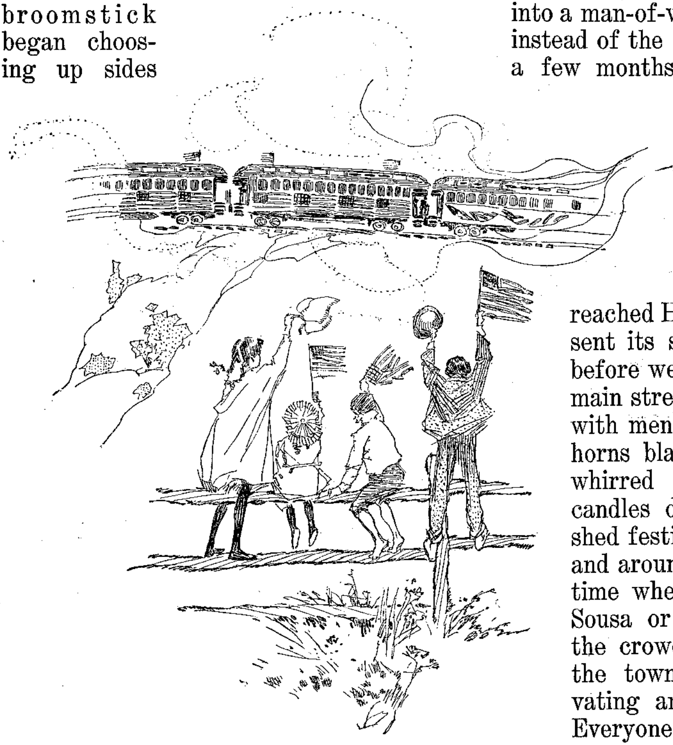
After that, when the ranks formed on the depot platform, there was a painful minute. The whole line watched the captain, and felt for him as he looked down his nose sheepishly. The line knew that the captain was glad enough to get the flag, that he would like to thank the women for giving it; but the line knew that the captain would like to poke the flag, pole and all, down the throat of the veteran who was making that sky-rocket speech. The boys felt that the orator was delaying the train. The nervous panting of the engine ahead got on their nerves, and the young fellows knew the passengers aboard were making fun of them. The orator went on and on, and everlastingly on. The boys began to wink slyly at one another or at friends in the crowd; the lump had left them, the thrill was slowing down, and the absurdity of a man who had fought through Shiloh telling them that they were heroes gradually dawned upon them. When the spell-binder quit talking, they cheered with the crowd to keep from laughing. They scampered on the moving train, and waved their hats. Their hurrah met the one from the platform; and when the train had rounded the curve and was clear out of sight, the crowd at the depot broke up and poured down the village street. Even the band was too sad to play.

And war, for that little town, dated its beginning from the second the last speck of the train faded into the green of the trees at the curve. After that second, boys on the street forgot about "The Wabash far Away" and "My Gal's a High-born Lady," and whistled war tunes—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Star Spangled Banner," and "Hail Columbia." One time, at night, when the moon was out to make dogs bark and love-lorn lads whistle, some youth, coming home beneath the elms from an engagement under a red lampshade, displayed his liberal musical education to the neighbors on his way by piping “The Marseillaise.” There was war in the air. A subtle suggestion had mesmerized everyone. The town went about its work mechanically, did it well enough, but the chief interest was in “arms and the man.”



“A minute or two with a bulletin board . . .”

Very early in the year the technical language of the army and navy began to seep from the news columns of the papers into metaphors on the editorial page, and by April the slang of the people bristled with offensive projectiles. For twenty-five years pugnacious younkits, whose pink toes have but lately burst through the chrysalis of long clothes, have spent their stick-horse days playing at Indian fighting. But one fine morning in May, probably after a midnight council of powers—General Winkum, Admiral Blinkum, and Secretary Nod—all over the land the rough riders of the broomstick began choosing up sides and playing war with Spain. The alley that had done duty as “Dead Man's Gulch,” and the barn that had been known from childhood's time immemorial as a favorite haunt of the redskins or a retreat for white settlers, were transformed by the magic order of the privy council of dreams—the alley into a Spanish fortress, the barn into a man-of-war. Cigar-box Spanish rose instead of the battle cries of the braves that a few months ago pierced the hay-loft.

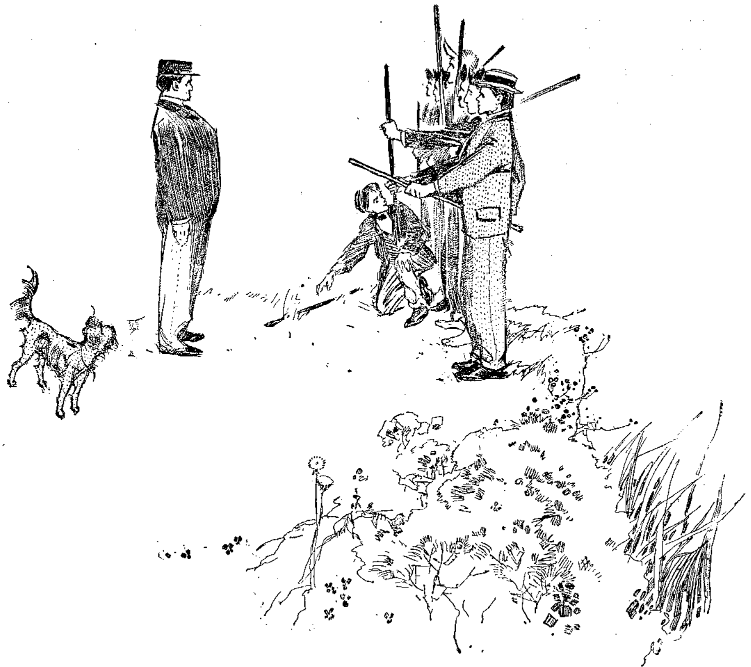


“. . . children on fences . . .”

“Remember the Maine!” piped shrilly above the clash of arms on the battlefield where Custer and Sitting Bull had been fighting their long engagement.

The night after the despatch boat “McCulloch” reached Hong Kong, the town that had sent its soldiers away only a few days before went stark, staring mad. The main street of the place was crowded with men, women, and children. Tin horns blatted, anvils boomed, rockets whirred upward, last year's Roman candles did their sputtering best to shed festive illumination on the scene; and around the band-stand, during the time when the band was not adding Sousa or a “Hot Time” to the din, the crowd packed itself and watched the town orator deliver a most elevating and stirring set of gestures. Everyone yelled; everyone threw up his neighbor's hat. Populists stopped watching the money power, Republicans ceased troubling themselves over repudiation, Democrats forgot the deficit. A simple but great emotion, that of patriotic joy, was stirring the people, and they moved as men move under stress of strong passion. Civilization sloughed off. There was a reversion to type. Science has put a few levers and screws and pulleys and sockets and joints in and upon and around the club of Cain; but science has not been able to change the heart of the man who swings the club. War is what it always was, and victory is as it was in the beginning, an occasion for making a joyful noise before the king. In a Democracy there are 100,000 kings, and the joyful noise is somewhat magnified. "The gentle art of murdering" is not declining, even if the consumption of laundry starch, shoe polish, pickled olives, cut glass, and schoolbooks is growing ahead of the increase of population.

In one Western town, and perhaps in many, which celebrated Dewey's victory, this occurred: after the spirit of the crowd had effervesced, after the powder was burned, after the hats had come down, the town band played "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." A few people standing near by the bandstand hummed the tune. "The Bonny Blue Flag" was crooned in a thousand throats, and there was an audible "Hurrah" in the chorus. Then followed "John Brown's Body," and its "Glory Hallelujah" went to the stars. There were joyful tears in hundreds of eyes as the hymn went on; and after a moment, when the band began "America," the throng took it up; the people knew the words. Fewer da-das and la-las came in "America" than came in the other songs. The singing was not prearranged. The occasion had no programme. The voices took up the music of the horns, and, without knowing it, a civilized Anglo-Saxon crowd was chanting a hymn of thanksgiving to the Lord of Hosts, even as David's people must have thrown their souls into the psalm. And all this in an American country town, under electric lights, on paved streets, with half the singers leaning on bicycles as they sang.


". . . choosing up sides and playing war with Spain."

But the young men aboard the train that rounded the curve and shut out the town a few days before the good news came from Manila had no ethnological theories. Being young men, the soldiers enjoyed the every band that met them at every depot between home and the State capital. The cheering crowds, the women bearing boughs of lilacs and garden flowers of the new spring to the car windows helped the youths' spirits; and when they filed down the asphalt streets of the capital and had halted in front of the State House to hear the Governor make a speech, they were sure that it would be all up with Spain from that hour. During the early weeks of May, at each State capital, several thousand young gentlemen were acquiring useful instruction in the science of arms. Many pert young militiamen came up from the inland towns who fancied they were soldiers because they could get across a level piece of ground without stepping on their own feet. But after the first four or five hours of hard work, the proud lines of the guardsmen began to sag and then to cave in, and the enthusiastic youngsters in "nobby" blue clothes often found that they occupied a place in the esteem of the regular army sergeant very little higher than the raw men held who stumbled around at their drilling in frightened, sweaty droves. These raw men looked like a grievance committee following the president's special car across a railroad yard.

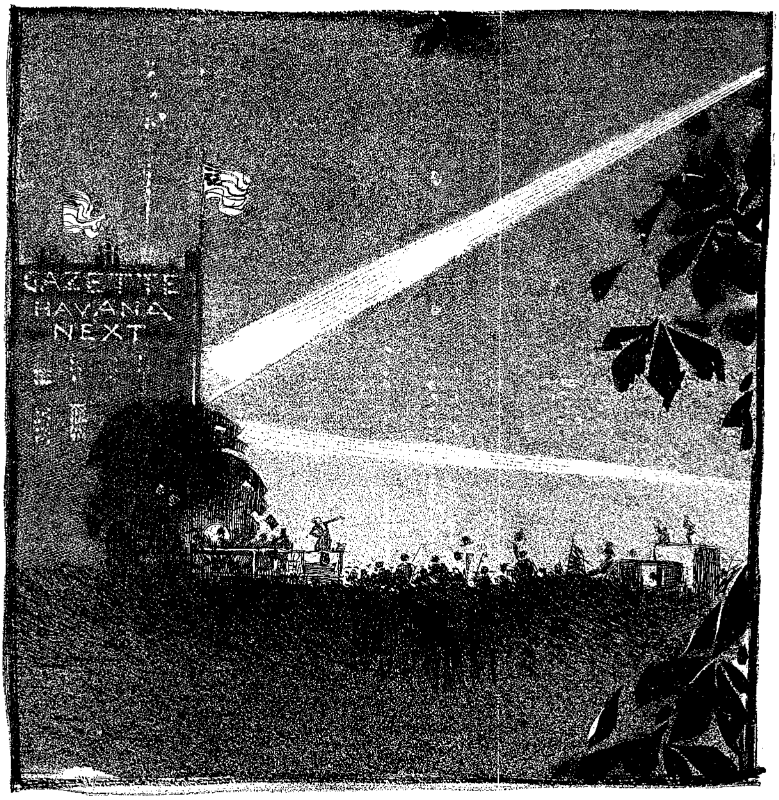
Sleeping in tents is a lark for the first few nights for youngsters used to steel springs on their beds and Swiss curtains at their bedroom windows. “But,” as the governor of a Western State said, when opposing mustering the militia on a tented field and urging the use of a neighboring fort lately abandoned by the regular army troops, “but what if it rains?” The first week in May this year was a rainy week out West, and in the tented field of a certain State on the Missouri the measles broke out, and all the horses attached to the chariot of Mars shook their tugs a-laughing. Probably the first steps taken in making that human engine of death, a regiment, are always clumsy, and will provoke laughter to the end of time. Probably the original second lieutenant in the first militia company ever organized tried to get “chummy” with his colonel; but that fact did not make the spectacle any less absurd this spring, when it was being repeated all over the land. The banker's son in the ranks needs several weeks to learn that the dealer in staple and fancy groceries who has white on his trousers and gold braid on his cap must not be called “Bill” and slapped on the back. And, on the other hand, it takes time for the captain just from the blacksmith shop to learn that he must snub the young dry goods clerks who, two weeks before the call came for troops, would not have seen him on the street.

In the Civil War a Kansas cavalry regiment two days old was standing on a hill in Missouri, watching a fight. A company of Confederates took a position on a hill back of the Kansans. In a rash moment a Kansas horseman galloped toward the new-comers. The colonel saw the private, and called:

“Oh, Tom, come back here.”

“What do you want?” asked the private, checking up.

“Well, you come back here. What you goin' over there for? They'll get you,” answered the officer.



“. . . *a most elevating and stirring set of gestures.*”

“What if they do? If I want to get killed it's none of your business,” replied the private.

“Tom Jennings, I command you to come back here,” roared the colonel. Then the officer added, as Jennings didn't move: ‘Aw, Tom, don't be a fool; come on back.”

“Say, Marsh Murdock, you think you're mighty smart because you've gone and logrolled and got to be colonel; but I'm right here to tell you that no little four-by-nine editor can boss me around. I'm goin' over to see who them fellers are.”

He started to turn around, when Colonel

Murdock cried: "Hold on, Tom. I'm responsible for you. Say, what you s'pose I'd tell your wife if I let you go over there and get killed?"

After some further argument the private returned. That evening the regiment took a vote on the question whether to stay where it was, to get into the fight, or go back to camp. On the road to camp the Kansas fellows, mistaken for Confederates, were charged by a Michigan regiment. The Kansans, running helter skelter, frightened a Confederate company into flight. When the Kansas men got into Kansas City, they bought the colonel a sword as a recognition of his bravery on the field of battle. The following night the privates broke into his tent, stole the sword, and pawned it for beer. But before the war was over that regiment became one of the best disciplined regiments in the West, and a terror to the enemy.

These few anecdotal lines are written with a purpose in view. That purpose is to show what an adaptive creature the American is. He may not know how to present arms in May, but he can be turned into a clean-cut, well-oiled cog in the fighting engine before the snow flies. To begin with, the American militiaman has this advantage over every recruit on earth: the American knows how to shoot, and he knows all about the mechanism of a gun. The average American boy of the inland States has owned an air-gun before he is ten. He has been hit in the hand, the foot, the arm, or the leg by a "twenty-two" before he is twelve. He has owned a shot-gun before he has grown a mustache. He has learned to hit a squirrel in a tree crotch with a rifle before he is twenty. When he is of age, he can take to pieces any kind of a gun and put it together again. When the American recruit gets the hang of the machinery of the army and sees a battalion working, the mechanical poetry of the thing will fill him with joy. He will take pride in his cogship in it. But now he is a rollicking boy, who is being harrowed ten miles a day over rough roads, in all kinds of weather, for no other reason, so far as he can see, but to satisfy the caprices of an unfeeling superior officer who a few weeks ago drove a delivery wagon. He has no notion of being a hero these days, has the American recruit; but he is enjoying three good meals a day, sleeping like a log at night, and longing for a chance to fight. He is not fearing death, and he is not burdened with dreams of glory. But away down in his Anglo-Saxon heart the American boy feels the call of duty, and again he "hankers" for the fight.

And he is the boy for whom the flags are flying and for whom is all this cheering. The flags make a brave show in the dusty land; as for the cheering, it comes from bonny throats. The dainty white handkerchiefs should dance and be gay now—now, for to-morrow they may be heavy with tears. But tears are good. They make the world better. Sorrow is a great lever that pries the world upward. So war is good for the sorrow that it brings. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. And war, that tears the heart-strings of the old; war, that feeds on the flesh of young men; war, with its tragic gaiety, is good. It is one of God's weapons—his rod that chasteneth. Then should the nation bow beneath the rod, and smile back to heaven with the flags, the gay, merry, thoughtless flags.

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE IN WAR TIMES.

THE editors of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, in common with thousands of other American citizens, have to face new conditions and new interests. The number in which these lines appear was very different, as originally planned, in contents and arrangement. It was in preparation, and in great part ready, for the press when the war opened. The page plates, filled with pictures, then ready were put aside, and plans in tentative operation for such a change as the altered conditions demanded were pushed forward. The result is before the reader, and will give an indication, all too slight for our wishes, of the editorial spirit which animates this magazine and of the resources at its command.

It was not only necessary for us to meet the new interests of the time adequately and quickly, but the increased demand for the magazine added to the difficulties of the problem. At the present moment (and it is still several weeks until publication) the actual orders from subscribers and dealers for the June number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE amount to a little more than 400,000 copies. To manufacture so large a first edition in time, it is necessary that our press-room and bindery run day and night. It is our intention to continue printing the June number until all orders are filled.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has representatives, contributors, artists, and photographers with every branch of the army and navy and at every scene of probable action. The larger aspects and events of the war will be presented in the most authoritative and interesting manner in its pages from personal observation and experience, with expert interpretation and comment, and with authentic and interesting illustrations. The magazine is represented at Washington, on the Flying Squadron, on Admiral Sampson's fleet, at Hong Kong and Manila, at Tampa, Mobile, and in Cuba; and through its London office it is able to secure the most apt and important material from foreign sources. With these facilities and this organization, we hope to obtain a record that will have absorbing human and dramatic interest, as well as importance, at this time, and one that will prove to be of permanent historical value.

# HYMN.

## IN THE TIME OF WAR AND TUMULTS.

By Henry Newbolt.

O Lord Almighty, Thou whose hands
  Despair and victory give;
In whom, though tyrants tread their lands,
  The souls of nations live:

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
  From those who work Thy will,
But send Thy peace on hearts that pray,
  And guard Thy people still.

Remember not the days of shame,
  The hands with rapine dyed,
The wavering will, the baser aim,
  The brute, material pride:

Remember, Lord, the years of faith,
  The spirits humbly brave,
The strength that died defying death,
  The love that loved the slave:

The race that strove to rule Thine earth
  With equal laws unbought;
Who bore for Truth the pangs of birth,
  And brake the bonds of Thought.

Remember how, since time began,
  Thy dark eternal mind
Through lives of men that fear not man
  Is light for all mankind.

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
  From those who work Thy will;
But send Thy strength on hearts that pray
  For strength to serve Thee still.

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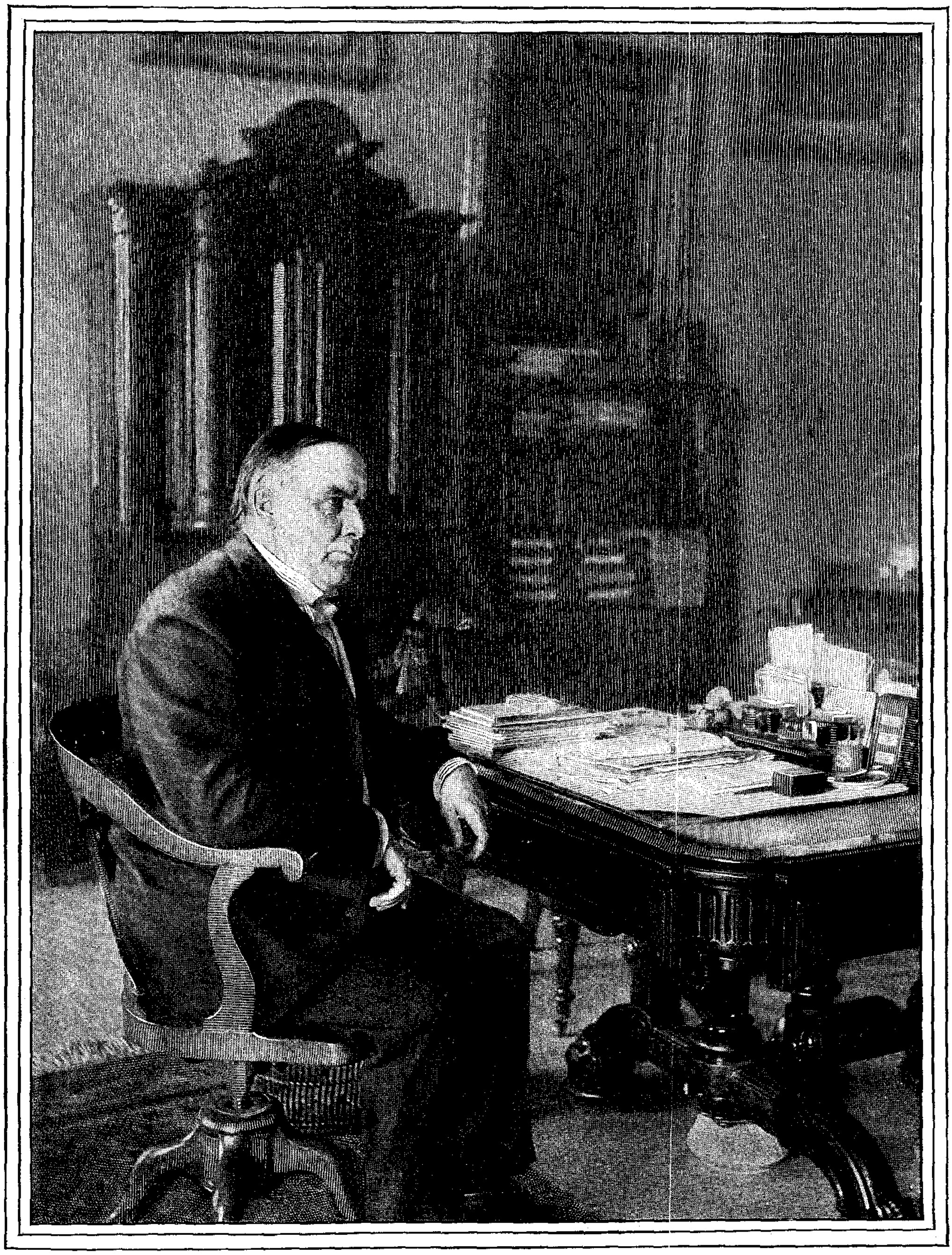

PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

From a photograph taken at the White House June 7, 1898, expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, by Frances Benjamin Johnston.